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NEW YORK: G.P PUTNAM

THE

WORKS

OF

THOMAS HOOD.

EDITED BY EPES SARGENT.

VOL. II.

NEW YORK:
GEORGE P. PUTNAM, BROADWAY.
1862.

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PREFACE.

In the present volume are included "Up the Rhine," with all the original illustrations, and a series of "Romances and Extravaganzas."

"Up the Rhine" was completed at Ostend in 1839, and was published before Christmas in that year, with such marked success that a large edition was disposed of in less than a fortnight. The second was locked up in a lawsuit, in which HOOD was successful, but the book was a sufferer. It is now reproduced, from a copy of the second edition, the preface to which is dated the 23d of January, 1840. "Jane is horrified," HOOD wrote about the time of its appearance, "at my sending out 'Up the Rhine'; she says it contains so many quizzes on the Germans. But as *you* know, I quiz by preference my best friends, and it is in favor of the Germans that they can afford to be quizzed. It may seem a paradox, but only respectable people are quizzable; nobody dreams of quizzing good-for-nothings and blackguards: and if 'age commands respect,' (you remember your copy-book,) so it commands quizzing."

The "Romances and Extravaganzas" — excepting a few taken from the later volumes of the *Comic Annual* — first appeared in the *New Monthly* and in *Hood's Magazine*, during the latter years of the author's life. Among the latest is "Mrs. Peck's Pudding," which was published in the Christmas number of the Magazine in 1844, and of which the children of HOOD write, in their charming *Memorials*, that it afforded seasonable amusement at all firesides but its author's. "His own family," they add, "never enjoyed his quaint and humorous fancies, for they were all associated with memories of illness and anxiety. Although Hood's 'Comic Annual,' as he himself used to remark with pleasure, was in every house seized upon, and almost worn out by the frequent handling of little

fingers, his own children did not enjoy it till the lapse of many years had mercifully softened down some of the sad recollections connected with it. The only article that I can remember we ever really thoroughly enjoyed, was 'Mrs. Gardiner, a Horticultural Romance,' and even this was composed in bed. But the illness he was then suffering from was only rheumatic fever, and not one of his dangerous attacks, and he was unusually cheerful. He sat up in bed, dictating it to my mother, interrupted by our bursts of irrepressible laughter, as joke after joke came from his lips, he all the while laughing and relishing it as much as we did. But this was a rare — indeed almost solitary — instance; for he could not usually write so well at any time as at night, when all the house was quiet. Our family rejoicings were generally when the work was over, and we were too thankful to be rid of the harass and hurry, to care much for the results of such labor."

His son writes that he believes this last-named story the most humorous production of the author, and that the heroine was a ludicrous pen-and-ink portrait of a landlady with whom the family lodged in the Elm Tree Road.

We trust that both these stories, with the many equally entertaining in this new collection, will long continue to furnish to new readers, not merely Christmas amusement, but amusement for "all the year round."

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UP THE RHINE.

PREFACE

TO THE SECOND EDITION.

The reader of Robinson Crusoe will doubtless remember the flutter of delight and gratitude the Ex-Solitary was thrown into, after his return to England, by receiving from his Factor such very favorable accounts of the prosperity of his Brazilian plantations. "In a word," says he, "I turned pale and grew sick; and had not the old man run and fetched me a cordial, I believe the sudden surprise of joy had overset nature, and I had died on the spot."

Something of this joyful surprise it was my own pleasant lot to feel, on learning from my Publisher that in one short fortnight the whole impression of the present work had been taken off his hands, "and left the world no copy;" a fact the more gratifying from occurring at a season affording topics of such engrossing interest as Prince Albert, the Queen's marriage, the Chartist outbreaks, and the new Penny-Post, — a measure which, by imposing one uniform rate on Peer and Peasant, has established a real Republic of Letters. So flattering a reception quite overpowered me with joy and gratitude; and, like Robinson, my feelings were not properly composed till I had quaffed off a flask of Hochheimer to the health of all the friends, known and unknown, who had relished my Rhenish outpourings.

To be candid and confidential, the work was not offered to the public without some misgivings. A plain Manufacturer of Roman Cement, in the Greenwich road, was once turned, by a cramped showboard into a "Manufacturer of Romancement;" and a Tour up the Rhine has generally been expected to convert an author into a dealer in the same commodity. There was some danger, therefore, that readers might be disappointed or dissatisfied at not meeting with the usual allowance of real or affected rap-

tures, sentimental lays, romantic legends, enthusimoosy and the foodle ages. In fact, one of my critics (it is the fashion now for the reviewed to retaliate on their reviewers, as Roderick Random flogged his schoolmaster) plainly snubs my book, for not being like others on the same subject, and roundly blames the author for not treading more exactly, like an Indian disguising his trail, in the footprints of his predecessors. According to this gentleman (he is not Miss Martineau), I engaged in a somewhat heretical enterprise, which no man of ordinary sensibility would have embarked in. I took my apparatus of caricature up the Rhine, quizzed Cologne Cathedral and the façade of the English National Gallery, and turned the storied scenery, the fine traditions, and the poetic atmosphere, of the abounding river into a succession of drolleries.

In reply to these serious charges, I can only say that heretical enterprises — witness Luther's — are sometimes no bad things. That the animals most inclined to pursue the follow-my-leader system are geese. That a man of ordinary sensibility ought to be shy of exhibiting it where such extraordinary sensibilities had been paraded beforehand. That I have never even seen the National Gallery; and instead of quizzing the Dom Kirche of Cologne, have admired and lauded it in the highest terms. That I expressly declined to touch on the scenery, because it had been so often painted, not to say daubed, already; that I left the fine legends precisely as I found them; and that the poetic atmosphere remained as intact, for me, as the atmosphere of the moon. Since Byron and the Dampschiff, there has been quite enough of vaporing, in more senses than one, on the blue and castled river, and the echoing nymph of the Lurley must be quite weary of repeating such *bouts rimés* as the Rhine and land of the vine, — the Rhine and vastly fine, — the Rhine and very divine. As for the romantic, the Age of Chivalry is Burked by Time, and as difficult of revival in Germany as in Scotland. A modern steamboat associates as awkwardly with a feudal ruin, as a mob of umbrellas with an Eglintoun "plump of spears."

With these explanations and apologies I take my leave; fortunately possessing the unquestioned privilege of printing, publishing, and selling my proceedings, without committing myself, the Sheriffs and the Judges; or setting the Speaker, the Chief Justice, and Mr. Commissioner Reynolds by the ears, I gratefully present my Second Edition, with my warmest acknowledgments, to an indulgent public, without any fear of that presently awful personage, the Sergeant at Mace.

T. H.

23*d January*, 1840.

PREFACE

TO THE FIRST EDITION.

To forestall such Critics as are fond of climbing up a Mât de Cocagne for a Mare's Nest at the top, the following work was constructed, partly on the ground-plan of Humphrey Clinker, but with very inferior materials, and on a much humbler scale. I admire the old mansion too much, to think that any workmanship of mine could erect a house fit to stand in the same row.

Many persons will doubtless differ with me as to the inferences I have drawn from things seen and heard abroad. But we are all liable to mistakes: and I may have been as wrong in my speculations as was another Traveller in Germany, who, seeing a basketful of purple Easter Eggs, exclaimed, "Good Heaven! what color can their hens be!"

Should the members of the present family party be found agreeable or amusing, by the great family circle of the Public, I may be induced, next year, to publish their subsequent Tour in Belgium. In the mean time, my dear Public, to adopt the words of another Traveller, —

> "Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
> My heart, untravelled, fondly turns to thee."

THOMAS HOOD.

1*st December*, 1839.

UP THE RHINE.

TO GERARD BROOKE, ESQ., LEMINGTON, HANTS.

My dear Brooke,—

Your reproach is just. My epistolary taciturnity has certainly been of unusual duration; but instead of filling up a sheet with mere excuses, I beg to refer you at once to "Barclay's Apology for Quakerism," which I presume includes an apology for silence.

The truth is, I have had nothing to write of, and in such cases I philosophically begrudge postage, as a contradiction to the old axiom, *ex nihilo nihil fit*, inasmuch as the revenue through such empty epistles gets something out of nothing. Now, however, I have news to break, and I trust you are not so good a man as "unconcerned to hear the mighty crack." We are going up the Rhine!!!

You who have been long aware of my yearning to the abounding river, like the supposed mystical bending of the hazel twig towards the unseen waters, will be equally pleased and surprised at such an announcement. In point of fact, but for the preparations that are hourly going on before my eyes, I should have, as Irish Buller used to say, some considerable doubts of my own veracity. There seemed plenty of lions in the path of such a Pilgrim's Progress; and yet here we are, resolved on the attempt, in the hope that, as Christian dropped his burden by the way, a little travelling will jolt off the load that encumbers the broad shoulders of a dear, hearty, ailing, dead-alive, hypochondriacal old bachelor uncle. If my memory serves me truly, you once met with the personage in

question at one of our coursing meetings; if not, you will be glad to have what Willis the *Pen*man calls a *Pencilling*, but which ought rather to be denominated an *Ink*ling. Imagine, then, a handsome, stout, well-built specimen of the species, somewhat the worse for wear, but still sound in wind and limb, and in possession of all his faculties, — a little stiff in the anatomical hinges, but still able to find a hare, and not bad at a halloo, — in short, the *beau idéal* of a fine old country gentleman, for such he is. But here comes the mystery. To all appearance a picture of Health, painted in the full florid style by Rubens himself, or one of his pupils, my hale uncle is a martyr to hypochondriasis, not the moping, melancholy sort anatomized by old Burton, — not the chronic kind, but the acute. Perhaps he has some latent affection of the heart or obstructions of the liver, causing sudden derangements of the circulation, and consequent physical depressions, — I am not physician enough to determine, — but I have known instances of the same malady in other individuals, though never so intense. As jovial a man, between his paroxysms, as you shall find in a chimney-corner; the next moment, he sees a coffin, as the superstitious call it, fly out of the fire, and fancies his Death-Fetch standing on the domestic hearth. But, as Shakespeare says, "a coward dies many times before his death," and my uncle is certainly no exception to the canon. On an average, he has three or four attacks a week, — so that at the end of the year his "dying moments" would probably amount to a calendar month, and his "last words" to an octavo volume.

As you may suppose, it is sometimes difficult to preserve one's gravity during such solemn leave-takings at Death's door, at which you know he is only giving a runaway knock. Like the boy in the fable, he has cried "Wolf!" too often for those about him seriously to believe that the Destroyer is at hand; — though at the same time, being thoroughly in earnest himself, and long habit and frequent rehearsals having made him quite at home in the part, he performs it so admirably and naturally, that even his familiars are staggered, and look on and listen with a smile and a tear. As yet, I have never seen the stranger who was not horrified by what appeared so sudden a visitation, as well as edified by the manly fortitude, good sense, and Christian spirit with which the victim invariably prepares for his departure. He has made his will, of course; and I

verily believe every member of the family has his instructions for his funeral by heart. Amongst other memorials, there is an old family watch, — nicknamed, *entre nous*, the Death-watch, — which he has solemnly presented to me, his unworthy nephew, a hundred times over. On such occasions, I always seriously accept the gift, but take care to leave it about on some shelf or table in the way of the owner, who, when the qualm is over, quietly fobs the timepiece, without any remark on either side, and Nunky, Nevy, and Watch, go on as usual till another warning. I once ventured to hint that he died very hard; but the joke was not well taken; and he often throws my incredulity in my teeth. "Well, God bless you, my boy," he said the other day, in his *gravest* manner, though I was only to be a week absent, — "Well, God bless you, Frank, — for you 've seen me for the last time. You know my last wishes. Yes, you may grin, — only don't be shocked at your return if you find the shutters closed, or the hearse at the door!"

Such is my worthy hypochondriacal uncle, with his serio-comic infirmity, — and I assure you there is not a particle of exaggeration in the account. For the last five years he has regularly paid a neighboring practitioner £ 200 per annum to look after his health, — and really the post is no sinecure; for besides the daily visit of routine, the Esculapius is generally sent for, in haste, some twice or thrice a week, extra, howbeit the attack not unfrequently goes off in a hit at backgammon. A whimsical instance just occurs to me. My uncle, who is both a lover and a capital judge of horses, and always drives a remarkably clever nag, chose one morning to have a warning in his gig, — influenced, doubtless, by the sight of his medical adviser, who happened to be some hundred yards in advance. The doctor, be it said, is a respectable gigman, who also likes a fast horse, and having really some urgent new case on his hands, or being unwilling to listen to the old one, he no sooner recognized the traveller in his rear than he applied a stimulant to his steed, that improved its pace into twelve miles an hour. My uncle did the like, and as pretty a chariot race ensued as any since the Olympic Games. For a mile or two the doctor took the lead, and kept it; but his patient was too fast for him, and by degrees got within hail, bellowing lustily: "Hang it, man, pull up! I'm dying, doctor, I'm dying!" "Egad,"

cried the doctor, looking over his shoulder, "I think you are! And I never saw any one *going so fast!*"

It is with the sanction, indeed by the advice of the medicus just mentioned (an original of the Abernethy school), that we are bound on an experimental trip up the Rhine, to try what change of scene and travelling will do for such an extraordinary disease. The prescription, however, was anything but palatable to the patient, who demurred most obstinately, and finally asked his counsellor, rather crustily, if he could name a single instance of a man who had lived the longer for wandering over the world. "To be sure I can," answered the doctor, — "the wandering Jew." This timely hit decided the battle. My uncle, who is no hand at *repartee*, gave in; and at this present writing his passport is made out for Rotterdam. In common with most invalids, he likes to have womankind about him; so he has invited his sister, a widow, to be of the party, and she, in turn, has stipulated for the attendance of her favorite maid. Your humble servant will make the fourth hand in this Rhenish rubber; and for your sake, I intend to score with pen and pencil all the points of the game.

My kindest regards to Emily — and something more: remember, should I ever get beyond prosing, all verses belong to her from,

Dear Brooke, yours ever very truly,

FRANK SOMERVILLE.

TO PETER BAGSTER, ESQ., SOLICITOR, CANTERBURY.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND, —

Being about to leave England, and most likely for good, it's my wish to give you a parting shake of the hand, as far as can be done by letter, before I go, time and circumstances forbidding my personally taking a last farewell. At present, our destination is only Germany; but inward feelings tell me I am booked for a much longer journey, and from which no traveller returns. As such, I have informed all parties concerned, that my will is lodged in your hands; and, regarding the rest of my worldly affairs, you had full instructions in my leave-

taking letter of a month back. I had another terrible warning on Wednesday week, which, I am convinced, would have proved fatal, but providentially Dr. Truby was in the house at the time. What is remarkable, up to my seizure I had been in an uncommon flow of spirits; for Morgan and Dowley, and a few more of the old set, had come over, and we rubbed up our old stories and old songs, and I was even able myself to comply with the honor of a call for the Maid of the Valley. But the moment the company was gone, I had an attack;— which is convincing to my mind of the correctness of the old saying about a lightening before death. Such repeated shocks must break down the constitution of a horse; and, mark my words, *the next will be my whoo-oop!*

In course, you will be as much surprised as I am myself, at a man with my dispensation undertaking a visit to foreign parts. But, between one and another, I was fairly mobbed into it, and have been in twenty minds to call back my consent. But a man's word is his word; and, besides, I wish my nephew to see a little of the world. Poor Kate will go along with us, in hopes the jaunting about a bit will make her forget the loss of her husband, or, as she calls him, "Poor George." I did want the Doctor to join, and made him a handsome offer to that effect, over and above his expenses; but he declined, on the plea of not leaving his other patients, which, considering the terms we have been on for so many years, I cannot help thinking is a little ungrateful, as well as hard-hearted, for he knows I ought not to go ten miles without medical help at my elbow. But I suppose the constant sight of death makes all physicians callous, or they could not feel the pulse of a dying man, much less of an old friend, with a broad grin on their faces. Talking of departing, I trust to you to regularly pay up the premium on my life assurance in the Pelican. I did hope the policy would be voided by going abroad, which would have put a spoke in our tour; but, unluckily, it gives me latitude to travel all over Europe. But whether on an English road, or a foreign one, for it will never be in my bed, is all one. So every place being alike, I have left the choice to my nephew, and he has fixed on the river Rhine. In course, he undertakes the lingo, for I can neither parley vous nor jabber High Dutch; and though it 's not too soon, mayhap, to look out for a new set of teeth, it 's too late in life for me to get a fresh

set of tongues. Besides, all foreign languages are given to flattering; and, as a plain Englishman, I should never find complimentary ideas enough to match with the words. There is the French inventory of my person in the passport, which I made Frank translate to me. You know what an invalid I am; but what with high complexion, and robust figure, and so forth, Mounseur has painted me up like one of the healthiest and handsomest young fellows in the county of Kent!

So you see I am down in the way-bill; and, provided I get to the end of the first stage, you will perhaps hear from me again. If not, you will know what has happened, and act accordingly. If I last out to Holland, it will be the utmost. I have betted old Truby two dozen of hock wine, against port and sherry, I shall never get to Cologne. Well, God bless you, my old friend, and all that belongs to you, from, dear Peter,

Your very faithful humble servant,

RICHARD ORCHARD.

P. S. — If I forward a few gallons of real Hollands to your London agents, Drinkwater and Maxwell, do you think they will send it down to Canterbury?

TO GERARD BROOKE, ESQ., LEMINGTON, HANTS.

DEAR GERARD, —

You will stare at receiving another letter dated London; but we have been delayed a week beyond our time by my uncle, and a mysterious complaint in his luggage, which, for several days, would not pack up for want of a family medicine chest that had been ordered of the celebrated Butler and Co., of Cheapside. Moreover, it appeared that the invalid had applied for more last words of medical advice from Dr. Truby; but, instead of a letter, who should walk in yesterday evening but the Doctor himself! The fact is, he has a real regard for his *Malade Imaginaire*, though he sets his face against the fancy, and had made this sacrifice to friendship. My uncle's eyes glistened at sight of the familiar figure. "Ay, ay," said

he, with sundry significant nods, "you are come to prevent my going." "Quite the reverse," answered the other; "I suspected you would hang on hand, and have come thirty miles to help in giving you a shove off." Our Hyp looked a little disconcerted at this rebuff. "At least, doctor, you have something of importance to my health to remind me of?" "Not a syllable." "Mayhap, then, you have brought me some portable sort of medicine for travellers in a small compass?" suggested my uncle, expecting a welcome supplement to Butler's repository. "I have brought you," said the doctor, speaking leisurely, as he vainly tried to extract some refractory article from his coat pocket, "something more to the purpose, — very useful to travellers too, — an invention of a professional friend; — you did not know the late Dr. Kitchiner? — it 's a most invaluable defence against sudden attacks." "Mayhap," cried uncle, now eagerly assisting in the extrication of the parcel, "it 's a self-acting blood-letter." "It 's more likely to prevent blood-letting," answered the doctor, at last producing the implement, "a sort of night-bolt, for securing your bedroom door at a strange inn." "Good God," exclaimed my uncle, reddening like one of his own turkey-cocks, "is it possible you could so forget the nature of my sudden attacks! I am not likely to die in my bed; but if I do, it will be from nobody coming near me; and here you are for keeping every soul from the room!" "Nevertheless," said the doctor, "I still recommend the night-bolt. As a lady never faints without water and smelling-salts, and help at need, I am convinced, by analogy, that a locked door, and nobody at hand, must be the best preventives of *some sorts* of apoplexy that can be devised." The wry face with which this illustration was received you may imagine, now that you have a key to the character. The doctor is not only a shrewd practitioner, but a humorist, and doubtless intended his night-bolt as a piece of practical irony on his patient's monomania; — if so, our Abernethys, and such medical eccentrics, have more common sense in their oddities than some regular practitioners in their commonplaces. However, my uncle having been worsted in the encounter, his sister, who is sufficiently anxious on the subject of health, but with reference to everybody's constitution except her own, then took up the argument, and anxiously inquired, "What her poor dear brother ought to do in case of

any travelling accidents, — for example, wet feet?" "In that case, madam," replied the doctor, with a low bow and a marked emphasis, "*Don't* let him change his shoes; *don't* get him dry stockings; and *don't* let him bathe his feet in warm water. That has been his practice during the first fifty years of his life, and it has agreed so well with him, that I do not feel justified in making any alteration." "To be sure," said my aunt, thoughtfully, "he used to ride through brooks and rivers, and never shifted himself, and yet never had anything on his lungs. And I do remember once, when he spent a fortnight in London on a visit, he took ill, and after thinking of everything that could have caused it, he could not account for it in any way except through missing his damp feet. But then as to his diet, doctor; —what ought he to eat?" "Whatever he can get, madam," said the doctor, taking another grave pinch of snuff; but as he values his life, let him avoid — anything else, for, depend upon it, madam, — *it never can do him any good.*" This oracular response defeated my poor aunt, who, by way of covering her retreat, then pulled him aside, and with a glance at your humble servant, inquired if the air we were going to was favorable to my constitution, for I was delicate, like "poor George." Of course, I pricked up my ears, and had an appropriate reward. "Madam," said he, "a young Englishman, on going abroad for the first time, generally gives himself so many airs, that the one he is going to is of the least possible consequence."

I subsequently contrived to ask the doctor, confidentially, whether his patient would require any particular treatment whilst abroad. "Medically," said he, "none at all. Your worthy uncle's complaint is a very common one, in kind, if not in degree. With old women who have been active in their youth, it takes the form vulgarly called the fidgets; with country gentlemen, in their decline, it becomes hypochondriasis. They cannot live as hard as they used to do, and so think they are dying as fast as they can. Your fox-hunters, and so forth, are particularly liable to the disease. They are used to a kicking, bumping, jumping, thumping, jolting, bolting, scrubbing, scrambling, roll-and-tumble sort of existence, and the nerves and muscles will not subside kindly into quieter habits. To make the matter worse, a pedestrian when he can no longer walk will ride; but your equestrian, when he is past riding,

will not condescend to walk. When he is unequal to horse-back, instead of taking to coach-back, or boat-back, he takes to a high-backed chair, and backgammon. What your uncle really wants is a mill to grind him young again. There is no such mill on earth, but the next best thing is to go in search of it. Take my word for it, the secret of your uncle's dying is, that he has more life in him, or steam, than the old machine knows how to get rid of." "Yes, yes," muttered my uncle, who had been musing, but caught the last sentence, "I always knew I should go off like a burst boiler!" "The Lord forbid!" ejaculated my aunt, who had been absorbed in her own steamboat speculations, — and having thus, in sporting language, changed our hare, we had a burst with high pressure, that lasted for twenty minutes. At the conclusion, my aunt asked the doctor if he knew of any remedy against sea-sickness. "Only one, madam, the same that was adopted by Jack the Giant-killer against the Welsh ogre." "And what was his remedy?" inquired my aunt, very innocently. "A false stomach, ma'am; put all you feel inclined to eat or drink into *that;* and I will stake my professional character against its coming up again!" Just at this juncture his lynx eyes happened to alight on the medicine-chest. "I do hope that box is insured!" "Good heavens!" exclaimed my aunt, "is there any danger? We have not insured anything!" "Because," exclaimed the doctor, "if your nephew is any better than a George Barnwell in disguise, he will take the first opportunity for pitching that trash overboard." My uncle's back was up in a moment. "By your leave," he said, "I did once have occasion to call in Doctor Carbuncle in your absence, and he prescribed for me more trash, as you call it, in ten days, than you have done in as many years." "No doubt he did," answered the imperturbable Truby. "He would send it in by the dozen, like Scotch ale or Dublin porter, or any other article on which he gets a commission. Fat bacon, for instance, was once in vogue amongst the faculty for weak digestions, and he would favor you with that or any other gammon, at a trifle above the market price." "Well, I always thought," exclaimed my aunt, "that Doctor Carbuncle was considered a very skilful man!" "As to his other medical acquirements, madam, there may be some doubts, but you have only to look in his face to see that he is well *red* in *nose*ology."

This palpable hit, for Carbuncle happens to have a very fiery proboscis, quite restored my uncle's good humor. He laughed till the tears ran down his face, and even cracked a joke of his own, on the advantage of always hunting with a burning scent. The doctor, like a good general, seized this favorable moment for his departure, and took his patient by the hand: "Well, *bon voyage*, and fine weather on the Rhine." "I shall never see it," cried my uncle, fast relapsing into a fit of hypochondriacism. "Pooh! pooh! — good by, and a fair wind to Rotterdam." "I shall die at sea," returned my uncle; "at least if I reach the Nore. But mayhap I shall never get aboard. It is my belief I shan't live through the night," he bellowed after the doctor, who, foreseeing the point the argument must arrive at, had bolted out of the room and closed the door. "A clever man," said my uncle, when he was gone; "and no doubt understands my case, but as close as a fox. I only wish he would agree to my going suddenly: I should not die a bit the sooner for his giving me over."

Once more, farewell, with love to Emily from, dear Gerard, yours, &c.,

FRANK SOMERVILLE.

TO GERARD BROOKE, ESQ., LEMINGTON, HANTS.

MY DEAR BROOKE, —

Your prophecy was a plausible one, but as the servant girl said, after looking out of window in Piccadilly, for the Lord Mayor's show, "it did not come to pass." Instead of returning to Kent, we actually sailed from London on Wednesday morning, by the Lord Melville; and here follows a log of our memorable voyage. It will prove a long one I foresee, but so was our passage.

To believe our tourists and travellers, our Heads and our Trollopes, it is impossible to take a trip in a hoy, smack, or steamer, without encountering what are technically called characters. My first care, therefore, on getting aboard, was to look out for originals; but after the strictest scrutiny among the passengers, there appeared none of any mark or likeli-

hood. However, at Gravesend, a wherry brought us two individuals of some promise. The first was a tall, very thin man, evidently in bad health, or, as one of the sailors remarked, performing quarantine, his face being of the same color as the yellow flag which indicates that sanitary excommunication; the other was a punchy, florid, red-wattled human cock-bird, who, according to the poultry-wife's practice, had seemingly had two pepper-corns thrust down his gullet on first leaving the shell, and had ever since felt their fiery influence in his gizzard. In default of their proper names, I immediately christened them, after Dandie Dinmont's two celebrated dogs, Pepper and Mustard. I had, however, but a short glimpse of their quality, for the yellow-face went forward amongst the seamen, whilst the red-visage dived downwards towards the steward's pantry. In the mean time we progressed merrily; and had soon passed that remarkably fine specimen of sea-urchin, the buoy at the Nore. But here the breeze died off, an occurrence, before the invention of steamers, of some moment; indeed, in the old shoy-hoy times I was once at sea three days and two nights between London and Ramsgate, now a certain passage of a few hours. But now calms are annihilated, and so long as the movement party are inclined to dance, the steam-engine will find them in music; in fact, I could not help associating its regular tramp, tramp, tramp, with the tune of a galoppe I had recently performed. But these musings were suddenly diverted by the appearance of one of the most startling and singular phenomena that ever came under my notice. Imagine on one side the sea, gently ruffled by a dying wind into waves of a fine emerald green, playfully sparkling in the noontide sun; on the other hand, a terrific pitch-black mass rising abruptly from sea to sky, as if visibly dividing "the warm precincts of a cheerful day," from "the dark realms of Chaos and Old Night." But I am growing poetical. Suppose, then, if you have ever been under the white Flamborough Head, a black ditto, quite as bluff and as solid, and which you might have mistaken for some such stupendous headland but for the color, and that on looking upwards you could find no summit. So strong was the impression on my own fancy, that when my aunt inquired where we were, I could not help answering, in allusion to the hue and build of the phenomenon, that we were off Blackwall. "You are right, sir," said a

strange voice; "I have observed the same black and wall-like appearance in the West Indies, and it was the forerunner of a hurricane." I looked for this prophet of ill-omen, and saw the yellow-faced man at my elbow. "It would be a charity," exclaimed my aunt, "to give the captain warning." "*He* knows it well enough," said the stranger, "and so does the steward; yonder he runs to the caboose, to tell the cook to gallop his potatoes and scorch his roasts, that he may lay his cloth before the gale comes." "A gale, eh!" mumbled the red-face, who had just climbed from below, with his mouth still full of victuals. "Why don't the captain put back?" "We have gone about once," said the yellow-face, "to run into Margate; but the master thinks, perhaps, that he can edge off, and so escape the storm, or only catch a flap with its skirts. There it comes!" and he pointed towards the black mass, now rapidly diffusing itself over the surface of the sea, which became first black, and then white beneath its shadow; whilst a few faint forks of lightning darted about between the base of the cloud and the water. The waves immediately round us had gradually subsided into a dead calm, and there was no perceptible motion but the vibration from the engine; when suddenly, with a brief but violent rush of wind, the vessel gave a deep lurch, and thenceforward indulged in a succession of rolls and heavings which took speedy effect on the very stoutest of our passengers. "Renounce me!" said he, "if I like the look of it!" "Or the feel of it, either," said a voice in an undertone. The red-faced man turned still redder: fixed an angry eye on the speaker's complexion, and was evidently meditating some very personal retort; but whatever it might be, he was abruptly compelled to give it, with other matters, to the winds. If there be such a thing as love at first sight, there certainly are antipathies got up at quite as short a notice; and the man with the red face had thus conceived an instinctive aversion to the man with the yellow one, at whom he could not even look without visible symptoms of dislike. "And how do *you* feel, sir?" inquired the sufferer as I passed near him, just after one of his paroxysms. "Perfectly well as yet." "The better for you, sir," said the peppery man, rather sharply. "As for me, I'm as sick as a dog! I should not mind *that*, if it was in regular course; but there's that yellow fellow — just look at him, sir — there's a liver for

you! — there 's disordered bile! a perfect walking Jaundice! *He 's* the man to be sick, and yet he 's quite well and comfortable; and I 'm the man to be well, — and here I can't keep anything! I assure you, sir, I have naturally a strong stomach, like a horse, sir; never had an indigestion, — never! and as for appetite, I 've been eating and drinking ever since I came on board! And yet you see how I am! And there 's that saffron-colored fellow, I do believe it was his sickly face that first turned me, —I do, upon my honor; there 's that yellow-fevered rascal — renounce me! if he is n't going down to dinner!"

As had been predicted, we dined early, and, *par conséquent*, on half-dressed vegetables, a piece of red beef, superficially done brown, and a very hasty pudding. The coarse, inferior nature of the fare, did not escape my uncle's notice; "but I suppose," said he, "a keen salt-water appetite is not particular as to feeding on prime qualities." The words were scarcely uttered when he suddenly turned pale, and laid down his knife and fork. Never having been at sea before, and aware of some unusual sensations within, he instantly attributed them to the old source, and whispered to me to forbid my stirring. "I am a dead man, — but don't alarm your aunt." Guessing how the matter stood, I let him scramble by himself to the deck, from which in a few minutes he returned, filled a glass of wine, drank it off, and then gave me a significant nod. "Another reprieve, Frank. It 's very unpleasant, but I 'm convinced what has just happened was the saving of my life. The circulation was all but gone, when a sort of convulsion of the stomach set it a-going again, and gave me time to rally." "Accidents that will happen at sea," remarked our skipper. "And on shore, too," replied my uncle, very solemnly. "Captain, I have been dying suddenly these ten years." The captain screwed up his lips for a whistle, but it was not audible. "And for my part, sir," said our Daffodil, "I envy you your apoplexy. *I* am going, going, going, going, by inches."

At this announcement, the cabin-boy hastily pulled out an assortment of basins, selected a large blue and white one, and placed it conveniently at the feet of the speaker. From the first glimpse of the sickly-looking passenger, our steward's mate had pitched upon him for a pet patient, — he had watched him, listened to him, and whenever "Boy" was summoned in

a strange voice, he invariably tried first at the yellow man. To his surprise, however, the latter only gave the utensil a slight touch with his foot, saying, "It will do very well at a pinch; and boy — (yes, sir) — another time, when you bring me such a thing as this — (yes, sir) — let me have the kettle along with it, — (yes, sir) — the sugar, a few lemons, and a bottle of rum." The boy, in sea phrase, was taken all aback. "Renounce me," whispered the red-face, who happened to sit next me, — "renounce me if he don't mean punch: I can't stand him! — I can't, upon my soul!" and off he rushed again upon deck.

By this time the motion of the vessel had considerably increased, and between fear and curiosity, and certain more physical motives, the whole of the company successively went above to enjoy what proved to be a very bad look-out. The whole sky had now gone into sables, and like Hamlet seemed contending with "a sea of troubles." On the lee side, swaying by the backstay, stood the man with the red face, turned by recent exertion almost into purple. Instead of the languor and depression usually ascribed to the sea malady, it seemed to put him up instead of down, and his temper rose with his stomach. "I am worse than ever!" he said to me, almost choking between his affliction and his passion, "and there's that yellow wretch, quite composed, with a d——d cigar in his mouth! I can't understand it, sir: it's against nature. As for me, I shall die of it! I know I shall! — I shall burst a vessel, sir. I thought I had just now, — but it was only the pint of port!"

As he spoke, the vessel shipped a heavy sea, and heeled over almost on her beam-ends. "I suppose," said my uncle, "that's what they call a water-spout." "It's a squall!" said the yellow-face. "It's a female scream," cried my aunt, wringing her hands, and in reality we heard a shrill cry of distress that drew us in a body towards the fore-part of the vessel. "It's the lady o' title," said the mate; "she was above 'sociating with the passengers, and preferred sitting in her own carriage; — lucky she did n't go overboard, coach and all."—My worthy uncle indignantly declared the thing to be impossible. "Do you pretend to say there's a human being shut up in that carriage, because she won't even condescend to be drowned along with her fellow-creatures?" By way

of answer, the mate and assistants contrived to drag the human being out of the vehicle, and certainly, between fright and a good ducking, she was a very forlorn-looking specimen of her order. "Well," muttered my uncle, "this is dignity with a vengeance! I should have thought even a lady of title might prefer a comfortable cabin to sitting in such a bathing-machine, even with coronets on the top." "Poor thing!" interposed my aunt; "it's the nature of her bringing up." "No doubt of it!" retorted Nuncle; "but to my mind it's an unchristian bringing up that prepares one so badly for going down." This shot silenced my poor aunt, but it did not prevent her from paying all possible attention to the Woman of Quality, on her way to the ladies' cabin, where she was deposited, at her own request, in a high berth. And so ended for the present the little episode of Lady D—— and her own carriage.

And now, my dear Gerard, imagine us all to creep like the exclusive lady into our own narrow dormitories, not that we were sleepy, but the violent pitching of the ship made it difficult, if not impossible, for any mere landsman to sit or stand. Indeed it would not have been easy to sleep, in spite of the concert that prevailed. First, a beam in one corner seemed taken in labor, then another began groaning, — plank after plank chimed in with its peculiar creak, — every bulkhead seemed to fret with an ache in it; sometimes the floor complained of a strain, — next the ceiling cried out with a pain in its joints, — and then came a general squeezing sound, as if the whole vessel was in the last stage of collapse. Add to these the wild howling of the wind through the rigging, till the demon of the storm seemed to be playing coronachs over us on an Æolian harp, — the clatter of hail, the constant rushes of water around and overhead, and at every uncommon pitch, a chorus of female shrieks from the next cabin. To describe my own feelings, the night seemed spent between dozing and delirium. When I closed my eyes, I had dreams of nightmares, not squatting ones merely, but vicious jades, that kicked, plunged, reared with and rolled over me: when I opened them, I beheld stools, trunks, bags, endowed with supernatural life, violently dancing, — change sides, down the middle, back again, all round, and then, *sauve qui peut*, in a sudden panic making a general rush at the cabin stairs. In

the midst of this tumult struggled a solitary human figure, sometimes sitting, sometimes kneeling, sometimes rolling, or desperately clinging to the table, till the table itself burst its bonds, threw a preliminary summerset, and taking a loose sofa between its legs, prepared for a waltz. It was a countryman of Van Tromp, who had thus resolved not to be drowned in his bed; and as even fright becomes comical by its extravagance, I could not help laughing, in spite of my own miseries, to see the poor Dutchman at any extraordinary plunge clapping his hands as ecstatically as if it had been meant for applause. To tell the truth, the vessel occasionally gave such an awful lurch that I seriously thought we should be left in it. At last, towards morning, our terrors were brought to a climax by a tremendous crash overhead, followed by a prodigious rush of water, under which the Lord Melville seemed to reel and stagger as if it had been wine, whilst part of the briny deluge rushed down into the cabin and flooded the lower beds. Our *claqueur*, poor Mynheer, clapped his hands long and loudly, taking it of course for the catastrophe of the piece. The vessel had been pooped, as it is called, by a monstrous sea, which had torn four men from the helm, where they were steering with a long iron tiller, and had thrown them luckily almost to the funnel instead of over the quarter, when they must inevitably have perished. On such angles, in this world, depend our destinies!

On going on deck I found the captain and the pilot anxiously looking out for the buoys which mark the entrance into the Maas. "I congratulate you, sir," said the yellow-face: "steam has saved us, — mere canvas has not been so fortunate;" and he pointed to the hull of a large ship with only her lower masts standing: she had gone down in shoal water, her stern resting on the bottom, whilst her bows still lifted with the waves. "And the crew?" The yellow-man significantly shook his head. "No boat could live in such a sea." For the first time, Gerard, I felt sick, — sick at heart. I have seen many completer wrecks, with their naval anatomy quite laid bare, but from that very circumstance, their wooden ribs and vertebræ being thus exposed, they looked more like the skeletons of stranded marine monsters; whereas, in the present instance, the vessel still preserved its habitable shape, and fancy persisted in peopling it with hu-

man creatures, moving, struggling, running to and fro, and at length in desperation clinging to the rigging of those now bare spars. I had even painted, Campbell-like, that wretched character, a Last Man, perched in dreary survivorship in the maintop, when, in startling unison with the thought, a voice muttered in my ear: "Yes! there he is! — he 's been up there all night, and every soul but himself down below! The speaker was the red-faced man. "A pretty considerable bad night, sir," said his antipathy, by way of a morning salutation. "An awful one, indeed," said the red-face; "of course you 've been sick at last?" "Not a notion of it." "Egad, then," cried my uncle, who had just emerged from the companion, "you must have some secret for it worth knowing!" "I guess I have," answered the other, very quietly. "Renounce me, if I did n't think so!" exclaimed the red-face in a tone of triumph: "it can't be done fairly without some secret or other, and I 'd give a guinea, that 's to say a sovereign, to know what it is." "It 's a bargain," said the yellow-face, coolly holding out his hand for the money, which was as readily deposited in his palm, and thence transferred to a rather slenderly furnished squirrel-skin purse. "Now, then," said the Carnation. "Why, then," said the Yellow Flower of the Forest, with a peculiar drawl through the nose, "you must jist go to sea, as I have done, for the best thirty years of your life." The indignation with which this recipe was received was smothered in a general burst of laughter from all within hearing. Luckily we were now summoned to breakfast, where we found my aunt, who expatiated eloquently on the horrors of the past night. "I really thought," she said, "that I was going to poor George." "Amongst sailors, ma'am," said our rough captain, very innocently, "we call him Old Davy."

In consequence of the sea running so high, we were unable to proceed to Rotterdam by the usual channel; and were occupied during a great part of the second day in going at half speed through the canals. Tedious as was this course, it afforded us a sight of some of the characteristic scenery of that very remarkable country called Holland. We had abundant leisure to observe the picturesque craft, with their high cabins, and cabin windows well furnished with flower-pots and frows, — in fact, floating houses; while the real houses, scarcely above the water-level, looked like so many family

arks that had gone only ashore, and would be got off next tide. These dwellings of either kind looked scrupulously clean, and particularly gay; the houses, indeed, with their bright pea-green doors and shutters, shining, bran-new, as if by common consent, or some clause in their leases, they had all been freshly painted within the last week. But probably they must thus be continually done in oil to keep out the water, — the very Dryads, to keep them dry, being favored with a coat, or rather pantaloons, of sky-blue or red, or some smart color, on their trunks and lower limbs. At times, however, nothing could be seen but the banks, till perchance you detected a steeple and a few chimneys, as if a village had been sowed there, and was beginning to come up. The vagaries of the perspective, originating in such an arrangement, were rather amusing. For instance, I saw a ruminating cow apparently chewing the top of a tree, a Quixotic donkey attacking a windmill, and a wonderful horse, quietly reposing and dozing with a weathercock growing out of his back. Indeed, it is not extravagant to suppose that a frog, without hopping, often enjoys a bird's-eye view of a neighboring town. So little was seen of the country, that my aunt, in the simplicity of her heart, inquired seriously, "Where 's Holland?" "It ought to be hereabouts, madam," said the yellow face, "if it was n't swamped in the night." "Swamped, indeed!" said the red face; "it 's sinful to mistrust Providence, but renounce me if I could live in such a place without an everlasting rainbow overhead to remind me of the promise." "They 'd be drowned to-morrow, sir," said the captain, "if they was n't continually driving piles, and building dams, like so many beavers on two legs." "They have all the ways of beavers, sure enough," chimed in my uncle, "and, egad!" pointing to a round-sterned fellow at work on the bank, "they have the same breadth of tail."

Amongst other characteristic features of the landscape, if it had land enough to deserve the name, we frequently saw a solitary crane or heron at the water's edge, watching patiently for food, or resting on one leg in conscious security. I pointed them out to my uncle, who, sportsman-like, was taking aim at a stork with his forefinger, when a hand was suddenly interposed before what represented the muzzle of the gun. It was the act of Mynheer the Claqueur. My uncle reddened, but

said nothing, though he afterwards favored me with his opinion. "The Dutchman was right. I have been thinking it over; and I have a misgiving we are too wasteful of animal lives. In England, now, those birds would not live a week without being peppered by the first fellow with a gun." "Because," said I, "we can sleep in England in spite of Philomel; but the Dutch nightingales are more noisy, besides being as numerous as their frogs, and they are glad to preserve any birds that will thin them out." "No, no, Frank," replied my uncle, gravely shaking his head; "it's beyond a joke. I did n't say so before the Dutchman, because I don't choose to let down my native land: there 's plenty of travellers to do that with a pretended liberality: but I don't set up for a cosmopolite, which, to my mind, signifies being polite to every country except your own." "I have never heard the English accused," suggested your humble servant, "of wilful cruelty." "Not as to humankind, Frank: not as to humankind; but have n't we exterminated the bastards — I mean to say, bustards; and have n't we got rid of the black cock of the walk — I should say, the woods? As for the storks, they 're the most filial and affectionate birds to old parents in all nature, and I take shame to myself for only aiming at them with a finger. God knows I ought to have more fellow-feeling for sudden death!"

It was night ere we arrived at Rotterdam, safe and well, with the exception of my uncle's umbrella and great-coat, supposed to have been washed overboard by the same sea that endangered the lady and her carriage. Whilst the rest of the family comfortably established themselves at the Hôtel des Pays Bas, I took a hasty ramble by moonlight through the city, and have thrown my first impressions into verse, which, according to agreement, please to present with my dear love to your sister. In plainer but not less sincere prose, accept the hearty regard of,

My dear Gerard, yours ever truly,

FRANK SOMERVILLE.

TO * * * * *

I GAZE upon a city,
A city new and strange;
Down many a wat'ry vista
My fancy takes a range;
From side to side I saunter,
And wonder where I am;—
And can *you* be in England,
And I at Rotterdam!

Before me lie dark waters,
In broad canals and deep,
Whereon the silver moonbeams
Sleep, restless in their sleep:
A sort of vulgar Venice
Reminds me where I am,—
Yes, yes, you are in England,
And I 'm at Rotterdam.

Tall houses, with quaint gables,
Where frequent windows shine,
And quays that lead to bridges,
And trees in formal line,
And masts of spicy vessels,
From distant Surinam,—
All tell me you 're in England,
But I 'm at Rotterdam.

Those sailors — how outlandish
The face and garb of each!
They deal in foreign gestures,
And use a foreign speech;
A tongue not learned near Isis,
Or studied by the Cam,
Declares that you 're in England,
But I 'm at Rotterdam.

And now across a market
My doubtful way I trace,
Where stands a solemn statue,
The Genius of the place;

And to the great Erasmus
I offer my salam, —
Who tells me you 're in England,
And I 'm at Rotterdam.

The coffee-room is open,
I mingle with the crowd ;
The dominoes are rattling,
The hookahs raise a cloud ;
A flavor, none of Fearon's,
That mingles with my dram,
Reminds me you 're in England,
But I 'm in Rotterdam.

Then here it goes, a bumper, —
The toast it shall be mine,
In Schiedam or in Sherry,
Tokay, or Hock of Rhine, —
It well deserves the brightest
Where sunbeam ever swam, —
" The girl I love in England,"
I drink at Rotterdam.

TO MISS WILMOT, AT WOODLANDS, NEAR BECKENHAM, KENT.

My dear Margaret, —

As I predicted, our travels began in trouble, and, from the course of events, will end, I expect, in the same way. What could be more unfortunate than to come to the Continent in a storm so awful that I cannot bear to think of it, much less to describe it, beyond saying, that between raging winds and waves, and thunder and lightning, nature itself seemed on the point of being wrecked! But I must not repine ; for though I 've been frightened to death, and shaken to pieces, and worn down by sea-sickness, and subjected to all sorts of discomforts and disagreeables, and within an inch of being drowned at sea myself, it was all to wean me from my losses and restore my

peace of mind. As such, it is my duty to reflect on nothing but my brother's affection, however distressing in its effects on my own weak nerves. It took us two whole days to reach Rotterdam, though it was but a remove from one danger to another, for the country of Holland lies so low in the water, that they say it would be as fatal to spring a leak as in a ship. Indeed, as my own eyes assured me, we were often swimming higher than the tops of the houses; a dreadful consideration, when you think that a water-rat, by boring a hole in the banks, would do more havoc amongst the inhabitants than a loose tiger. As it is, the poor people are compelled to employ a whole army of windmills, — though how the water is to be ground dry into dry ground is beyond my chemical knowledge. I do not quite know what he means, but my nephew says the natives live like a party in a parlor, and all dammed. Still it was a change for the better, after all the dreadful sights and motions, and noises and smells, of a ship, to come to a quiet room and a comfortable meal. Above all, it was a real luxury to repose in a steady bed, with snow-white sheets, though, my spirits being overtired, I did nothing but cry all night long. But it is my dispensation to travel for the rest of my days through a vale of tears. Mentioning snow-white sheets, if cleanliness can ever be carried to excess, it is in Holland; — indeed, I fear I shall hardly be able to put up with English neatness when I return. The very servants have such caps and kerchiefs, and aprons and lace, and so beautifully got up, I can compare it to nothing but a laundress on a pleasure-party taking a day's wear out of her mistress's best things. It is quite delightful to see, — though not unmixed with painful recollections, for you know how precise your dear late brother was about his linen. He was quite Dutch in that. Of course, they have a wash every week-day, besides the grand one on Saturdays, when they really wash up everything in the place except the water. As an instance of their particularity, at almost every house there is a sort of double looking-glass outside the window, as if for seeing up and down the street; but Frank says it is, that the Dutch ladies may watch, before being at home to a friend, whether he has dirty boots or shoes.

We have seen the principal sights of Rotterdam, — the statue of Erasmus, the Arsenal, the Cathedral, with its monuments

of Dutch Admirals, and its great organ, which plays almost too powerfully for mortal ears. But what most took my fancy was the curious pleasure-grounds round the town, with their outlandish summer-houses and little temples. They are all what you and I should call Old Bachelor's Gardens, laid out in fantastic figures and formal walks, but full of the finest plants. I never saw such superb flowers of their kind, or smelt so delicious a perfume. How the Dutch gentlemen can reconcile themselves to smoking tobacco in the midst of such a paradise of sweets, I cannot imagine, unless it is to kill the caterpillars; but their noses are surely insensible to good or bad smells, or they would never allow so many stagnant ditches and ponds covered with duckweed, that towards evening give out a stench fit to breed a plague. But such is life, sweet in the morning, but O how different in savor at the close! Knowing your partiality for flowers, I intended to send you a few of the fine sorts, particularly tulips and hyacinths, and was lucky enough, as I thought, to find out a shop, with roots and plants in the window, and a clerk who spoke a little English, and politely helped me in selecting the choicest kinds. Indeed, they had all such fine names that they were sure to be good. The young man himself very civilly carried the parcel home to the hotel; but judge of my feelings when I came to look at the bill. I can only say I screamed! What do you think, Margaret, of seventy odd pounds for a few bulbs! But that 's where I miss your dear brother, — for as you know, I used to leave all bargaining and accounts, and money matters, and in short everything, to poor George. The consequence was, we had quite a scene, which I need not say was extremely distressing in a strange hotel. To add to my agitation, my nephew was absent, and when I wanted to consult my brother, he was in his own room in one of his old fits, and nothing could be got from him except that he had done with this world. In the mean time the foreign clerk grew impatient, and at last worked himself into such a passion that he could not speak English, and Heaven knows what violence he threatened or would have done, if my brother, hearing the noise, had not rushed in, and scuffled him down the stairs. In the end, Frank had to go to the shop and arrange the matter, but as he declines saying on what terms, I am convinced it cost no trifle to get the Dutchman to take back his bulbs. It

was as much as I could do, when all was over, to keep from hysterics, especially as my brother chose to be extremely harsh with me, and said it was very hard he could not go out of the world without a parcel of trumpery flowers distracting his latter end. But I was born to troubles, and as the proverb says, they never come single. The roots might be an error in judgment, but there could be none about the Dutch linen; which, of course, must be cheaper in Holland than anywhere else. Accordingly I laid in a good stock of shirting and sheeting, and napkins and towelling, for home use; but although the quality was excellent, and the bill quite reasonable, this good bargain cost me as much vexation as the bad one. My brother, indeed, did not scold, but though both he and my nephew wished me joy of my purchase, I saw by their faces that they meant quite the reverse. Such an untoward beginning quite scares me, and fills me with misgivings that in going farther I shall only fare worse. It grieves me to think, too, how *you* would delight in this tripping up the Rhine, instead of taking my place at Woodlands, whilst I am only fit for domestic duties and the quiet of home. A heavy heart, weak nerves, and broken spirits, are bad travelling companions, and at every step, alas! I am reminded, by some dilemma or other, what a stay and guide a woman loses in a husband like poor George.

Providentially we have not suffered as yet in our health, but I shall not be easy on that score till we leave Holland, as there is a low fever, they say, peculiar to the country, and very apt to attack the English, unless they smoke and drink drams all day long. Our next stage is by steamboat to Nimeguen, which is in a state of war against the Belgians for being Roman Catholics. Frank says the best plan would be to convert the Belgians to the Church of England, and then they would take the Thirty-Nine Articles, instead of fighting about Twenty-Four. And for the sake of peace, and to save bloodshed, I devoutly hope it may be settled in some such way. But fatigue compels me to close. Pray distribute my kindest regards amongst all friends, and accept my love from, dear Margaret,

Your affectionate sister,
CATHERINE WILMOT.

P. S. — Martha begs me to forward the enclosed. She has

had her own troubles, but has become more reconciled; though not without flying occasionally to her old trick of giving warning. But her warnings are like my poor brother's, and I really believe she would be heart-broken if I took her at her word. Like her mistress, she has been buying bargains, — though more as foreign curiosities than for use, except a beautiful brass milk-pail, which I have taken off her hands for the dairy at Woodlands.

TO REBECCA PAGE, AT THE WOODLANDS, NEAR BECKENHAM, KENT.

Dear Becky, —

Littel did I think I shud ever ever ever rite you again! We have all bean on eternitty's brinx. Such a terrifickle storm! Tho' we are on Shure, I cant get it out of my Hed. Every room keeps spinnin with me like a roundy-bout at Grinnage Fare. Every chare I set on begins rockin like a nussin chare and the stares pitch and toss so I cant go up them xcept on all fores. They do say elevin other vessels flounderd off the Hooks of Holland in the same tempest with all their cruise. It begun in the arternoon, and prevaled all nite, — sich a nite O Grashus! Sich tossin and tumblin it was moraly unpossible to stand on wons legs and to compleat these discomfortables nothin wood sit easy. I might as well have et and drunk Hippokickany and antinomial wine. O Becky the Tea-totlers only give up fomentid lickers, but the Sea Totlers give up every thing. To add to my frite down flumps the stewardis on her nees and begins skreeking we shall be pitcht all over! we shall be pitcht all over. Think I if *she* give up we may prepair for our wartery graves. At sich crisisus theres nothin like religun and if I repeted my Catkism wunce I said it a hundered times over and never wunce rite. You may gudge by that of my orrifide state, besides ringing my hands till the nails was of a blew black. Havin nose wat else I sed for in my last agny I confest every partical I had ever dun, — about John Futman and all. Luckly Missus was too much decomposed to atend to it but it will be a Warnin for the rest of my

days. O Becky its awful wurk when it cums to sich a full unbuzzuming and you stand before your own eyes stript nakid to the verry botom of your sole. Wat seemed the innocentest things turn as black as coles. Even Luvvers look armless but they ant wen all their kisses cum to fly in your face. Makin free with triffles is the same. Littel did I think wen I give away an odd lofe it would lay so heavy. Then to be shure a little of Missus's tea and sugger seams no grate matter partickly if youve agreed to find yure own, but as I no by experence evry ownce will turn to a pound of led in repentin. That wickid caddy Key give me memy a turn, and I made a pint as soon as the storm abatid to chuck it into the botomless otion. I do trust Becky you will foller my xample and giv up watever goes agin yure conshins. If I name the linnin I trust youl excuse. Charrity kivers a multitud of sins, and to be shure its a charrity to give a-way a raggid shurt of Masters providid its not torn a purpus which I fear is sumtimes the case. Pray say the like from me to Mister Butler up at the Hall, he will take a Miss I no, — partickly as I hav drunk unbeknown wine along with him, but when yure at yur last pint what is Port in a storm! Won minit yure a living cretur, and the next you may be like wickid Jonas in the belly of Wales.

The only comfort I had besides Cristianity was to give Missus warnin witch I did over and over between her attax. No wagis on earth could reckonsile me to a sea goin place. Dress is dress and its hard on a servent to find too nasty grate broke loose Trunks between them has battered my pore ban box into a pan cake. To make bad wus as the otion they say level all distinkshuns, and make won Womman as good as a nother I thought propper to go to sea in my best, and in course my waterd ribbins is no better for being washt with serges, or my bewtiful shot silk for gitting different shades of smoak blacks, — besides spiling my nice kid gluves with laying hold on tarry ropes, not to name bein drensht from top to toe with rottin salt water, and the personable risk of being drownded arter all. But I mite as well have tould the ship to soot itself as my Missus. I verrily beleave from her wild starin at me she did not no wether I talked English or Frentch. At last Martha says she we are going to a wurld where there is no sitivations. What an idear! But our su-

periers are always shy of our society, as if even hevin abuv was too good for servents. Talking of superiers there was a Tittled Lady in Bed in the Cabbin that sent every five minits for the capting, till at long and at last he got Crusty. Capting says she I insist on yure gitting the ship more out of the wind. I wish I could says he. Don't you no who I ham, says she very dignifide. Yes my Ladyship says the capting, but its blowin grate guns and if so be you was a princess I could n't make it blow littel pistles. Wat next but she must send for the Mate to ask him if he can swim. Yes my lady says he like a Duck. In that case says she I must condysend to lay hold on yure harm all nite. Axing pardin my ladyship says he its too grate honners for the like of me. No matter says she very proudlike, I insist on it. Then I 'm verry sorry says the Mate makin a run off, but I 'm terrible wanted up abuv to help in layin the ship on her beam ends. Thats what I call good authority, so you may supose wat danger we was in.

Howsumever here we are thenk providens on dry land if so be it can be cauld dry that is half ditchis and cannals, at a forin city, by name Rotter D—m. The King lives at the Ha-gue and I'll be bound its haguish enuf for Holland is a cold mashy flatulint country and lies so low they 're only saved by being dammed. The wimmin go very tidy but the men wear very large close for smallclose and old fashinable hats. But I should n't prefer to settle in Holland for Dutch plaices must be very hard. Oh Becky such moppin and sloppin such chuckin up water at the winders and squirtin at the walls with littel fire ingins, but I supose with their moist climit the houses would n't be holesum if they warn't continually washing off the damp. Then the furnitur is kept like span new without speck or spot, it must be sumboddy's wurk to kill all the flies. To my mind the pepel are over clean as John Futman said when his master objectid to his thum mark on the hedge of the plate, a littel dirt does set off clenliness thats certin. Then as to nus mades they ought to have eyes all round their heds like spiders to watch the childrin by the cannals, thenk God I ant a Dutch parent I should be misrable for fear of my yung wons gittin to the keys. Lawk, an English muther in Holland wood be like a Hen with Ducklins !

We have seen many fine sites, and bildings, and partickly

the Butcher's Hall, witch is all of red Brix, pick't out with wite, jest as if it was bilt of beefstake. Likewise the statute of Erasmis who inventid pickle herrins, — they do say in any orange bovine revolushuns it jumps into the cannal, and then cums out agin when the trubbles is over, — but in course that's only a popish mirakle. Then there's the House of Fears, — fears enuf I warrant for every other hole and corner in the town was ravaged and ransackt by the French, and the pore soles every minit expecten naber's fare. But that cant hapin agin, as in case of beseiging they open all their slowces, and the Dutch being amphibbyus, all the enemy is drowndid xcept themselves. As respects vittles, we do verry well, only I am shi of the maid dishes, being sic a mashy forren country for fear of eating Frogs. Talkin of cookin, wat do you think Becky of sittin with a lited charcole stow under yure pettecots? Its the only way they have for airin their linnin, — tho' it looks more like a new cookery receat for How to smoak yure Hams. But I hear Missus bell, so with kind luve to all, includin John Futman, I remane in haste, my dear Becky, Yure luving frend,

MARTHA PENNY.

TO GERARD BROOKE, ESQ.

MY DEAR GERARD, —

At last we have turned our backs on the good city of Rotterdam, and made our first advance up the Waal branch of the fashionable river. As you are aware, the banks of the Lower Rhine are of a very uninteresting character: to sing their beauties, one needs only, with Desdemona, to "sing all a green willow, sing willow, willow, willow." In such a case, there is but one alternative. In the absence of good scenery and decorations, the traveller must turn for entertainment to the strolling company on board, and such *pièces de circonstance* as they may happen to present.

It is one of the discomforts of striving against the stream on the Rhine, that you must start extravagantly early, in order to accomplish the next stage before night. To aggravate this

nuisance, the garçon appointed to rouse us crowed, like the "bonnie gray cock," a full hour too soon; and then, by way of amends, called us as much too late; so that we had to save our passage and passage-money (paid beforehand) by a race to the quay. Short as the course was, it led to a great deal of what the turf-men call *tailing*. Your humble servant was first on board: my uncle made a bad second; my aunt a worse third; her maid Martha barely saved her distance, and the baggage was nowhere at all. In fact, the steamer was already on the move before our Dutch porters made their appearance; so that the greater part of the luggage was literally pitched on board, with a clangor and clatter that excited a peal of merriment from ship and shore. "In the name of heaven, what is all this?" inquired my uncle, who noticed a considerable addition to our sundries. "Oh! it's the beautiful brass pail," moaned my aunt, writhing in pantomimical distress; "and look how it's all battered and bruised!" whilst her maid indignantly collected a shower of wooden shoes, intended to be presented as foreign curiosities to her fellow-servants at Woodlands. My uncle shrugged up his shoulders, and made a wry face at the prospect. "Zounds, Frank!" he said to me in an aside, "if we gather at this rate in our progress, we shall come to a stickfast in the end, like the great snowball in Sandford and Merton. To my mind, your poor aunt is making a toil of a pleasure; however, the more little troubles she gets into, the more likely to forget her great one. Though, to be sure, it sounds odd," he continued, observing me smile, "for a widow to be wiping away her tears with a brass pail."

I had now time to look round, and, on taking a survey of the company, was not sorry to recognize our old acquaintance the red-faced man, looking as ruddy as a Dutch apple, but like an apple that had been bruised. From whatever cause, there was a discoloration round his right eye, which hinted plainly, with Lord Byron, that

> "Sometimes we must box without the muffles,"

especially when we are blessed with a temper as hot and hasty as a pepper-caster with a loose top. He eagerly pounced upon me as one with whom he could pour out his bottled-up grievances, and thus they began their audible effervescence:

"Glad to see you, sir; here's a pretty eye or the beauties of the Rhine, — black as my hat, sir; — well it was n't knocked out!" I sympathized of course, and inquired how it had happened. "How, sir? it could only happen in one way. I've heard of black devils, and blue devils, and renounce me if I don't think there are yellow ones." "You do not surely mean our old shipmate the American?" "Yes, but I do though. You remember how unpleasant he made himself to everybody on board — would n't be sick or anything. As for me, it was natural instinct or something, but I hated him from the first time I set eyes on him. It gave me a turn to look at him. I felt as if I was turning bilious myself; I, did indeed! If I don't cut him, thought I, the moment we get on shore, my name's not Bowker, — John Bowker. So I asked him at Rotterdam to recommend a good inn, and he named the Skipper House. That was enough for me, and off I took myself to the Bath Hotel. Well, sir, what next? After supper, and making myself comfortable, up I went to bed, and what do you think I saw?" Here Mr. John Bowker made a solemn pause, and looked me full in the face; his visage grew redder, except the black circle, which seemed to darken; he knocked his hat down over the damaged eye, fiercely rammed his double fists into his pockets, drew in a long breath, and then resumed in a voice quite guttural from the broil within: "Renounce me, sir, if I did n't see his infernal jaundice face on the clean pillow!" "Very unpleasant indeed." "Yes, sir; there it was, all yellow in the middle of the white — just like a poached egg. By the by, I don't think I shall ever eat one again; he has quite poisoned the idea, sir, he has, upon my life!" There was an expression of loathing about the red face as he said this that would have delighted Dr. Johnson, who has recorded his opinion of a "good hater." However, I affected concern, and inquired how the untoward event had originated. "Originated! — phoo, phoo, — no such thing. It was done on purpose, sir, sheer *malice prepense*. I told him quite civilly, I was afraid of a little mistake. 'I'm afraid there is,' said he; 'what's your number?' 'My name,' said I, 'is Bowker, — John Bowker, — and I'm number seventeen.' 'Ah,' said he, 'that's just where it is, — my name is Take-care-of-yourself, and I reckon I'm number one.'

Cool, sir, was n't it? and I tried to be cool too, but I could n't; — blood will boil: it 's human nature, sir, — and mine began singing in my ears like a kettle. Thought I, this must be vented somehow, or I shall burst a vessel; it 's a dread of mine, sir, that some day I shall burst a vessel, if my passion is n't worked off, — and between that and his grinning at me, I could n't help making a punch at the fellow's head: I could n't, upon my soul. That led to a scuffle, and the noise brought up the master and the garsoons; however, the end was, I got my bed and this beautiful black eye into the bargain, — for the landlord soon proved my right to number seventeen." "And what excuse," I asked, "did the usurper offer for his intrusion?" "None in the world, sir. Not a syllable! except that the Skipper House happened to be full, and my bed happened to be empty. Confound his yellow face! — I thought it was jaundice, or the American fever, — but it 's brass, sir, — brass lacker. But that 's not the end. 'In course,' said he, 'you 'll allow a half-naked individual about twenty minutes or so to make himself decent and collect his traps?' Well, sir, having vented my warmth, I was quite agreeable, and how do you think he spent the time?" Here another pause for the speaker to muster all his indignation. "Why, sir, when it came to fresh making the bed, he had wound and rolled up both the sheets into balls, hard balls, sir, as big as your head!" "An old trick," I remarked, "amongst nautical men, and called reefing." "Nothing more likely, sir," said the red face; "he 'd been thirty years at sea, you know, as he told me when he swindled me out of my sovereign. However, there were the two sheets, — the only pair not in use, — and the Devil himself could n't pick an end out of them, landlord, garsoons, and all. Renounce me if I don't believe they 're *in statu quo* at this very moment, — I do, upon my life!" The fervor with which he made this declaration quite upset my gravity: and he joined at first in my mirth, but stopped short as abruptly as if he had been seized by a spasm. "No, no, sir," he said, with a serious shake of the head, "the thing 's beyond a laugh. It 's my remark, sir, that I never took a strong dislike to a person at first sight without his giving me good reason for it in the end. Mark my words, sir, — that turmeric-faced Yankee is my evil genius. He 'll haunt me and spoil my pleasure wherever I go.

He has poisoned the German Ocean for me already, and now, sir, he 'll poison the river Rhine, — he will, sir, as sure as my name 's Bowker, — John Bowker, — he 'll poison the Rhine, and the Baths, and the Hock wine, and everything, — as certain as I stand here ! "

Absurd as this picture will seem to you, my dear Gerard, it is nevertheless sketched from nature. And, after all, how many of us there are who, in the pilgrimage of life, thus conjure up black, blue, or yellow-faced bugbears to poison our river Rhines ! But, not to moralize, suppose me now driven, by a smart shower, into a rather noisy, very odoriferous, and piping-hot cabin, the rule against smoking having been reversed, by turning the prohibitory placards with their faces to the wall. Here I found my uncle good-humoredly playing, or rather trying to play, at dominoes with a German, the only difficulties being that the German and English games are as different as the two languages. Still they persevered with laudable patience, each after his own fashion, till they had finished two glasses apiece of curaçoa. " It is very extraordinary," remarked my uncle, as he rose up, neither winner nor loser, " that, in spite of the thousands and thousands of English who have passed up and down the Rhine. the natives have never yet learned to play at dominoes ! "

A complaint from a countrywoman at the next table was quite in keeping. For some minutes past she had been calling out " Hoof ! hoof ! hoof ! " to our squat little Dutchman of a garçon, who in return only grinned and shook his head. " It 's really provoking," exclaimed the lady, " to have such a stupid waiter. He does n't even know the French for an egg ! "

Our first stoppage was at Dordrecht, or Dort, a quaint, characteristic town, that looked like an old acquaintance, its features being such as are common on the pictorial Dutch tiles. Here, amongst other additions to our living freight, we obtained a private soldier, of whom his wife or sweetheart took a most affectionate leave — as of a house-lamb about to be butchered by " les braves Belges." Again, and again, and again, she called him back for more last words, and imprinted fresh editions, with additions, of her farewell, upon his lips, but the warning-bell of the steamer rang, fatal as curfew to the light of love, — the weeping female gave her warrior one more

desperate hug, that almost lifted him off his feet; he tore himself from the arms that dropped listless, as if she had no further use for them in this world; the paddles revolved, — and there on the quay, so long as Dordrecht remained in sight, we beheld the forlorn frow, gazing, as motionless and inanimate as one of the staring painted wooden dolls indigenous to her country. "Poor souls!" murmured my aunt, who had been looking on with glistening eyes; "what a horrid cruel thing is war, when it comes home to us!" My uncle, too, gave utterance to a thought which sounded like an echo of my own: "Egad, Frank, there was n't much Dutch phlegm in that!"

I was too much interested by this episode to notice the advent of another passenger, till he was announced in an angry whisper: "There he is again! Curse his yellow face! — I thought he was a day ahead of me!" And lo! the American stood boldly before us, having halted at Dordrecht to inspect the saw-mills, and the ponds for containing the huge rafts of timber that float thither down the Rhine, from Switzerland and the Black Forest. His old opponent glared at him fiercely with his sound eye, and very soon found fuel for the flame. The deck of a steamer is supposed to be divided amid-ships by an imaginary line, aft of which the steerage passengers are expected not to intrude. In the Rhenish vessels this trespass is forbidden, by sundry polyglott inscriptions, under penalty of paying the higher rate of passage; and the arrangement affords a curious test of character. A modest or timid individual, a lover of law and order, scrupulously refrains from passing across the boundary; another, of a careless, easy disposition, paces indifferently within or beyond the invisible fence; whilst a third fellow (ten to one he wears his hat all aslant) ostentatiously swaggers to the very stern, as if glorying that there is a privilege to usurp, and a rule to be broken. It was soon apparent to which of these classes our American belonged. "Look at him, sir," growled Mr. John Bowker, giving me a smart nudge with his elbow, "*do* look at him! He 's a steerage passenger, and see where he is, *con*found his impudence! sitting on the skylight of the best cabin. Pray come here, sir;" and seizing me by the arm, he dragged me to the paddle-box, and pointed to the deck-regulations, conspicuously painted up in three different languages. "There, sir, read that;" but he kindly saved me the trouble, by reading aloud

the English version of the rules. "There 's the law distinctly laid down, and yet that yellow scoundrel — " He broke off abruptly, for the yellow scoundrel, himself attracted by our movements, came to see what we were looking at; deliberately read over the inscriptions in French, Dutch, and English, and then quietly resumed his seat on the skylight. "Cool, is n't it?" asked the chafing Bowker; "he can't say *now* he has had no warning. Renounce me, if I don't name it to the captain. I will, upon my life! What 's to become of society, if we can't draw a line? Subversion of all order — levelling all ranks; democracy let loose; anarchy, sir, anarchy, anarchy, anarchy!" Here his vehemence inciting him to physical action, he began to walk the deck, with something of the mien of a rampant red lion; but still serving up to me the concoctions of his wrath, hot and hot. "I suppose he calls that American independence! (*A walk.*) Sir, if I abominate anything in the world, it 's a Yankee, let alone his yellow face. (*Walk.*) It 's hereditary, sir. My worthy father, John Bowker, senior, could never abide them — never! (*Walk.*) Sir, one day he met a ship captain, in the city, that wanted to know his way to the Minories. Says my father, 'I 've an idea you 're an American.' 'I guess I am,' said the captain. 'And pray, sir,' said my worthy parent, 'what do you see in my face to make you think I 'd tell a Yankee his way to the Minories, or anywhere else?' Yes, sir, he did upon my life. He was quite consistent in that! (*Another walk, and then a full stop.*) I suspect, sir, you think I am warm?" I could not help smiling an assent. "Well, sir, I know it. I *am* warm. It 's my nature, and it 's my principle to give nature her head. I 've strong feelings, very; and I make a point never to balk them. For instance, if there 's a color I detest, it 's yellow. I hate it, sir, as a buffalo hates scarlet, — and there 's that Yankee with a yellow face, yellow eyes, yellow teeth, and a yellow waistcoat, — renounce me, if I don't think he 's yellow all through, ugh!" and with a grimace to match the grunt, he hurried off to the bows, as if to place the whole length of the vessel between himself and the object of his aversion. Still, with the true perversity of a self-tormentor, who will neither like things nor let them alone, he continued to watch every movement of his enemy, and was not slow in extracting fresh matter of offence. "I must go be-

low," he muttered as he again approached me; "it 's an infernal bore, but I *must!* There 's no standing him! I can't walk the same deck! It 's forbidden to talk to the helm, and there he is drawling away to the steersman! Renounce me, if he is n't telling him the story of the rolled-up sheets, — I know it by his grinning! Sir, if I stay above, I shall have a fever, — he 'll change my whole mass of blood, — he will, as sure as fate;" and with a furious glance at the yellow face, down scrambled the peppery-tempered gentleman to cool his heat — like Bowker, senior, "he was quite consistent in that" — with a stiff glass of hot brandy and water.

As you know, Gerard, I am not professedly a sentimental traveller, like Sterne, yet I could not help moralizing on what had passed. Mr. John Bowker seemed to me but a type of our partisans and bigots, political and religious, who take advantage of any *colorable* pretext on the *palate* of their prejudices, to shut their hearts against a fellow-creature who may wear green to their orange, or pink to their true blue. In short, Heaven knows how far I might have carried my reflections on the iniquity of hating a man for his yellow face, if I had not suddenly recollected that, ere now, many a human being has been stolen, enslaved, bought and sold, scourged, branded, and even murdered, merely because he happened to have a black one. Should you still require an apology for these extra ruminations, I must refer for my excuse to the sight of the fortress of Gorcum, where nineteen Catholic priests suffered death for the faith that was in them; and to a glimpse of the castle of Lowenstein, in which Grotius was imprisoned for his opinions, and reduced to compose his renowned treatise "De Jure Belli et Pacis," where he could neither be comfortably at peace, nor conveniently make war.

I have said that steaming up the lower Rhine is sufficiently tedious; and it was eight o'clock, P. M., ere we arrived at Nimeguen, a frontier town, chiefly remarkable as the place where the triple treaty was signed in 1678, between France, Holland, and Spain. It will interest you more to remember, that Sir Walter Scott spent a night here, on his last melancholy journey towards Abbotsford and his long home. There is a story current that the innkeepers eagerly sent their carriages to await the arrival of the steamer which conveyed so illustrious a personage, and that Sir Walter unconsciously availed him-

self of the vehicle belonging to one hotel to convey him to a rival establishment, of course to the great chagrin of the coach-proprietor. For our humble selves, we have set up our rest with Doctor, or Dokter, — a name which doubtless had a charm for my hypochondriac uncle, quite independent of the recommendation of the German with whom he had played at dominoes, and who was probably a genteel "touter" in disguise. However, the house is clean, quiet, and comfortable, with a small garden in the rear, and a painted wooden figure of a Dutchman at the end of the main walk; to which figure, by the way, I caught my uncle bowing, hat in hand, mistaking it, no doubt, for our Doctor himself. This wooden statuary is, timberly speaking, quite a branch of the Dutch fine arts, and surely art must be in its second childhood, when it returns to playing with dolls. On which theme, my dear Gerard, I could write an essay, but my paper being filled up, as well as my leisure, I must conclude with kind regards to yourself, and love to Emily. — Yours, &c.,

FRANK SOMERVILLE.

TO PETER BAGSTER, ESQ., SOLICITOR, CANTERBURY.

MY DEAR PETER, —

I take shame to myself for not writing you before, as you could only come to one conclusion. But you have been long prepared for such an event, and consequently the less shock to your feelings; still, an old friend is an old friend, and I heartily beg your pardon for the sorrow I am sure you would display at my loss. As for black clothes, being professional wear, you would be at no cost, I trust, on that score, but I do hope you have not added to trouble by acting on my last will. But you were never hasty in law matters. No doubt it was my bounden duty to let you hear from Rotterdam, and my mind misgives there was some sort of promise to that effect, provided I lived over the voyage. At all events, I owe you an apology, and it is a melancholy excuse to make; but from day to day, I expected there would be news to break by another hand, that would fully account for my silence. I had two very

smart warnings, one in a storm on board ship, and the other ashore, but both so nigh fatal, that the next *must* be the finish. Though I am not sensibly weaker or worse, reason dictates that I am sapping in my vital parts; and at last, even my constitution seems to have given in. If I only felt any bodily pain, I should be a deal easier, but I am more comfortable than I have been for years, which I take to be about the worst symptom I could enjoy. Mayhap a mortification has set in, and my inward feelings are dead and gone beforehand, and in that case I shall go off in a moment, like a hair-trigger. So much for the good to be done my health by the river Rhine! The present is writ at Nimeguen, and it will take two days more to get to Cologne, so that I am as sure of the port and sherry that Truby bet me, as if it was in my own cellar. Well, God's will be done! Nimeguen is as nigh to heaven as Beckenham in Kent; and a thousand miles north or south, east or west, make no odds in our journey to a world that has neither latitude nor longitude.

Now I am here, I am not sorry to have had a peep at such a country as Holland; but being described by so many better hands, in books of travels, besides pictures, I need not enlarge. If you only fancy the very worst country for hunting in the whole world, except for otter-dogs, you will have it exactly. Every highway is a canal; and as for lanes and bridle-roads, they are nothing but ditches. By consequence, the lives of the natives are spent between keeping out water and letting in liquor, such as schiedam, anise-seed, curaçoa, and the like; for, except for the *damming*, they would be drowned like so many rats, and without the *dramming*, they would be martyrs to ague and rheumatics, and the marsh-fever. Frank says the Hollanders are such a cold-blooded people, that nothing but their ardent spirits keeps them from breeding back again into fishes; be that as it may, I have certainly seen a Dutch youngster, no bigger than your own little Peter, junior, toss off his glass of *schnapps*, as they call it, as if it was to save him from turning into a sprat. It is only fair to mention, that Dutch water seems meant by Providence for scouring, or scrubbing, or washing, or sailing upon, or any other use in nature, except to drink neat. It costs poor Martha a score of wry faces only to hear it named, for she took one dose of it for want of warning, and it gave her a rattling fit of what she calls the Colliery Morbus.

As regards foreign parts, I was most taken with Rotterdam. It is a fine outlandish business-like city, with a real Dutch medley of quays, and canals, and bridges, and steeples, and chimneys, and masts of ships, all in one point of view. The same forming, altogether, a picture that, to my mind, might be studied with advantage by certain folks at home. Not to name party spirit, which poisons every public measure in England, there is far too much of separating matters that ought never to be considered apart. By way of example, we hear of the landed interest, and the funded interest, and the shipping interest, and so forth, talked of night after night in Parliament, as if they were all private interests, instead of public ones; or, what is worse, in opposition instead of being partners in one great national firm, — namely, Agriculture, Commerce, Manufactures, and Company. As such, it is neither just nor wise for one branch to be protected or encouraged at the expense of the rest; and besides, I have made up my mind that the welfare of any member, in the long-run, must be looked for in the prosperity of the whole. If we wish, then, to thrive as a nation, instead of splitting our bundle of sticks, we must bind them all up together, and consider our commerce, and agriculture, and manufactures, in one cluster, like the chimneys, the fine elm-trees, and the ships' masts on the Boomjes, as it is called, at Rotterdam. Those are my sentiments, though it is not speaking, mayhap, like a landowner with well-nigh a thousand acres in his own hands. But I am not going to favor you with a batch of politics, and besides I am called to meals, where I have promised myself the pleasure of drinking your health, old friend, in a bumper of Madeira, that has made a voyage to Java, in the East Indies.

Dear Peter, —

Since the above, you will be concerned to hear I have had another very serious attack. It took place in Dokter's garden, having gone into the same after dinner to enjoy a little fresh air, when all at once I went off quite insensible, and nobody being by, except a painted wooden image of a Dutchman, it is unknown how long I remained in that state, and

certainly should never have recovered, but for a providential cold shower of rain that brought me to by its shock to the system. My nephew will have it, that indulging in a glass of wine beyond the common, I only went to sleep in the bower; but relations are always sanguine, and particularly the youthful, and his affection, poor fellow, makes him hope the best. In my own mind, I am quite convinced it was suspended animation, and especially by being so terrible cold in my extremities. Truby makes light of these runaway knocks, as he calls them, but my own sense tells me, Peter, they are warnings that Death intends to soon call upon me in earnest. As such, you may suppose I am not best pleased to be pestered with matters, disagreeable at any time to free-born principles, but particularly to a man under my serious circumstances. I allude to the passport system, whereby an Englishman abroad is treated like so much liquor, or wine, or soap, at home, that can't be moved without a permit. Here was a fellow just now wanting me to show myself up at the police-office to be vizeed, and so forth; but for an individual going to another world to be passported out of Holland into Prussia seemed such an idle piece of business, not to say presumption, that I declined stirring in it. Master Frank, however, thought otherwise, and not being in my solemn frame of mind, was so obstinate on the subject that we almost came to words. So the end is, I have been vizeed, and identified behind my back, and made passable in Germany, forsooth, for six months to come!

Sister Kate rubs on in her usual way, in tolerable health, but taking on about poor George. She has got already into two or three travelling troubles, and by way of companion has encumbered herself with a bale of Dutch linen as big as a baby. And now, God bless you, and likewise all of the name. Something tells me it is a last farewell from, Dear Peter, your sincere and dying friend.

RICHARD ORCHARD.

P. S.—I had the pleasure of forwarding a few gallons of real Dutch Hollands, which by this time should be on their road to Canterbury. It is called Schiedam, and makes a capital mixture, provided you don't brew it like a Mounseur in the house here, who makes his spirits and water without

the spirits. That reminds me of your old joke against Bob Rugby, the classical schoolmaster, about mixing the Utile and Dulce. "Utile and Dulce be hanged!" says you, "the French drink it, and it 's nothing but sugar and water."

TO GERARD BROOKE, ESQ.

My dear Gerard, —

You will be glad to hear that we have escaped undrowned from that water-logged country called Holland, — a country which, between its carillons and its canals, might be described by a punster as ringing wet.

We left Nimeguen with something of the ill-will with which we are apt, unjustly, to remember a place where we have suffered pain or experienced disappointment. And truly, to be cheated of great nature's second course, to be balked unnaturally of one of the most important non-naturals, is enough to upset one's moral as well as local affections. My uncle says little, considering himself continually as on the brink of a sleep eternal; but my aunt complains that she has never had a regular night's rest since she left London; whilst her maid declares, with a yawn, that foreign travelling is very racketty work, and has more than once hinted to her mistress that going abroad formed no part of her engagement. As for myself, I join with Dr. Watts's sluggard in wishing, tautologically, for "a little more sleep, and a little more slumber," — but seem far more like a door *off* the hinges than *on* them, according to the serious poet's absurd simile. And all this gaping, and eye-watering, and drowsihed and discontent to be the work of a ridiculous Cockney, whom our evil fortune, personified in a Dutch *touter*, had conducted to the same hotel. He had been a unit of our sum total of passengers from Rotterdam, but had escaped any particular observation by his insignificance. Boxcoated, bandana'd, and shawled, a compound of the coachman, the coxcomb, and the clerk, there was no difficulty in classifying the animal at a glance, — still, in spite of a slang air, a knowing look, and the use of certain significant phrases, that are most current in London, there was

such a cold-muttonish expression in his round unmeaning face as assured you that the creature had no harm in him, — that he was little likely to murder sleep or anything else. However, about midnight, when number one was dozing, number two dreaming, number three snoring, and number four, perhaps, panting under the nightmare of a heavy hot supper, the populous establishment was suddenly startled broad awake by two violent explosions that frightened the whole neighborhood from its propriety. In the first confusion of the senses, I really fancied, for the moment, that the Belgians were attempting to carry the city by a *coup-de-main*. In fact, Nimeguen being in a state of war, the alarm turned out the guard, and by the time I had donned my nether garment, some dozen soldiers were battering and clamoring for admittance at the door. On sallying from my room, I found the stairs and passages thronged with figures, male and female, in various degrees of nudity, amongst whom, our maid Martha was eminently conspicuous, having, for reasons of her own, exchanged her plain *bonnet-de-nuit* for her day-cap, with flaming geranium ribbons, the only article of full-dress on her person, or indeed amongst the whole party. As her mouth was wide open, she was probably either screaming or scolding, but her individual noise was lost and smothered in the confusion of tongues, that turned the lately quiet hotel into a second Babel. Some shouted "Fire!" others cried "Murder!" and one shrill feminine voice kept screaming, "The French! the French!" In the mean time, the patrol gained admittance, and with little ceremony forced their way up stairs towards the chamber to which we had traced the two reports. The door was locked and bolted, but was speedily burst open with the but-end of a musket, the company entered, *en masse*, and lo! there was our Cockney, in a bright-colored silk handkerchief for a turban, sitting bolt upright in his bed, and wondering with all his might at our intrusion, and that he could not quietly and comfortably let off his fire-arms at Nimeguen, as he had done ever since Marr's murder, out of his own little back window at Paddington or Dalston. It was not an easy matter to explain to him the nature of his misdemeanor, or to convince him afterwards that there was any harm in it. The landlady scolded in Dutch, the garçon jabbered in French, the sergeant of the guard threatened and

swore in all the languages he could muster, whilst the Cockney bounced and blustered in bad English, that he was a free-born Briton, and so forth, and had a right to let off pistols all over the world. The squabble ran so high, that our countryman stood a fair chance, I was told, of a night's lodging in the guard-house; but at length the matter was adjusted by his being mulcted, ostensibly in default of having a license to carry arms, in a sum which, of course, was spent in schnaps at the canteen. Moreover, he had an intimation that the damaged door would certainly appear amongst the items of his bill, and in Holland travellers' bills are anything but "easy beakers." * Finally, he had to endure from his fellow-tourists all, the maledictions and reproaches to be expected from persons subjected to that severest of trials of temper, the being waked out of a first sleep, especially when having to start by an early steamer allows no time for a second one. As thunder turns small beer, the untimely explosions had soured the whole mass of the milk of human kindness, — every word that fell was like an acidulated drop, and having literally clothed the devoted Cockney with curses, as with a garment, the mob of nightcaps retired to their pillows, and

"We left him alone in his glory."

I was rather curious to observe what sort of countenance the author of the disturbance would wear the next morning; but when he made his appearance amongst us on board the steamer, instead of looking chopfallen or abashed, there was such an appearance of complacent self-satisfaction in his face, as convinced me, that on his return to London he would brag of his noisy exploit at Nimeguen, to his comrades of Walbrook or Lothbury, as "a famous rumpus." I am afraid such exhibitions are but too common with Cockney travellers, who persist in perverting the end of the old adage, "When you are at Rome," &c., into "Do as you do at home." But remember I am far from intending to apply the term Cockney exclusively to the native of our own metropolis, who, if the whole horizon were canvas, would turn it into a panorama of London. Perhaps there are no more finished *badauds* extant than your French ones, of whatever rank, who fancy

* In the "Orbis Pictus," a Dutch-built polyglot school-book, birds of the *soft-billed* kind are rendered into English as "*easy beakers*."

that the whole world is in France, and that all France is in Paris.

On reviewing the motley company on board, I was sorry to note the absence of the red and yellow faced men, — the mustard and pepper that had hitherto served me for condiments. But, for the present, the amusement was to be furnished by a member of our own party. My aunt, as you ought to know, is a simple, gentle creature, timid and helpless even for a woman, but as strong in her affections as weak in her nerves. In a word, she resembles Chaucer's Prioress, who was "all conscience and tender heart." To this character she owes most of her travelling adventures, one of which I must now describe, but under the seal of secrecy, for it is as sore a subject, with her, as the victorious *phoca* to Hector M'Intyre in the "Antiquary." Next to her standing regret for "poor George," it is one of her stock troubles that she is not a mother, and, like some hens in the same predicament, she is sure to cluck and cover the first chick that comes in her way. To her great delight, therefore, she discovered amongst the company a smart, dapper, brisk, well-favored little fellow, with long flaxen ringlets curling down his back, — a boy apparently about eight years old, — a great deal too young, in her opinion, to be sent travelling, and especially by water, under nobody's care but his own. Such a shameful neglect, as she called it, appealed directly to her pity, and made her resolve to be quite a parent to the forlorn little foreigner. Accordingly, she lavished on him a thousand motherly attentions, which at first seemed to amuse and gratify her *protégé*, though he afterwards received them with an ill-grace enough. Still she persevered, womanlike, in bestowing her tenderness on its object, however ungrateful the return, — indulging, from time to time, in strictures on Dutch fathers and mothers, and their management of children, in a language which, fortunately, was not the current one of the place. At last, to raise her indignation to the climax, she saw her adopted urchin betake himself to practices which she scarcely tolerated in children of a larger growth. "It was quite folly enough," she said, "to have dresssd up a boy like a man, without teaching him, or at least allowing him, to imitate grown-up habits: for instance, smoking tobacco, — and, as I live," she almost screamed, "the little wretch is going

to drink a glass of Dutch gin!" Such a sight upset all her patience, —

"To be precocious
In schnapps she reckoned was a sin atrocious."

But as a temperance exhortation in an unknown tongue could be of no possible use, she appealed at once, like some of our chartists, to physical force, and made a determined snatch at the devoted dram. This was a mortal affront to the long-haired manikin, who resisted with all his might and *mane*, and being wonderfully strong for his age, there ensued a protracted struggle, that afforded infinite amusement to the company on deck. My aunt tugged, and hauled, and scolded in hissing English; the little fellow scuffled, and kicked, and spluttered abundance of guttural German, proving, amongst his other accomplishments, that he was not at all backward in his swearing. Temperance, however, gained her point, by spilling the obnoxious liquor; and in revenge, the manikin vented his spleen by throwing the empty glass into the Rhine. So far, all was well. My aunt had fought triumphantly for what she considered her duty and a great principle; but her satisfaction was doomed to be short-lived. My uncle, who had watched the fray with unequivocal signs and sounds of amazement, could not help congratulating the victorious party on such an unusual exertion of spirit, and its signal success, for the defeated urchin had rushed off to digest his discomfiture in the fore-cabin. "Not," said my uncle, "that I'm one of your wishy-washy teetotallers; but a colt's a colt, and what is fit drink for a strong man may be a bad draught for a boy." "I ax pardon, sare," interposed our conducteur, who had been one of the heartiest laughers at the skirmish, "bot de leetle gentleman is not von boy, — he is ein zwerg, — vat you call von kleines mannchen." "I suppose," cried my uncle, "you mean a dwarf?" "Ja! ja! von dwarf," answered the conducteur; "he have nine-und-zwanzig jahrs of old." Imagine, dear Gerard, the effect of such an announcement on a shrinking, delicate female, with sensitive feelings, nearly akin to prudishness, like my poor aunt! I confess I felt some anxiety as to the direction of her first impulse. Providentially, however, instead of urging her to jump overboard, it only impelled her to rush down below, where we found her in the pavilion, struggling, by Martha's help, with the hysterics, and fervently wish-

ing, between her sobs, that she had never — never — never left Woodlands. She had not only let herself down, she considered, but all her sex; and especially her own countrywomen. "What could the foreigners think," she asked, "of an English lady, and, above all, a widow, scuffling like a great masculine romp or hoyden with a strange man, no matter for his littleness, — what can they say of me, — oh! what *can* they say?" "Why, as for that matter, Kate," answered my uncle, playing the comforter, "whatever they say of you will be said in a foreign lingo; so you are sure to hear nothing disagreeable." "But it's what they will think," persisted the afflicted fair one. "Phoo! phoo!" said my uncle; "they will only think that you fought very like a woman, or you would have chosen a fairer match." But the mourner was not to be soothed with words; nor, indeed, by anything short of engaging the pavilion for her, as a *locus penitentiæ*, where she could bewail her error and her shame under lock and key. "I'll tell you what it is, Frank," said my uncle, after we had enjoyed a hearty laugh together, out of my aunt's hearing, "it must never be named to poor Kate; but from this time forward I shall think that little Gulliver and his nurse Glumdalstitch was not such an out-of-the-way story after all!"

I subsequently learned that the little manikin in the steamer was a great man at Elberfield in the cotton line; and our conducteur forewarned me that I should probably meet with several copies of this pocket-edition of the human species in the Rhenish provinces, and particularly two brothers born at Coblentz. It is singular that the empire has been equally prolific in natural and supernatural dwarfs. To Germany our show caravans and Lilliputian exhibitions have been indebted for many of their most remarkable pigmies; whilst imps, elfins, little gray men, "and such small deer," literally swarm in its romantic mythology, — a coincidence I humbly submit to the speculations of our philosophers.

At Lobith we reached the frontier, and passed from the guardianship of the Triton, or John Dory, or Stock-fish, or whatever else is the Dutch tutelary emblem, under the protecting wings of the Black Eagle, which we soon saw displayed, in the attitude of a bird of prey, on a barn-door. Our passports were consequently in requisition at Emmerich, the first Prussian town, and led to a scene on the part of our hyp-

ochondriac which he had already rehearsed at Nimeguen. Accordingly, to the request for the document, he quietly answered that there was no need. "But, sare, you shall go to Cologne," said the conducteur. "Sir, I shall do no such thing," retorted my uncle with some asperity, as if arguing the point with old Truby himself. "Sare, as you please," returned the conducteur, with the national shrug and grimace, "bot you must not go by de Preussich frontière wizzout de visé." "My good fellow," said my uncle, smiling gravely, "I am going beyond the great frontier of all, and where your King of Prussia can't stop me, with all his police, and his army to boot." "Teufel! vere is dat?" exclaimed the German, astounded by this apparent denial of the power of an absolute monarch. "It's another and a better world," said my uncle, solemnly, and with a shake of the head that, like Lord Burleigh's, was a homily in itself; "and, mark my words, sir, I shall be there before night." It was now time to interfere; and, by dint of expostulation, I obtained the paper. "Well, Frank, there it is, — but, mind, it's a dead letter. Do what you like with it, only don't let me be troubled with any such worldly formalities again."

Apropos de bottes, our conducteur, a shrewd fellow, with a taste for humor, told me he had seen a passport the day before wherein the bearer described himself as a "man of property," and, by way of giving weight to the document, it was indorsed by the Right Honorable the Lord Mayor of London, and one or two of the aldermen. What a characteristic trait of a moneyed Cit on his travels!

Whilst our papers were under the inspection of the police, the familiars of another inquisition boarded the vessel, and commenced their function. They conducted themselves very civilly; but it would be bad policy, indeed, at the threshold of a grand and profitable exhibition, — and such is the Rhine, — to allow visitors to be disgusted by any official rudeness at the threshold. The search, therefore, was politely strict; but nothing objectionable was discovered, except a certain bale of Dutch linen, at which the officers made a dead set. I was about to interpose on behalf of the owner, when her maid resolutely undertook the defence. The holland, she said, was honestly come by and paid for, and belonged to her mistress. "Bot it is goods for a tax," said the officer. "It's no such

thing," said Martha, positively, and becoming unconsciously an advocate for free-trade; "the Dutch charged no taxes on it, and it stands to reason it can't be taxed in Germany." "You shall see de boke," said the officer; "you know vat is a tariff?" "It's a fiddlestick," retorted Martha, waxing angry. "It is de Yarman Commercial Leg," said the douanier. "Leg or no leg," replied the championess, "it's not going to walk off with my missis's property." "Why for, den, you not declare it?" asked the officer; whereupon the maid declared she knew nothing about declarations. "If you seize the linen, you shall seize me," said she, and suiting the action to the word, she seated herself on the bale with the dignity of a Lord Chancellor, the fountain of all equity, on his woolsack. The officers looked puzzled and undecided how to act, when they were fortunately relieved from the dilemma by a personage who had hitherto taken no more notice of the matter than if he had literally done with the things of this world. "Martha, ask my sister to step here." Up jumped the unconscious maid to perform this errand; but her back was no sooner turned, than, pointing to the linen, my uncle addressed the douaniers: "Take it, gentlemen, and welcome. It is heartily at your service, to make into shirts or towelling, or whatever you or your wives think proper." The officers stared and seemed to doubt the purport of this speech, till I translated it into the best German I could muster. Then they stared still more, as if thinking, not without reason, that Englishmen are very droll people; but suddenly recollecting themselves, they made a low bow, first to my uncle, then another to me, and then, without a word, handed the bale over the side, and took their departure. "I'll tell you what it is, Frank," said my uncle, "many persons in such a case would have stood out; but, in the first place, we have got rid of a great encumbrance, and, in the second place, before it got to Woodlands, the Dutch linen would have cost more than double its worth. Above all, its being seized will be a comfort to your aunt. Yes, you may laugh; but there's nothing in life so good for a fretful person as a real vexation. That's my remark; and take my word for it, for a week to come, Kate will be far more angry with the King of Prussia than troubled about poor George."

But, however right in his theory, my uncle found himself mistaken as to the conductor that was to carry off the shock.

The moment Martha returned, and discovered that she had been robbed, like a hen off her eggs, she set up a clamor that could only be silenced by her master's acknowledgment of his own share in the transaction. Big with this fact, she ran back to her mistress, and when we afterwards dined in the pavilion, for my aunt declined appearing at the *table-d'hôte*, she did not fail to bring her Dutch cloth on the table. "It was hard enough," she said, "to be disappointed, in what she did for the best, without the pain of owing it to her own brother's cruel connivance." Her own brother looked a little foolish at this remark, and had she been content with her advantage, would have probably been worsted, but when she went on to charge him with ingratitude, seeing that the beautiful Dutch linen was intended for a new set of shirts for himself, his constitutional infirmity supplied him with a defence. "Well, well, Kate, let bygones be bygones. What is done is done, and it's no use taking it to heart. And besides, Kate," he added, quite seriously, "you have one comfort, and that is, if the Dutch linen was to be made into shirts for me, I should never, you know, have lived to wear 'em."

To borrow a phrase that fell from the Cockney, "the steamboat passes a night on board" between Nimeguen and Cologne, and in the interim the passengers sleep as they may or can, without any accommodation for the purpose. In default of a berth, a *corner* is the best resting-place; but to obtain such a nook I had to dispossess a score of German pipes. Here I dozed, sitting, till towards morning, when methought a bell began to ring, the paddles stopped, and the vessel brought up with a jolt against something hard. Some dozen of outlandish figures, in fancy caps, immediately roused up, and, each selecting a pipe, groped their way out of the dingy atmosphere of the cabin, where as many other shapes, some still more foreign, and every one armed with a meerschaum, as speedily filled their places. The bell rang a second time, the paddles revolved, the vibration recommenced, my eyes closed again, and when they opened to the daylight, I was told that we had stopped and exchanged some of our live stock at Düsseldorf.

A few of the bipeds we had obtained by this transaction were, as to costume, extremely grotesque. One of them, a short, squat, vulgar-looking personage, particularly attracted

my uncle's notice. "In the name of wonder, Frank, what can that long-haired fellow be? — the one yonder in the black velvet cap, with a notch cut out of the brim, like a barber's basin." "I suspect," said I, "he is a painter, or would-be painter, from Düsseldorf; that cap is an imitation of Raffael's, and the great hat near it is a copy of Rubens's." My uncle received this intelligence with a "Humph." All kinds of foppery are his especial aversion, and he did not conceal his disgust. "Painters, indeed! Take my word for it, Frank, they are rank daubers. It 's my notion that people who are so full of themselves are always empty of everything else. As for their Raffael and Rubens hats, I 'd back a common London house-painter agin them in his paper cap. No, no, Frank; a man that makes such an exhibition of himself will never cut a figure at Somerset House."

In the mean time, these young masters strutted about as complacently as if they had really rivalled the old ones by an "Assumption" and a "Transfiguration." The Raffaelesque hero, in particular, had arranged his *chevelure* so elaborately after that of Sanzio, as to prove that, if not otherwise skilful, he could handle a hair-brush. But the thing was a profanation; and I could not help favoring the brace of Burschen with a mental apostrophe. "Gentlemen, instead of dressing after Rubens and Raffael, you ought to have gone naked long before them, — in the savage ages, gentlemen, when you might at once have exercised your art, and gratified your personal vanity, by painting your own bodies."

That vented me; and now, Gerard, for fear of mistakes, please to turn to the noble work on Modern German Art, by the Count Athanasius Raczynski, and there you will find that Düsseldorf can turn out painters, and good ones too, as well as lay figures.

Now, then, methinks you cry, for Cologne; — but my hand is tired, and my pen is worn out, and I must reserve that ancient city (it smells high, but it will keep) for another letter. All love to Emily, from dear Gerard, yours very truly,

FRANK SOMERVILLE.

P. S. — You remember Grundy, not the celebrated old lady of that name, but our schoolfellow at Harrow. He has

just put up at our hotel in his way homewards, full of grumbling and grievances, and anathematizing the Rhinelanders for having "extorted" him. Right or wrong, his indignation has turned his complaint into verse, and here follows a copy of what Mr. Grundy says of the natives: —

Ye Tourists and Travellers, bound to the Rhine,
Provided with passport, that requisite docket,
First listen to one little whisper of mine, —
Take care of your pocket! — take care of your pocket!

Don't wash or be shaved, — go like hairy wild men,
Play dominoes, smoke, wear a cap, and smock-frock it,
But if you speak English, or look it, why then
Take care of your pocket! — take care of your pocket!

You 'll sleep at great inns, in the smallest of beds,
Find charges as apt to mount up as a rocket,
With thirty per cent as a tax on your heads,
Take care of your pocket! — take care of your pocket!

You 'll see old Cologne, — not the sweetest of towns, —
Wherever you follow your nose you will shock it;
And you 'll pay your three dollars to look at three crowns,
Take care of your pocket! — take care of your pocket!

You 'll count seven Mountains, and see Roland's Eck,
Hear legends veracious as any by Crockett;
But oh! to the tone of romance what a check,
Take care of your pocket! — take care of your pocket!

Old Castles you 'll see on the vine-covered hill, —
Fine ruins to rivet the eye in its socket, —
Once haunts of Baronial Banditti, — and still
Take care of your pocket! — take care of your pocket!

You 'll stop at Coblence, with its beautiful views,
But make no long stay with your money to stock it,
Where Jews are all Germans, and Germans all Jews,
Take care of your pocket! — take care of your pocket!

A Fortress you 'll see, which, as people report,
Can never be captured, save famine should block it, —
Ascend Ehrenbreitstein, — but that 's not their *forte*,
Take care of your pocket ! — take care of your pocket !

You 'll see an old man who 'll let off an old gun,
And Lurley, with her hurly-burly, will mock it ;
But think that the words of the echo thus run,
Take care of your pocket ! — take care of your pocket !

You 'll gaze on the Rheingau, the soil of the vine !
Of course you will freely Moselle it and Hock it, —
P'raps purchase some pieces of Humbugheim wine, —
Take care of your pocket ! — take care of your pocket !

Perchance you will take a frisk off to the Baths, —
Where some to their heads hold a pistol and cock it ;
But still mind the warning, wherever your paths,
Take care of your pocket ! — take care of your pocket !

And friendships you 'll swear most eternal of pacts,
Change rings, and give hair to be put in a locket ;
But still, in the most sentimental of acts,
Take care of your pocket ! — take care of your pocket !

In short, if you visit that stream or its shore,
Still keep at your elbow one caution to knock it,
And where Schinderhannes was Robber of yore,
Take care of your pocket ! — take care of your pocket !

TO REBECCA PAGE, AT THE WOODLANDS, NEAR BECKENHAM, KENT.

Dear Becky, —

This is to say we ar all safe and well, tho' it 's a wunder, for forrin traveling is like a deceatful luvver, witch don't improve on acquaintance. Wat have n't I gone thro since my last faver ! Fust morbust by bad Dutch warter, and then frited

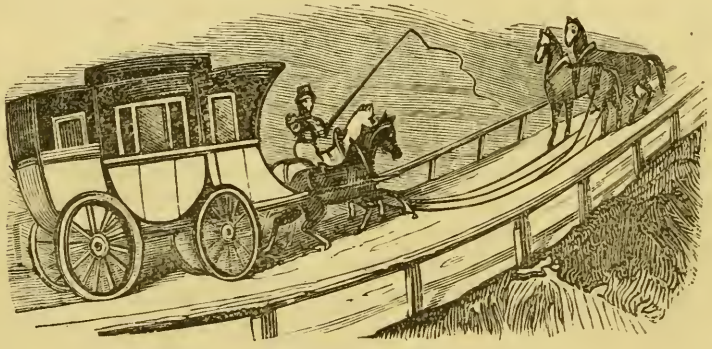
to deth at Nim Again with a false alarm of the Frentch, besides a dredful could ketched, by leavin my warm bed, and no time to clap on a varsal thing, xcept my best cap. Well, I've give three warnins, and the next, as master says, will be for good, even if I have to advertize for a plaice, but ketch me sayin no ôbjexshuns to go abroad. Not but Missis have had her own trials, but that's between our too selves, for she would n't like it to git about that she have had a pitcht battel with a dwarft for a glass of gin. Then there's the batterd brass pale, and the Holland — only think, Becky, of the bewtiful Dutch linnin being confisticated by the Custom-house Cæsars! It was took up for dutis at the Garman outskirts. But, as I tould the officers, the King of Garmany ortn't to think only ôf the dutis dew to himself, but of his dutis towards his nabers. The Prushian customs is very bad customs, that's certin. Every thing that's xported into the country must pay by wait, witch naterally falls most heviest on the litest pusses. There's dress. Rich fokes can go in spidder nets and gossumers, and fine gorses, but pore peple must ware thick stuffs and gingums, and all sorts of corse and doreable texters, and so the hard workin class cum to be more taxt than the upper orders, with their flimsy habbits. The same with other yuseful artikels. Wat's a silvur tooth pick in wait compared with a kitching poker, or a filligre goold watch to an 8 day clock. Howsumever, the Dutch linnin was confisticated in spite of my teeth, for Master chose to giv up the pint, and he desarves to go without a Shurt for his panes.

Amung other discomfits, theres no beds in the vessles up the Rind. So, for too hole days, we have been damp shifted, as they call it, without taking of our close, and, as you may supose, I am tired of steeming. Our present stop is at Colon. They say its a verry old citty, and bilt by the Romans, and sure enuff Roman noses did n't easily turn up. The natives must have verry strong oilfactories, that's certin. O Becky, sich sniffs and guffs, in spite of my stuft hed! This mornin it raind cats and dogs, but the heviest showrs cant pourify the place. It's enuff to fumigate a pleg. Won thing is the bad smells obleege strangers to buy the O de Colon, and praps the stenchis is encouraged on that account. The wust is, wen you want a bottel of the rite sort, theres so menny farinacious impostors, and Johns and Marias, you don't know witch is him or her.

Colon is full of Sites. The principle is the Cathedrul, and by rites theres a Crane pearcht on the tiptop, like the Storks in Holland; but I was out of luck, or he was off a feeding, for he wasnt there. So we went into the Interium witch was performing Hi Mass, that 's to say, me and one of the hottel waiters, who is playing the civel, and I can onely say its enuff to turn one's hed. Wat with the lofty pillers, and the picters, and the gelding and the calving, I felt perfeckly dizzy, but wen the sunshin came rainbowin thro the panted glass winders, and the organ played up, and the Quire of singers with their hevinly vices, and the Priest was insensed with the perfumery, down I went, willy nilly, on both nees, and was amost controverted into a Cathlick afore I knowed were I was! Luckly, I rekollected Transmigration, witch I cant nor wont believe in, and that jumpt me up agin on my legs. Next, we see a prodigus chest, all of sollid Goold, and when you look through a little grating, you see the empty skulls of the wise kings. They 're as brown as mogany, with crowns on, and their christian names ritten in rubbies, if so be it ant red glass. For they do say, wen the Munks run away from the Frentch they took the goold chest, and the three wunderful wise heds, along with them, and sackreligiously pickt out the best part of the volubles and jowls. As another peace of profannity, the hart of Mary de Medicine is left under a grave stone, in the church pavement — but where the rest of her body have been boddy snacht to noboddy nose.

The next site was certinly an uncommon one — a church chock full of the relicks of morality. I over heard Mr. Frank say, its praps the chastist stile of arkitecter in the world. Howsomever, its full of the Skellitons of Saint Ursulus and Elevin Thowsend Old Maids. Their bones are stuck in the sealing, and into the walls, and under the flore, and into glass cases, — its nuthin but bones, bones, bones. But no wunder there was so menny spinsters afore time, considering that now-a-days they 're tied down to won chance, namely, a Cathlick sweat-hart. Wat do you think, Becky, of three hunderd yung wimmin, onely the tother day, binding their selves, by a solum act and deed, in black and wite, never to marry any yung man as is Reformed? Theres a pretty way to cause everlastin seperations, instead of mattermony, between the male and female sects! And as for the marrid alreddy, theyre

to take an affidavid that every Babby they have shall be brought up a Pappist! Wat can cum of such a derangement but unlegitimit constructions and domestic squablings. If anny thing can interdeuce discomfiture betwixt man and wife, its religus biggamy — I shuld have said Biggotry, but they boath sound the same. For my own parts, insted of objectin to a Cathlic, I should feel my Christian deuty to embrace him, as praps the happy Instrument, under Grace, of making him a convict. But enuff of Saint Ursulus and her Elevin Thowsend Old Maids. Onely among other curiosities, there was the identicle stone jarr as held the warter as was turned into wine at the marridge at Gallilee — an odd thing, thinks I, to show up a Weddin Relict along with so menny marters to Single blessidness. But arter all, the real mirakle, praps, is to see so menny single peple in a mob.



FOUR-IN-HAND.

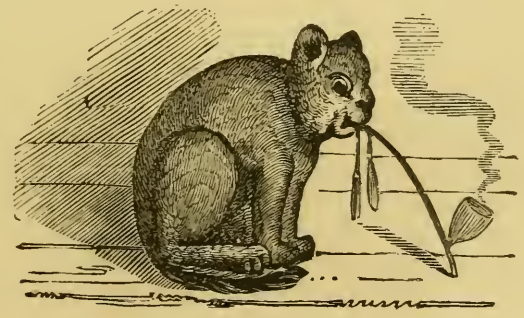
Next to fine sites, Colon swarms with raggid misrable objects, but I 'm sorry I can't stop to shock you with them, being wanted to pack up. You know what that is with a figitty Missis, who is never happy except she 's corded up over night, and on a porter's back in the morning. To-morrow youl find us on the map of Coblense. I did hope we had dun with steeming, and were to go Dilligently by land; but after seeing the Male cum in, Master declined. Sure enuff, the coatch is divided into three cages, and catch me travelin, says he, in a wild Beast carrivan. Besides, says he, if the leaders chuse to be misleaders, we are shure to be over a precipus, for its a deal esier, says he, for the horsis to pull us down,

then for the Postylion to pull 'em up. But sich is forrin traveling — as regards sarvants — if you an't drownded, yure broken neckt, without any advantage to yureself. But I've fully maid up my mind, that the fust axident shall be a thurow split and a rupter, and a break off of evry thing between me and Missis. Lord nose I'm willin to live and die for her, but not to have a put out sholder or a fractious leg.

Give my love to Cook, and to Peggy, and to John Futman, not forgettin Mister Butler up at the Hall — and tell them my Hart is in its old place, in spite of a change of sitivation. With the same sentimint towards yureself, I remane, dear Becky, yure luving Frend,

MARTHA PENNY.

Poscrip. — Don't go to supose any think partickler betwixt me and the Vally de Sham de place. To be shure he did try to talk luve nonsinse in broken English, and asked me how I shud like a Germin man. Man means husband in their languidge. But as I tould him there was two grate objeckshuns. Praps yure a Lutherin, says he. No, says I, I 'm a Cristian, but it an't that — my scrupples is irreligious. What 's them, says he. Why, then, says I, its backer and garlick. And it ant pleasent to have a sweathart as can't come nigh won without yure being fumigatid. So my gentilman took miff — but wheres the trew luve if a luver won't give up a nasty puffy habbit?



TOM-PIPES.

"I DO BESEECH YOU PLAY UPON THIS PIPE."

TO DR. TRUBY, BECKENHAM, KENT.

Dear Doctor, —

As the postmark will show, we are at Cologne, whereby you have won the Hock wine; and I think I see you on the broad grin, and cracking your finger-joints. Well, let those laugh that win. It was a very near thing, and you all but lost ten times over. Not to name other warnings by land and sea, there was Nimeguen, so near a finish, that I was dead and gone up to the knees. But that you won't believe, or at least you won't own to it. But I am no Methuselah for all that. It's my firm belief I shall never go out of Cologne alive. What signifies a man's eating, and drinking, and sleeping? All one's nourishment goes for nothing, if once sudden death has got insidiously into the system. My stamina is gone. My constitution broke up a matter of six years ago; and as for my organs and functions, they're not worth a straw. You know that as well as I do; but because I have n't exactly got apoplexy, or epilepsy, or atrophy, or any of your regulation

diseases, you won't allow me to have anything at all. Mayhap, it's a new case, or a complication of all the old ones, and beyond medical skill. That's my own impression; but I need n't repeat the symptoms, for you never could or would enter into my inward feelings. We shall see which is right. There was poor Bromley, with much such a complaint as mine: nobody believed *he* was going till he was gone, and it's my notion some people had their doubts even then.

Regarding our foreign travels, you will hear all about them from Bagster, excepting the night-bolt, which is at the bottom of the river Rhine. The very first time I tried it, there was a night alarm in the hotel, and between a new-fangled article and the dark, I might have been burnt or suffocated in my bedchamber before I could unscrew myself out. So much for what, by your leave, I call your Infernal Machine.

As yet, I have not seen much of Cologne. I did try one or two strolls by myself, with one of the church-steeples for a guide; but what with the loftiness of the houses, and the narrowness and crookedness of the streets, I soon lost my landmark, and came to so many faults and checks, that I never went out but I lost myself like a Babe in the Wood, and had to be showed home by a little boy. That has put an end to my rambles for the present, for I can't bring my mind to the foreign fashion of going about with a lacquey-de-place at my heels, like a mad gentleman and his keeper. But I learned from my walks that Cologne has no Paving Board, nor Commissioners of Sewers. Every yard you go is like winding a polecat, and the roads are paved with rough stones, where the horses skate and slip about, on shoes as high-heeled as Queen Bess's. I happened to see one going to be shod in the Beast Market, and it was a sight to draw old Joe Bradley's eyes out of his head. By what I've seen of the German cattle, they are far from remarkable for spirit or vice, — though, to judge by the blacksmith's contrivances, you would suppose the whole breed was by Beelzebub, out of the Devil's Dam. There was the horse, — what you or I should call a Quaker's nag, — shut in a cage like a wild beast, with a wooden bar to keep his head up, and another to keep it down, and a bar over his back, in case of his rearing, and one under his belly, to prevent his lying down, and a bar or a chain behind him, to hinder his lashing out. If all that ceremony is fit and proper, thought

I, for one of our English farrier's to take a horse's hoof into his lap, mayhap a young spicy colt, without a bar, or a chain, or anything, can be nothing else but a tempting of Providence.

I have seen the famous Cathedral, which is a fine building, but not half finished, and, as such, an uncomfortable sight, for it looks like a broken promise to God. But they do say the King of Prussia is very anxious to complete it, which, being a Protestant, is a liberal feeling on his part, and deserved a better return from the Catholic Archbishop of Cologne than flying in the face of his Majesty, who, by what I hear, gives fair-play to both religions. The more pity he was led to act harshly by his Jewish subjects, and point them out by law for mockery and ill-usage, — even to forbidding them the use of Christian names; for, as I was told by a Jewish gentleman from Coblence, they were obliged to call their children after the Heathens and Pagans, — Diana, and Flora, and Cerberus, and so forth, — just like so many hounds. The very worst way in the world to make a Jewish father or mother say, as Agrippa did, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian."

From the Cathedral we went to St. Peter's Church, where I had a warning. But on that subject, as I said before, I shall hold hard, though it was a serious one for all that, and decidedly apoplectic. On my way home, I looked in at several Catholic places of worship. In most of them service was going on, in which I joined; for, although it was in a foreign tongue, I felt it was in praise of the Almighty, just as well as I knew that the music was a psalm tune, and not a jig. Thank God, Popery is none of my bugbears. I am not like old Mrs. Twisleton, of Beckenham, who never closed her eyes for a week after Catholic Emancipation, for fear of being converted in her sleep. To my thinking, it's too late in the day for a Guy Faux or a Bloody Mary. If we ever see a bonfire in Smithfield, it will be to roast an ox whole, and not a martyr. On the contrary, it's my firm belief that an *auto da fee* now-a-days would be called a burning shame by the Papists themselves. Roasting martyrs has gone by, as well as drowning of witches; and when one fashion is expected to turn up again, it's time for our old women to quake in their shoes for fear of the other. However, some folks think otherwise, and are as panic-struck by their own fancies as old Farmer Phillpotts, who was well-nigh scared to death, one moonshiny night,

by a scarecrow made out of his own old clothes. So in one of the churches here I met with a fellow-traveller who came over by the Lord Melville, a hot-tempered man, with a face as red all over as Carbuncle's nose, and a mighty broil he was in when the priests and singing-boys came past us in procession, with their candlesticks and banners. "There," said he; "there 's pomps and vanities, as we say in our catechism; there 's mummery! there 's a gabble for you," when the priest began his Latin prayers. By and by a bell rang, and that sent him into a fresh tantrum. "What on earth has a little muffin-bell to do with religion?" Next, the priest held up the glory, or whatever it is called, which set the red-face pulling as many wry mouths as if it had been a bottle of horse physic. At last I fairly expected to see him go into convulsions like a mad dog, for he got a sprinkle of the holy water on his coat-sleeve, but he brushed it off in as great a hurry as if it had been drops of vitriol. "Renounce me," says he, "if I can put up with it!" and off he flounced into the aisle, which only made matters worse. "Here 's more of their humbug," says he, pointing up at a blackboard that was hung to a pillar, and covered all over with little legs, and arms, and hands, and feet, in waxwork. "All miraculous cures, of course," says he; "but mayhap, sir, you believe in miracles? I don't, and no more did my father before me; and what 's more, sir, he would n't have knelt down with a Papist on the same pavement, — he would n't, to save his soul." As that was a lash out at me, I spoke up, and made bold to ask if he approved of family worship? "I hope I do," said he; "we have it at home every night of our lives." "Because," said I, "it 's my notion that all Christians are of one family, and, as such, I can't understand how a friend to family worship can want to narrow the circle by shutting out any of his relations. To my mind, Christianity was meant to be represented by our good old Christmas dinners, where we tried to assemble all that belonged to us round one hospitable board, down to our nineteenth cousins. Mayhap, I 'm not quite orthodox," said I, "but I 'm sincere, for they 're the sentiments of a dying man." Well, it will be a laugh against me down at Beckenham, but you must have the end of the story. At last, from one thing to another, we got to high words in a whisper, when up comes a beadle, or verger, or policeman, or somebody in

authority, and, not understanding English, takes quite the wrong side of the case. It's my belief, that, finding the other party the warmest of the two in his looks, and the highest in his voice, he thought he was defending instead of attacking the Catholic religion, — whereby showing the red-faced fellow into a seat right in front of the altar, he civilly beckoned, and signed, and wheedled me down the aisle, and then fairly bowed and scraped me out of the church door.

To tell the truth, Doctor, standing, as one may say, on the brink of the grave, and only comforted by a firm belief in my own persuasion, it shocks me to find men putting so little faith in the steadfastness and durability of their own church. It's surely a melancholy thing, but, as we see at Exeter Hall and elsewhere, those that most cry up Protestantism, and its truth, and beauty, and reasonableness, and excellence, and its being built on the solidest of all foundations, the rock of the Gospel itself, are the most down-hearted and desponding about its case. Instead of trusting to its own nature, or to Providence to support it, they go about crying that Protestantism is in danger, and, forsooth! give it over, just because, by their own accounts, it has the best constitution, namely, a divine one, — the best climate, namely, England, — the best diet, namely, the reading of the Bible, — the best exercise, namely, missionaries and itineranting, — the best physicians, namely, Archbishops and Bishops, — the best apothecaries, namely, poor curates, — the best nurses, namely, the speechifiers themselves, — and the blessing of God to boot. Now, in my humble opinion, a Christian man ought to put some confidence in the virtue of his religion, as well as in his wife's; for it's paying but a sorry compliment to either to be always expecting them to be corrupted and seduced, — and, what's worse, corrupted and seduced by an ill-favored, misbegotten monster, as the speechifiers themselves paint his portrait, as ugly as Buckhorse.

To return to ourselves: in my own state of health there is no amendment, but, as you know in your own heart, there was none to be looked for. I have only been sent up the river Rhine, as other patients in a desperate way are packed off to Maderia, that their funerals may not rise up against their doctors. My sister Kate, as usual, talks of not surviving poor George; but as yet, I am glad to say, shows no con-

stitutional symptoms of going after him. As for my nephew, he is well and hearty, and enjoys his foreign travelling so much, I am quite grieved for his sake, poor fellow! to reflect how soon and suddenly it may be brought to a close. But, after all, our life below is only a tour, that ends by returning to the earth from whence we came. As such, I have reached my own last resting-place; and whenever you hear of the city of Cologne, I feel sure, dear Doctor, you will remember your old and very faithful friend,

RICHARD ORCHARD.

P. S. — The medicine-chest you took such a spite at was left behind in a hurry at Rotterdam, and never missed till last night, when I wanted a teaspoonful of magnesia. I hope and trust I shall be able to get medicine in Germany; but Frank says, if their physics are like their metaphysics, a horse ought n't to take them without good advice.

TO GERARD BROOKE, ESQ.

MY DEAR GERARD, —

To borrow the appropriate style of a bulletin of health, "our hypochondriac has passed a bad night, but is free from fever, and hopes are entertained of his speedy convalescence."

The truth is, this morning we were rather alarmed by the prolonged absence of the head of the family. The breakfast appeared, — the tea was made, and stood till it was cold, — but no uncle. As he is naturally an early riser, this circumstance excited, first surprise, then anxiety, and then apprehension. My aunt looked astonished, serious, and at last terrified, lest her brother, fulfilling his own prophecy, should have really departed in earnest. In the end, I became nervous myself, and took the liberty of entering the bedchamber of the absentee, when a sight presented itself which I cannot now recall without laughing.

Imagine my worthy uncle lying broad awake, on his back, in a true German bedstead, — a sort of wooden box or trough, so much too short for him, that his legs extended half a yard

beyond it on either side of the footboard. Above him, on his chest and stomach, from his chin to his knees, lay a huge

A SPARE BED ON THE RHINE.

squab or cushion, covered with a gay-patterned chintz, and ornamented at each corner with a fine tassel, — looking equally handsome, glossy, cold, and uncomfortable. For fear of deranging this article, he could only turn his eyes towards me as I entered, and when he spoke, it was with a voice that seemed weak and broken from exhaustion. "Frank, I've passed — a miserable night." Not a doubt of it, thought I, with a glance at his accommodations. "I have n't — slept — a wink." Of course not (mentally). "Did you ever see such a thing as that?" with a slight nod and roll of his eyes towards the cushion. I shook my head. "If I moved, it fell off; and if I did n't, I got — the cramp." Here a sort of suppressed groan. "Frank, — I've only turned once — all night long." I ventured to suggest that he would have done well to kick off the encumbrance on purpose; and the words had hardly left my lips when off flew the variegated cushion to the floor.

The action seemed to relieve him, as if it had actually removed a weight from his bosom: he drew a long breath, and raised himself up on his elbow. "You 're right, Frank; I 've been a fool, sure enough, — but that comes of foreign customs one never met with before; I suppose poor Kate was scared by my not coming down?" I nodded assent. "Yes, — I shall go that way, some day, no doubt. Why, these beds are enough to kill one. It 's impossible to sleep in 'em; but it 's my suspicion the Germans sit up smoking all night. Any how, I 'll stake my head there 's not such a thing as a slug-a-bed in the whole country."

As he now showed an inclination to rise, I left him for the breakfast-table, where he soon joined us; and when he was seated, and had buttered his roll, he returned to the subject. "Frank, I 've been thinking over the sleeping business, and my mind's made up. Take my word for it, the German beds are at the bottom of the German stories. They 're all full of hobgoblin work and devilry, as if a man had written them after bad dreams. Since last night, I think I could make up a German romancical story myself, like 'the Devil and Dr. Faustus.' I 'm convinced I should have had the horrors, and no need to eat a raw-pork supper neither, like Mr. What's-his-name, the painter; — that 's to say, provided I could only have gone to sleep. There 's that outlandish cushion on your stomach, — to my mind, it 's a pillion, — it 's nothing but a pillion for the nightmare to sit upon." "And then," chimed in my aunt, "the foreign bedsteads are so very short, — to stretch yourself is out of the question. Besides, mine was quite a new one, with a disagreeable smell I could never account for till this morning." "As how, Kate?" asked my uncle. "Why, it 's an unpleasant thing to mention," said my aunt, "but when I awoke, I found myself sticking with both my soles to the footboard, by the varnish."

So much for our sleeping accommodations at Cologne. Perhaps, Gerard, as you are of a speculative turn, you will think my uncle's theory of diablerie worth working out. To my own fancy, sundry passages of the "Faust," — read aloud in the original language, — sound suspiciously like a certain noise produced by uneasy lying: indeed, I think it very possible to trace all the horrible phantasmagoria of the Walpurgis Night to the inspiration of a German bed, and its "nightmare's pillion."

The rest of the day was spent in seeing the Lions, — and, first, the Cathedral, the mere sight of which did me good, both morally and physically. Gerard, 't is a miracle of art, — a splendid illustration of transcendentalism; never, perhaps, was there a better attempt, for it is but a fragment, to imitate a temple made without hands. I speak especially of the interior. Your first impression on entering the building is of its exquisite lightness; to speak after the style of the Apostle Paul, it seems not "of the earth earthy," but of heaven and heavenly, as if it could take to itself wings and soar upwards. And surely if angelic porters ever undertake to carry cathedrals instead of chapels (as we have seen a promise below of "messuages carefully delivered"), the Dom Kirche of Cologne will be their first burden to Loretto. The name of its original architect is unknown in the civic archives, but assuredly it is enrolled in letters of gold in some masonic record of Christian faith. If from impression ariseth expression, its glorious builder must have had a true sense of the holy nature of his task. The very materials seem to have lost their materialism in his hands, in conformity with the design of a great genius spiritualized by its fervent homage to the Divine Spirit. In looking upward along the tall slender columns, which seem to have sprung spontaneously from the earth like so many reeds, and afterwards to have been petrified, for only Nature herself seemed capable of combining so much lightness with durability, I almost felt, as the architect must have done, that I had cast off the burden of the flesh, and had a tendency to mount skywards. In this particular, it presented a remarkable contrast to the feelings excited by any other Gothic edifice with which I am acquainted. In Westminster Abbey, for instance, whose more solid architecture is chiefly visible by a "dim religious light," I was always overcome with an awe amounting to gloom; whereas, at Cologne, the state of my mind rose somewhat above serenity. Lofty, aspiring, cheerful, the light of heaven more abundantly admitted than excluded, and streaming through painted panes, with all the varied colors of the first promise, the distant roof seemed to re-echo with any other strains than those of that awful hymn, the "Dies Iræ." In opposition to the Temple of Religious Fear, I should call it the Temple of Pious Hope. And now, Gerard, having described to you my own feelings,

I will not give you the mere description of objects to be found in the guide-books. From my hints, you will be, perhaps, able to pick out a suggestion that might prove valuable in the erection of our new churches. Under the Pagan mythology, a temple had its specific purpose; it was devoted to some particular worship, or dedicated to some peculiar attribute of the Deity. As such, each had its proper character, and long since the votaries and the worship have passed away, travellers have been able to discriminate, even from the ruins, the destination of the original edifice. Do you think, Gerard, that such would be the case were a future explorer to light on the relics of our Langham Place or Regent Street temples? Would an antiquarian of 2838 be able to decide, think you, whether one of our modern temples was a Christian church, or a parochial school, or a factory? Had men formerly more belief in wrong than they have now in right? Was there more sincerity in ancient fanaticism than in modern faith? But I will not moralize; only, as I took a last look at the Cathedral of Cologne, I could not help asking myself, "Will such an edifice ever be completed, — shall we ever again build up even such a beginning?" The cardinal virtues must answer the question. Faith and charity have been glorious masons in times past. Does "Hope's Architecture" hold out equal promise for the future?

The fees demanded by the guardians of the Dom Kirche have been complained of by sundry travellers besides Grundy. For my own part, I should not object to their being higher, provided they were devoted to the repairs of the building, or even towards a more appropriate altar. The present one is in such a style of pettiness and prettiness, that it looks like a stall at a religious fancy fair. But then, as a set-off, there is a picture — the Adoration of the Virgin and Child — which is a lay miracle! It is very old; but only proves the more, that as Celestial Wisdom may come from the mouths of babes and sucklings, even so was Heavenly Beauty produced by Art in its very infancy.

Our next visit was to the Church of St. Peter, passing, by the way, the house of Rubens, with his well-known effigy painted over the door. The altar-piece, representing the crucifixion of his patron-saint, is a wonderful picture, — though it possibly derives a portion of its interest from the extraordinary

position of the main figure. The face of the Martyr Saint is particularly fine; and, in order to aid the effect, the exhibitor produces a wooden machine, through which you look at the picture, stooping so that your own head is in nearly the same position as that of the Apostle; — and thereby hangs a tale. My uncle had scarcely adjusted himself in the required attitude, and taken a glimpse at the painting, when he abruptly rose upright, muttering, in an under-tone, "That's done it at last, — all my blood's gone to my head!" and withal walked off, and seated himself on a chair in the aisle, where he remained for some minutes, with his eyes closed, perfectly motionless and silent. As usual in such cases, we allowed the circumstance to pass unnoticed; and by and by, as I anticipated, two or three experimental hems, followed by a sonorous blowing of his nose, announced that our Hypochondriac had come, of his own accord, to himself. In fact, he soon stood again beside us, and pulling his hand from his pocket, presented a handsome gratuity to our attendant. "There, Mister, it's no doubt a very fine painting, though to my mind rather an uncomfortable object; as for that wooden invention," at the same time saluting it with a hearty kick, to the utter astonishment of our little Sacristan, "it ought to be indicted; it's nothing more or less, sir, than a trap for the apoplexy!"

After this characteristic exhibition, we parted, my uncle preferring to return to the hotel, and leaving me to visit and report on the other sights of Cologne. Amongst the rest was the Masquerade Room, devoted to the Carnival balls. It is a fine room as to size, and supported in the middle by columns, intended to represent huge champagne glasses, whence the painted characters and groups which cover the walls and ceiling are supposed to effervesce. The idea, however, is better than the execution, — the intent surpasses the deed. The designs display a good deal of dull pantomime and trite allegory, such as a heart put up to auction, and the like. But the Germans, even of Cologne, on the strength of a Roman origin, ought not to attempt a Carnival. The Italian genius and the Teutonic are widely asunder, — as different as macaroni and sausage. Polichinello is quite another being to Hans Wurst: he is as puff-paste to solid pudding. The national spirit is not sufficiently volatile, airy, or mercurial. The wit

of the Germans is not feather-heeled; their humor is somewhat sedate. The serious fantastic, the grave grotesque, is their forte, rather than the comic. In short, their animal spirits, like their animal frames, are somewhat solid; and I could not help fancying that the frolics of their Saturnalia must resemble the ponderous fun described by Milton: —

"The unwieldy Elephant,
To make them mirth used all his might, and wreathed
His lithe proboscis."

In my way homeward I was struck by a voice that seemed familiar to my ear, and looking in at a shop-door I saw what would be a subject for a picture of domestic interest. On one side of the counter stood my aunt, looking wonderfully blank and discomposed; on the other was a grave, broad-faced German, with his shoulders up to his ears, his eyebrows up to his crown, and the corners of his mouth down to his chin. On the counter itself, nearest my aunt, lay a small parcel of her purchases, with a sovereign intended to pay for them, while, next to the opposite party, were arranged three or four Prussian dollars and some smaller coins; the difficulty, whatever it might be, had evidently come to a dead-lock. My aunt cast her eyes upward, as if the case was beyond mortal arrangement. The shopkeeper gravely shook his head, and had re-

course to his snuff-box. A glance towards your humble servant made my aunt look in the same direction, and in an instant I was clutched by the arm and hauled into the shop. "I 'm so glad you 're come, Frank ; I was never so served in my life." And hastily gathering up the Prussian dollars, she banged them singly down again, each after each, on the counter, with a vehemence little in keeping with her character. "There," said she, when the operation was finished, "one can't be deceived in that ; there 's no more ring in them than in so many leaden dumps." Of course, I guessed the matter at a glance, but having met with somebody who could understand her language, my aunt was more disposed to talk than to listen. "But, my dear aunt, it 's the case with all the currency." "I know it is, I have rung the small pieces too, and they 're no better than brass farthings. Mr. Grundy was quite right ; they all cheat the English if they can." "Pooh, pooh, it 's the proper currency of the country." "Nonsense, Frank ! look here, they 're only washed over like bad sixpences ; anybody can see that ! The man must have taken me for a perfect fool." All this time the German had kept looking alternately in our faces as each happened to be talking, but he now inquired if I could speak his language ; and, without waiting my answer, began anxiously explaining his own share in the transaction. The change, he said, was correct, he had counted it ten times over with the lady, but still she was dissatisfied ; and as for the money, it was the standard coin of the country. All of which I duly interpreted to my aunt, who, at last, was prevailed upon to exchange her good sovereign for the bad dollars ; and catching up her purchases she departed, compelled but unconvinced. Her secret opinion, indeed, transpired as she stepped from the threshold : "Well, I must say, Frank, it 's the first time I ever heard of a King being a common coiner of bad money, and what 's worse, obliging all his own subjects to pass it off !"

By a curious coincidence, on entering the hotel, we found my uncle engaged in precisely similar speculations. "Here, Frank," said he, holding out to me a small document, "look at that. Talk of rag-money ! I wish old Cobbett was alive again, or that his ghost would come up the river Rhine, just to hear what he 'd say on the subject. Why, here 's Mercury, and the Royal Arms, and the Spread Eagle, and Hercules,

and all sorts of engine-turning, and filagree-work, and crinkum-crankums, and the value in three different languages, French, English, and High Dutch, and after all it 's nothing but a three-shilling note!" "It 's about as good as their German silver," murmured my aunt, as if talking to herself. "At least the Prussian money," said I, "has one convenience?" "And what 's that?" asked my aunt, rather tartly; "it 's both bad and heavy, as I know by my bag." "I alluded," said I, "to its almost infinite subdivision; no small consideration to your amateurs of cheap charity. In England, for instance, there are plenty of professedly benevolent persons who would, no doubt, contribute their '*mite*,' as it is called, to any charitable object, provided there were any real coin of that denomination." "Cologne swarms with objects, sure enough," said my good aunt, with a very sincere sigh for the multitudinous miseries she was unable to relieve. "You have the comfort," said I, "my dear aunt, that with twelve pfennings to a groschen, you may give to nine beggars out of the dozen at the cost of an English penny."

Of course this was only banter, but the subject set me thinking of the comparative misery of being poor in a rich country. For example, to give a pauper in England a farthing, which in Germany would purchase *something*, is literally to give him nothing at all. I am not aware of any article to be obtained at the price; what used to be, and is called a farthing candle, fetches a halfpenny. Still, I am not quite convinced but that the cheapest country may prove generally the dearest one; the difficulty of spending money alone must not be taken into account, but also the difficulty of obtaining it. Hence, it seems to me that the real dearness or cheapness of a country can only be properly weighed by a native. But I am no political economist; and besides, I think it as well to defer my local conclusions till I have had some experience of the premises. So, lest you should think my letter as long as an Eau de Cologne bottle without its spirit, I shall here close. The verses are for Emily, the sketch for yourself, with all loving remembrances from, bear Gerard, yours ever truly,

FRANK SOMERVILLE.

TO * * * * *

WITH A FLASK OF RHINE WATER.

THE old Catholic City was still,
In the Minster the vespers were sung,
And, re-echoed in cadences shrill,
The last call of the trumpet had rung:
While across the broad stream of the Rhine,
The full Moon cast a silvery zone;
And, methought, as I gazed on its shine,
"Surely, that is the Eau de Cologne!"

I inquired not the place of its source,
If it ran to the east or the west;
But my heart took a note of its course,
That it flowed towards Her I love best,—
That it flowed towards Her I love best,
Like those wandering thoughts of my own,
And the fancy such sweetness possessed,
That the Rhine seemed all Eau de Cologne!

TO MISS WILMOT.

MY DEAR MARGARET, —

Since my last, we have passed from Holland into Prussia, but, alas! a change of country has only brought a change of troubles. As I foretold, there was a plot against the Dutch linen, which, by my brother's and nephew's contrivance, was

seized at the German frontier. I suspect they thought it would be an encumbrance; but, if so, it would have fallen only on my unfortunate self. It 's so different to poor George, who never cared, in travelling, how he was loaded. Heaven knows the packages, and boxes, and bundles we have taken only on a thirty miles' journey, without a murmer on his part, or an objection. Indeed, my course from Rotterdam to Cologne has been marked by a series of misfortunes; and, in particular, a most mortifying adventure on board the steamboat, which I do not like to trust on paper, — but you shall hear it when we meet.

Only this very morning, I met with something that hurt me very much, not merely on my own account, but for the sake of human nature. It always shocks one to meet with ingratitude, selfishness, and hard-heartedness in anybody, but especially in one of our own sex, and above all, a lady of birth and breeding, who ought to possess more refined and delicate feelings. I allude to Lady de Farringdon, who came over with us in the Lord Melville, and was nearly washed away whilst sitting in her own carriage on the deck. Providentially she was released from her perilous situation, and carried down to the ladies' cabin, but in a most deplorable state. She was drenched from head to foot, and so terrified and sick, it made me forget my own distresses to see her, and particularly when one reflected on the delicate nature of her bringing up, and all the elegant comforts and luxuries, and the devoted attention she had been accustomed to from her infancy. Her own maid and the stewardess being quite incapable, from fright and sickness, I felt it my duty to try to alleviate the poor sufferer's afflictions, and can only say she could not have received more assistance from me had she been my own sister. To do her ladyship justice, she expressed herself in the most handsome and grateful terms, — indeed, in such warm and affectionate language, and her manner was so winning and friendly, even to kissing me, that I felt as if we had known and loved each other for years, instead of only a day's acquaintance. In short, I quite grieved at parting with her, on the quay at Rotterdam, perhaps never to meet again in this world. You may fancy my delight, then, at recognizing the carriage and liveries at a milliner's door in Cologne; and seeing her ladyship in the shop, I went

in, and endeavored to recall myself to her remembrance. But, instead of the warm reception I expected, after taking what I must call a rude stare at me through her glass, all she said was, "O, I suppose you are one of the persons who came over in the Lord Melville?" I told her I was, and hoped she had recovered from the effects of that awful storm. "O, of course," she said, very coolly; "we soon get over those things on shore;" and then, turning away from me to the shopwoman, went on bargaining for a piece of lace. I was so shocked and hurt, I hardly know how I got out of the shop, or if I even wished her ladyship a good-morning. But it was really too much; — to think that the same woman who had clung to me, and rested her head on my shoulder; who had received my best assistance, even in undressing, for she was as helpless as a child; who had begged me to hold her hands, to feel for her, and even to pray with her, — could treat me in so cruel a manner. I confess I could not help shedding tears, and almost made a vow never to attach myself to any one again. Indeed, my brother warned me from the beginning, and told me, in his style, that I was "hooking on to the wrong train." But O, Margaret! what is this world worth, if we cannot trust to our first impressions? But I must not repine; for, at all events, I was not deceived in poor George. As for Frank, he only laughs, and reminds me of the saying of Mr. Grundy, which I took at the time for ill-nature, "When you are abroad," said he, "you will meet with great folks, or would-be great folks, on their travels, who will suck all the information they can out of you, make use of you in every possible way, and then cut you dead in the street the next morning."

To-day I dined, for the first time, after the foreign fashion, at a *table-d'hôte;* it was entirely by Frank's persuasion, as I am not fond of eating in public, and to any one in spirits it would, no doubt, have been an amusing scene. The master of the hotel took the head of the table, which accommodated about fifty persons. As I had stipulated beforehand, my brother sat on one side of me and my nephew on the other. Directly opposite was a Prussian officer in a blue and red uniform, and nearly a dozen little crosses and medals hanging from the breast of his coat. Next to him was a fellow-traveller from London; Frank calls him a Cockney, who dreadfully

alarmed us at Nimeguen by letting off pistols in the night; on the other side of the officer was an empty chair, with its back turned to the table to show that the place was bespoke. The rest of the company was made up of foreign ladies and gentlemen, and at the bottom of the table a person so very outlandish that I must try to describe him. Personally he was a large man, but from the breadth of his face and the size of his head, which looked all the bigger from a great quantity of hair that fell over his shoulders, he ought to have been a giant. His features were rather coarse and vulgar, — they could never have been handsome, and yet could never look ugly, with such an expression of good-humor. But to my fancy it was the good-humor of one who had never had anything to try it. He seemed always ready to smile at something or nothing, — but not as if from having cheerful thoughts, but from having no thoughts whatever to trouble him, good, bad, or indifferent. The only idea he seemed to entertain was of his dinner, in expectation of which he had hold of his fork rather awkwardly, with his third and fourth fingers over the handle, and the others under it, so that the prongs came out beyond his little finger. As for his dress, it set at defiance all rules as to colors that go well together. His coat was chocolate-brown, with a pompadour velvet collar, — his waistcoat so gay with all the hues of the rainbow, that it resembled a bed of tulips, — and then plum-colored pantaloons. Across his bosom he wore several gold or gilt chains, to one of which hung a very large watch-key in the shape of a pistol; and his shirt was fastened with mosaic studs, besides a complicated sort of brooch, that looked like two hearts united together by little chains. Besides these ornaments, his hands were covered with rings, his right forefinger always sticking straight out like that on a hand-post, as the joint could not bend for an immense ring, with an amethyst as big as a shilling. Frank whispered that he was travelling for Rundell and Bridge, but I suspect that was only a quiz.

In the mean time a dinner-bell kept ringing by way of invitation to all the town, but as no more guests appeared, the ceremony began. First came the soup, very like barley-broth, supposing rice instead of barley, and then the beef which had been boiled in it, of course very insipid. It reminded me of

the patent Pimlico bread I once tasted, when, as poor George said, they had extracted all the spirit and left nothing behind but the corpse of a loaf. I was obliged to leave it on my plate, where, as it got cold, it turned almost as white as a piece of wood. But you would have admired the dexterity of the waiters. One of them brought a large pile of clean plates, holding one between each finger, and dealt them out to us as if they had been cards. The worst is, the plates and dishes are all stone-cold, and as, instead of a bill of fare, every course is put on the table to show what you are to expect, and is then taken off again to be carved, the hottest of their hot dinners is only like a hasty attempt in warm weather at a cold collation. But what most surprised me was the order of the eatables, so different to any established by Mrs. Glasse or Mrs. Rundell. After the soup, &c., came in a monstrous dish of asparagus, with a sauce made of oiled butter and hard-boiled eggs. Next appeared a capon and salad, then a very sweet pudding, and then some very sour krout. The next dish that went its rounds, like a novel in a circulating library, was of very small, very waxy kidney potatoes (Frank called them "Murphy's thumbs"), and then followed some unknown vegetable, with a very unpleasant smell, in a brown sauce, looking, according to Frank, like "sailors' fingers stewed in tar." Next we had salmon and perch, in jelly, and cold, and last, and certainly not least, a great solid piece of roast veal. My brother, who partook of everything, was amused at this putting the cart before the horse. "Egad! Kate," he whispered, "I have eaten the wrong end of my dinner first, and suppose, to digest it properly, I must stand on my head." Indeed, I came in for my own share of novelties, for what seemed a pickled walnut was so sweet, that the mere surprise made me return it rather hastily to my plate. I was provoked enough, and especially as the Londoner thought proper to notice it. "Just like them Germans, ma'am," said he, "they arn't even up to pickled walnuts!" But what followed was worse, for after helping himself to what looked like preserved plums, but proved to be sour, he spluttered one out again without any ceremony, calling out loud enough for the whole room to hear him, "Pickled bullises, by jingo!" As you may suppose, I made up my mind to dine no more at a *table-d'hôte*, and especially as I did not know in what tavern doings it might end,

for, on asking Frank the meaning of something painted up in large letters on the wall at one end of the room, he told me it was that gentlemen were requested not to smoke during dinner! In fact, when dinner was nearly over, who should walk in, and seat himself in the vacant chair just opposite to me, but *a common soldier!* Of course such an occurrence is usual, for no one objected to his company; on the contrary, the officer conversed, and even hobnobbed with the new-comer. But as trifles serve to show low-breeding, I was not surprised to observe the private helping himself first to the wine: it was only after partly filling his own glass that he recollected himself and helped his superior. Every moment I grew more uncomfortable, for this young fellow showed a great inclination to address me, and the Londoner got still more vulgar, and fault-finding; in short, I had just resolved to rise and make my retreat, when all at once — pity me, my dear Margaret! — the door flew wide open, and there stood Lady de Farringdon, with her horrid glass up to her eye! I could have dropped off my chair! Instead of coming in, however, her ladyship contented herself with a haughty stare round the table, and then departed, with a last glance at myself, and a scornful sneer on her face, that seemed plainly to say, "Yes, there you are, at an innkeeper's ordinary, with all kinds of low company, and a common soldier for your *vis-à-vis*." Without waiting for the dessert, I —

* * * * *

My dear Margaret, —

The above was written last night. The occasion of my breaking off so suddenly was rather an odd one, and has raised a pretty laugh at my expense. Imagine me writing up in my own bedroom, by the light of a single wax-candle, but which was not above half burned down, when all at once out it went, and left me in utter darkness. I instantly rang the bell, but the hour was so late, or the Germans were so early, or both, that I found I could make nobody hear without disturbing the whole hotel; so I undressed, and groped into bed. This morning has explained the mystery. The wax-ends, it appears, are somebody's perquisites, and in order to make sure of handsome ones, the candles are fabricated on purpose with only a certain length of wick. Frank says he

was forewarned of this German trick upon travellers by Mr. Grundy.

Besides the secret of the wax-candles, I have learned some particulars that make me a little ashamed of my precipitation at the ordinary dinner. The German hotel-keepers, I understand, are respectable persons, who always take the head of the table; and as for the common soldier, he was a young Prussian Baron, who, as every native must be a soldier, had volunteered into the line. The helping himself first, to a little wine, and then the officer, was only a customary politeness, in case there should be any dust or cork in the neck of the bottle. It will be a warning to me for the future not to be so rash in my judgment of foreigners and foreign customs.

I have said nothing of Cologne Cathedral, and the Sepulchre of the Three Kings; but to *me* tombs only bring painful reflections; and instead of the Cathedral, I would rather have seen a certain village spire, rising above the trees, like a poplar turned into a steeple. But a broken spirit always yearns towards home. As to health, we are in our usual way; except Martha, who has low crying fits that I cannot, and she will not, account for. Adieu. My brother and nephew unite in love to you, with, dear Margaret, your affectionate sister,

CATHARINE WILMOT.

P. S. — There is a great stir here about a religious agreement that some hundreds of young Catholic females have signed, binding themselves not to marry unless to one of their own persuasion. A very tragical affair has happened in consequence, which Frank has made into a poem. I enclose a copy. To my taste it is rather pretty; but my brother says it is not good poetry, for it does not sing well to any tune that he knows.

THE ROMANCE OF COLOGNE.

'T IS even, — on the pleasant banks of Rhine
The thrush is singing, and the dove is cooing,
A Youth and Maiden on the turf recline
Alone, — and he is wooing.

Yet woos in vain, for to the voice of love
No kindly sympathy the Maid discovers,
Though round them both, and in the air above,
The tender Spirit hovers!

Untouched by lovely Nature and her laws,
The more he pleads, more coyly she represses;—
Her lips denies, and now her hand withdraws,
Rejecting his caresses.

Fair is she as the dreams young poets weave,
Bright eyes, and dainty lips, and tresses curly;
In outward loveliness a child of Eve,
But cold as Nymph of Lurley!

The more Love tries her pity to engross,
The more she chills him with a strange behavior;
Now tells her beads, now gazes on the Cross
And Image of the Saviour.

Forth goes the Lover with a farewell moan,
As from the presence of a thing inhuman;—
O, what unholy spell hath turned to stone
The young, warm heart of Woman!

* * * * *

'T is midnight, — and the moonbeam, cold and wan,
On bower and river quietly is sleeping,
And o'er the corse of a self-murdered man
The Maiden fair is weeping.

In vain she looks into his glassy eyes,
No pressure answers to her hand so pressing;
In her fond arms impassively he lies,
Clay-cold to her caressing.

Despairing, stunned, by her eternal loss,
She flies to succor that may best beseem her;
But, lo! a frowning figure veils the Cross,
And hides the blest Redeemer!

With stern right hand it stretches forth a scroll,
Wherein she reads in melancholy letters,
The cruel fatal pact that placed her soul
And her young heart in fetters.

"Wretch! Sinner! Renegade! to truth and God,
Thy holy faith for human love to barter!"
No more she hears, but on the bloody sod
Sinks, Bigotry's last Martyr!

And side by side the hapless lovers lie:
Tell me, harsh Priest! by yonder tragic token,
What part hath God in such a Bond, whereby
Or hearts or vows are broken?

TO GERARD BROOKE, ESQ.

My dear Gerard,—

Yesterday, at an early hour, we bade adieu to the old Roman colony, and embarked in the Princess Marianne. Instead of any improvement, however, in the scenery, we soon found ourselves between low banks and willows; as if, by some "stop her," and "back her" manœuvre, her Highness, with reversed paddles, had carried us into Holland. But I am none of those fastidious travellers, who, in the absence of the picturesque, throw themselves back in the carriage, and go to sleep. Although for some distance there was nothing alongside but a flat plain, yet lark after lark, "weary of rest," kept springing up from the dewy grass, and soared aloft on twinkling wings, that seemed, like its song, all in a quiver with delight. The air was breezy, and bright, and balmy, and floated visibly against the horizon: the sky was beautifully blue, and the feathery white clouds fluttered across it like summer butterflies. The grass waved, the flowers nodded, the leaves danced,—the very water sparkled, as if it felt a living joy. Even our Hypochondriac owned the genial influence of the time, and his sister resumed some of the spirits for which she was noted in her girlhood. The truth is, there was a charm

in these humble ruralities, of which even the Cockney, of Nimeguen renown, was aware. "Tame scenery, sir," remarked a saturnine-looking man, at the same time turning his back on the bank we were gliding past. "Yes," answered the Londoner, with a cheerful smile; "Yes — but it's natur."

Amongst other peculiarities, nothing strikes a stranger more, in his course up the Rhine, than the German fondness for bowing. Whenever the steamer passes, or stops at, a little town, you see a great part of the population collected on the

BARELY CIVIL.

shore, ready to perform this courtesy. One or two, like fuglemen, go through the manœuvre by anticipation, as if saluting the figure-head: then the vessel ranges alongside, and off goes the covering of every head — hats and caps, of all shapes and colors, are flourishing in the air. Wet, or dry, or scorching sun, every male, from six years old to sixty, is uncovered. Some seize their caps by the top, others by the spout in front;

this gives his hat a wave to and fro, that saws with it up and down; the very baker plucks off his white nightcap, and holds it shaking at arm's length. Meanwhile, their countrymen on board vigorously return the salute; the town is passed, and the ceremony is over. But no! — a man comes running at full speed down a gateway, or round the corner of a street, looks eagerly for the boat, now one hundred yards distant, gives a wave with his hat or cap, and then, thrusting his hands into his pockets, returns deliberately up the street, or gateway, as if he had acquitted himself of an indispensable moral duty.

Remarking on this subject to an English gentleman on board, he told me the following anecdote in point. "During a temporary residence," said he, "at Mayence, I made a slight acquaintance with one of the inhabitants of the name of Klopp. He had much of the honesty and conscientiousness attributed to his countrymen, and though in practice a plain, straightforward, matter-of-fact person, was nevertheless addicted, like Germans in general, to abstruse studies. Subsequently, for the sake of the baths, I shifted my quarters to Ems, and was one morning sitting at breakfast when a rapping at the door announced a visitor, and in walked Herr Klopp. After the usual compliments, I inquired whether he had come to Ems for pleasure merely, or on account of his health. 'For neither,' replied the honest German; 'my errand is to you, and I shall return home directly I have paid off a little debt.' I was not aware, I told him, that we had any pecuniary transactions whatever. 'No,' replied Herr Klopp, 'not in money; but if you remember, on such a day (giving me the day and date), we passed each other on the Mayence Bridge. I had recently been reading Fichte, and my head was full of speculations; so that, though conscious of your bowing to me, I omitted to return your salute. It is true that I recollected myself in the cattle-market, and indeed pulled off my hat, but that hardly satisfied my conscience. So the end is, I have come to acquit myself of the debt; and here it is.' And, will you believe it, sir? with all the gravity of a Prussian sentry presenting arms, the scrupulous German paid me up the salute in arrear!"

To reward our patience, the blue crests of the Siebengebirge at length loomed over the low land, to the left, and assured us that our Pilgrim's Progress had brought us in sight of the Delectable Mountains. We had been advised to stop at Bonn,

for the sake of some excursions in the neighborhood, and that ancient and learned city soon made its appearance. Its aspect was quaint and inviting. As we neared the shore, it was crowded with spectators, amongst whom those *Bonny* Laddies, the students, were gayly conspicuous. A great many were dressed as Tyrolese, with ribbons and flowers in their high-crowned hats; and whatever a Quaker might have thought of such vanities, a painter would assuredly have been grateful for such very picturesque accessaries to the foreground. You may form some notion of their appearance from the remark of my uncle: "Frank, they must have made a long night at the masquerade to be in their fancy dresses so late in the morning." When I told him they were the students, he made one of his wry faces. "Students! What do they study? — Private theatricals! Yes, — there's a youngster dressed up like Macready in 'William Tell;' and yonder's another, with a parasol straw hat, a nankeen jacket, and a long pipe in his mouth, like the planter in 'Paul and Virginia'!"

The moment the "Princess" came abreast of the pier, a party of the Burschen sprang on board, — of course with an equal number of pipes, and formed a group on the deck. Most of them were in costume "marvellously imaginative;" some seemed to have sought their Journal des Modes, or Mirror of Fashion, in the pictures of Vandyke or Salvator Rosa; others appeared to have been clothed, in a fit of enthusiasm, by a romantic tailor. Indeed, one of them presented so very *outré* a figure, that I was not at all surprised to hear the Cockney's exclamation of "What a Guy!" No small portion of care and culture had been bestowed upon their hair, moustaches, and beards, which strongly reminded me of the Dutch hedges, that are trained and trimmed into all sorts of grotesque and fanciful shapes. But in the midst of these speculations the bell warned us to provide for our own departure; and winding in Indian file through the motley crowd, we made the best of our way to the hotel.

After establishing ourselves in comfortable quarters we strolled about the town, first taking a long gaze from the Altezoll, across the broad Rhine, at the grand group of the Seven Mountains. We then scanned the façade of the University, took a peep in at a church or two, and discussed a flask of Ahrbleichart in the Vinea Domini. During this

ramble we saw, of course, a number of the students, and it was amusing to hear Nuncle guessing at the historical personages they had selected for their models; — for instance, Peter the Wild Boy, Van Butchell, Don Quixote, Samson, Absalom, Esau, Blackbeard the Pirate, Confucius, Henri Quatre, and Bampfylde Moore Carew. One very dissimilar pair he christened Valentine and Orson; another "Junker," remarkably unkempt and unshorn, he compared to Baron Trenck; and "Egad!" he cried, as we passed a square-set figure in an antique dress, and fiercely moustached, — "Egad! there 's Pam." Perhaps the most whimsical of these fancies was that of a tall fellow, who, with sleekly-combed hair, a huge white collar thrown back over his shoulders, and trousers that buttoned to his jacket, stalked along like a Brobdignagian schoolboy; I was anxious to know my uncle's opinion of these oddities, and contrived to extract it. "All theatrical mummery, Frank; all theatrical mummery! But, mayhap," said he, after a pause, "it 's like a breaking out on the skin, and serves to carry off fantastical humors that are better out than in."

I am inclined to think this is nearly the truth of the case; for it is notorious that these Burschen come in, according to the proverb, as Lions, and go out as Lambs, — some of the wildest of them settling down in life as very civil civilians, sedate burgomasters, and the like. Indeed, were it otherwise, — were there as much real as mock enthusiasm under these formidable exteriors, should we not hear more often than we do of University riots and outbreaks, — of Middle-Age forays, — with an occasional attempt to set fire to the Rhine? The worst is, as a great portion of these students affect the uncouth and savage, mere Tybalts and Fire-eaters, if they at all act up to their characters, they must be public nuisances; and if they do not, they hardly allow themselves fair play. Many of them, doubtless, are good-hearted lads and industrious scholars, and as such, sure it would better become them to appear like what they are, ambitious of a place in the political, literary, artistic, or scientific annals of their country, rather than as candidates for a niche in its Eccentric Mirror or Wonderful Magazine.

These vagaries in dress form, by the by, a curious anomaly in Prussia; where, in conformity with the military penchant

of the King, all public bodies, excepting the learned ones, are put into uniform. Thus, there are the Post officials with their orange collars, the Police with their pink ones, the Douane with their blue ones, the Bridge-men with their red ones; — postilions, prisoners, road-makers, all have their liveries and their badges. But there is no *regulation* academical costume, and the students, by indulging in such eccentric *habits*, are possibly only making the most of their unique independence.

At one o'clock, we dined at the *table-d'hôte*, and then rode off in a carriage to the Kreutzberg. At the top of the hill we found a party of French travellers, three gentlemen and a lady, enjoying the fine prospect. Had they been country-folk, it is probable that we should never have exchanged a word, — for, as Marshal * * * said, "the advanced guard of an Englishman is his reserve," — but with foreigners it is otherwise; the strangers saluted us most courteously, and one of them addressing my uncle, we all fell into talk. After commenting on the beauty of the view, we went *en masse* into the church, which formerly belonged to a Servite Convent. This edifice is considered as peculiarly sanctified, by possessing the steps which led up to the judgment-seat of Pontius Pilate, and which are said to be still stained by the blood-drops drawn from the brow of our Saviour by the crown of thorns. These sacred stairs, as you are perhaps aware, have the faculty, like Sir Boyle Roche's famous bird, of "being in two places at once." I ventured to hint this to the lively Frenchwoman; but instead of expressing doubt or vexation, she only answered with a "Vraiment?" I then described the Scala Santa at Rome, but with as little effect. "Vraiment?" she replied. "Quel miracle! mais tout est possible au bon Dieu!"

Just at this moment we were startled by a loud exclamation in German from the attendant, followed by a slight scream, and, to my astonishment, I saw my aunt precipitately scampering down the marble stairs! It seems she had unconsciously stepped on the *tabooed* precincts, which was no sooner perceived by the guardian of the place, than, with a loud outcry that the stairs were sacred, he made a snatch to draw her back by the arm. The abrupt voice, the unknown tongue, the threatening gesture, and the angry expression of a countenance by no means prepossessing, took full effect on her

weak nerves, and impelled her to escape as from a madman. And now arose a serious difficulty. The trespasser had stopped exactly half way down the flight, to set foot on which is sacrilege; but as she could not be expected, nor indeed allowed, to stand there forever, the point was how to get her off. By going up them on her knees, like a Catholic pilgrim, she would have gained a plenary indulgence for a year; but this, as a stanch Protestant, she declined, and as a modest female she refused to clamber over the double balustrade that separated her from a common staircase on either side. Which would then occasion the least sacrilege, to ascend by the way she came, or to descend and be let out at the great folding-doors, the number of stairs to be profaned in either case being the same? It was a question to pose the whole college of St. Omer! The attendant was at his wits' end, how to act, and referred the point to the French party, as Catholics and competent advisers; but for want of a precedent, they were as much abroad as himself. The first gentleman he appealed to shrugged his shoulders, the lady did the same; the second gentleman shrugged his shoulders and made a grimace, and the third shrugged his shoulders, made a grimace, and shook his head. In the mean time, the trespasser looked alarmed and distressed; she had gained some obscure notion of the case, and possibly thought, in her vague idea of the powers of popery, that she had subjected herself to the pains and penalties of the Inquisition. It was an awkward dilemma, particularly as the attendant protested most vehemently whenever the culprit attempted to stir. Luckily, however, he turned his back during his consultation, when, at a beckon and a wink from my uncle, my aunt, not without trembling, quietly slipped up the sacred stairs on the points of her toes!

This termination of so intricate a dilemma was a relief to us all, and to none more than Martha, who now ventured to draw out the handkerchief she had stuffed into her mouth, by way of stopper to a scream. But the affair had so cowed the unlucky transgressor, that when we visited the vault under the church, to inspect the Mummies, she preferred to "sit out." And it was well she escaped a sight which could not have failed to remind her of "poor George." Imagine about two dozen of dead monks laid out, in their habits as they lived,

in open coffins, all in various stages of decay, some almost as fresh and fleshy as might be expected of an anchorite, after a long course of fasting and mortification; others partly dropping, and dropped into dust; and here and there a mere skull, grinning like one of Monk Lewis's spectres, from under its cowl. The cause of their extraordinary preservation has given rise to much conjecture. My own opinion is, that by way of pendants to the holy stairs, and heaping "voonders upon voonders," the bodies have been *Kyanized* by some secret process which was afterwards partially lost, as the more recent corses scarcely promise to keep so well as the more ancient ones. It was impossible to stand amongst so many venerable relics of humanity, some of them from three to four centuries old, without entering into very Hamlet-like reflections. What had become, during that long interval, of the disembodied spirits? Had they slept in utter darkness and blank oblivion; or had they a twilight existence, in dreams reflective of the past? Did they still, perhaps, hover round their earthly haunts and fleshy tenements; or were they totally entranced, only to wake at the sound of the last trumpet? But these are themes too awful for a gossiping letter. Suffice it, we all felt the influence of the place and scene. In the neighborhood of such objects, a strange mysterious feeling lays us under a spell. By a sort of process of transfusion, the vital principle that departed from the concrete form, seems to have passed into an abstract figure: — Life is dead, but DEATH is alive! and we breathe, and look, and tread, and whisper, as if we were in his actual though invisible presence. Few words, therefore, were uttered as we stood in that dreary avenue. I remember but one exclamation from the French woman, as she gazed on one of the most perfect and placid of the faces, — a wish, that the figure and features of those we hold most dear could always be thus preserved to us. It sounded like a natural sentiment, at the time; but it was little shared in by one of the spectators, who, as we quitted the vault, drew me aside, with an air of great solemnity. "Frank, — make me one promise. If I die in these parts, don't let me be embalmed. It's all nonsense and profanity. We're ordained to decay by nature, and religion bids us try not to preserve our bodies, but to save our souls. Besides, as to keeping one's face and person for one's friends to look at, it's my notion they

would soon give over coming to see us, unless we could return the visits. No, no! as Abraham said, 'let us bury our dead out of our sight.'" "At least," said I, "the Mummies are a natural curiosity." "Why, yes," he replied, with a smile, as we stepped into the bright, brisk, open air, "and a political one, too, Frank, to see so many of our representatives beyond corruption."

At the church-door we parted with the pleasant French people, who were going further inland; and then returned to our carriage. In our way home we halted at Poppelsdorf, to see the Botanical Garden, and the Museum, which contains abundant specimens of the mineralogy and geology of the Rhenish mountains, the Eifel, and the brown coal of Friesdorf. Amongst the fossils is a complete series of frogs, from the full-grown froggy that might a wooing go, down to that minute frogling, — a tadpole. My uncle's remark on them was an original one, and deserves the consideration of our chemists. "Frank, if we could but find out a way of petrifying our great men, what a deal of money would be saved, in chipping statues!"

But now, Gerard, good-night. Fatigued and drowsy from our breezy rambles, a resolution has been moved and seconded, for retiring early, that I am too heavy-headed to oppose. "God bless the man who invented sleep!" cries honest Sancho Panza, and Heaven be praised that he did not take out a patent, and keep the discovery to himself. My best love to Emily.

I am, my dear Gerard, yours very truly,

FRANK SOMERVILLE.

P. S. — Past one o'clock, and here I am, not couchant, but rampant! Yet have I been between sheets, and all but into the soft arms of Mrs. Morpheus, — but O Gerard! a night at Bonn is anything but a bonne nuit!

Never did I throw myself with such sweet abandonment into that blessed luxury, a bed. Sleep, the dear Eider-duck, was beginning to brood me with her downy breast and shadowy wings, — I was already swooning away into the delicious semi-oblivion that precedes the total forgetfulness, when crash! I was startled broad awake by the compound rattle of a vehicle that seemed to have twelve wheels, with four-and-twenty

loose spokes in each, and a cast-iron horse! Students, of course, from their revels at Godesberg! Another and another followed, — then a street squabble, — and then "Am Rhein! Am Rhein!" arranged for any number of voices. Doze again, — but no, — another scrambling shandrydan, — and then a duo, — no, a trio, — no, a quart, — no, a quint, — no, a sext, — zounds! a dozen were chiming in at the topmost pitch of their lungs! Partial as I am to music, I could not relish these outbreaks, nor did it comfort me a whit, that all who met, or overtook these wassailers, joined most skilfully and scientifically in the tune!

I like your German singers well,
But hate them too, and for this reason, —
Although they always sing in time,
They often sing quite out of season.

In short, finding that it was impossible to sleep, I got up, — rang for candles, — cigars, — and brandy and water, and then amused myself with the tale of *diablerie* I enclose. Meanwhile the students subsided, — the streets are quiet, — and once more, good night.

TAILS FROM THE GERMAN.

THE FATAL WORD.

A ROMANCE OF BONN.

THANKS to the merry company, and the good Ahrbleichart wine, at his Cousin Rudolph's, it was midnight ere Peter Krauss, the little tailor of Bonn, set out on his road home. Now Peter was a pious and a tender-hearted man, who would not hurt a dog, much less a fellow-creature; but he had one master-failing, which at last brought him into a horrible scrape, and that was curiosity. Such was his itch for meddling and prying, that whatever business went forward, he was sure to look and listen with all his might. Let a word or two be pronounced in a corner, and you could fancy his ears pricking towards the sound, like the ears of a horse. Perhaps, if he had ever perused the tragical story of Blue Beard, he would have learned more prudence! but, unhappily, he never read Fairy Tales, nor indeed anything of the kind, except some of the old Legends of the Saints.

Thus Peter Krauss, pipe in mouth, was trudging silently homeward, through the pleasant valley between Roettchen and Poppelsdorf, when all at once he heard something that brought him to a full stop. Yes, — there certainly was a talking on the other side of the bushes; so giving loose to his propensity, he drew near, and listened the more eagerly as he recognized one of the voices as that of Ferdinand Wenzel, the wildest and wickedest of all the students of Bonn. The other voice he did not know, nor indeed had he ever heard one at all like it: its tone was deep and metallic like the tolling of a great bell.

"Ask, and it shall be granted, if within my compass."

Peter, trembling, peeped through the thick foliage at the last speaker, and to his unutterable horror, descried a dreadful figure, which could only belong to one fearful personage, — the Enemy of Mankind. Krauss could nearly see his full face, which was ten thousand times uglier than that of Judas in the old paintings. The Fiend was grinning, and dismally the moonlight gleamed on his huge hard cheek-bones, and thence downward to his mouth, where it gleamed awfully on his set teeth, which shone not with the bright bony whiteness of ivory, but with the flash of polished steel. Opposite to the

Evil One, and as much at his ease as if he had only been in company with a bosom crony, sat the reckless, daring Ferdinand Wenzel, considering intently what infernal boon he had best demand. At last he seemed to have made up his mind; — Krauss pricked up his ears.

"Give me," said the Wild Student, "the power of life and death over others."

"I can grant thee only the half," said the Fiend. "I have power to shorten human life, but there is only one who may prolong it."

"Be it so," said the Student; "only let those whom I may doom die suddenly before my face."

"All the blessed saints and martyrs forbid!" prayed Krauss in his soul, at the same time crossing himself as fast as he could. "In that case, I'm a dead man to a certainty! He will make away with all that is Philister, — namely, with all that is good, or religious, or sober, or peaceable, or decent, in the whole city of Bonn!"

In the mean time, the Evil One seemed to deliberate, and at length told the Wild Student that he should have his wish. "Listen, Ferdinand Wenzel! I will teach thee a mortal word, which if thou pronounce aloud to any human being, man, woman, or child, they shall drop down, stone-dead, as by a stroke of apoplexy, at thy very feet."

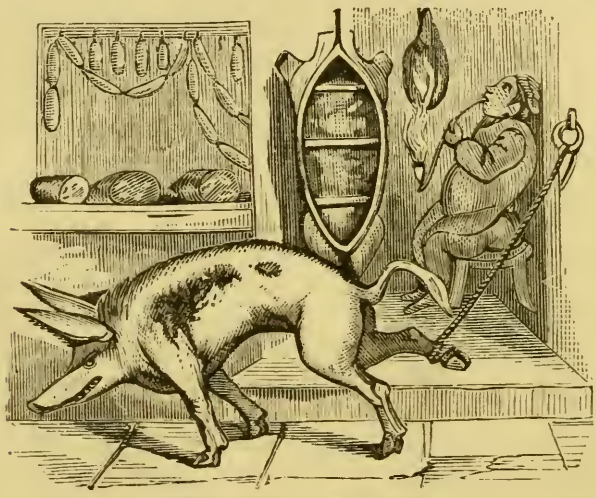
"Enough," said the Wild Student. "Bravo!" and he waved his arms exultingly above his head. "I am now one of the Fates. I hold the lives of my enemies in my hand. I am no more Ferdinand Wenzel, but Azrael, the Angel of Death. Come, the word, — the mighty word!"

We have said that the topmost failing of Peter Krauss was curiosity, — it was rather his besetting sin, and was now about to meet with its due punishment. Where other men would have shut their eyes, he opened them; where they would have stopped their ears, he put up a trumpet. O Peter, Peter! better hadst thou been born deaf as the adder, than have heard the three dreadful syllables that made up that tremendous WORD. But Peter was wilful, and stretched out his neck like a crane's towards the sound, and as the Fiend, at Wenzel's request, repeated the fatal spell nine times over, it was impressed on the listener's memory, never to be forgotten.

"I have got it by heart," said the Wild Student, "and I know right well who shall hear it the first."

"Bravo!" said the voice that sounded like the toll of a death-bell.

The hair, long as it was, rose erect on Krauss's devoted head; every lock felt alive, and crawling and writhing like a serpent. He considered himself the doomed man. Wenzel owed him money, and debtors are apt to get weary of their creditors. Yes; his days were numbered, like those of the pig at the butcher's door. Full of these terrible thoughts, he



"SINCE THEN I 'M DOOMED."

got away as hastily as he could, without making an alarm, and as soon as he dared, set off at a run towards his home. On he scampered, wishing that his very arms were legs, to help him to go at a double rate. On, on, on, he galloped through Poppelsdorf, but without seeing it, like a blind horse that knows its way by instinct, — on, on; but at last he was compelled to halt, not for want of breath, for his lungs seemed locked up in his bosom; nor yet from fatigue, for his feet never felt the hard ground they bounded from; but because a party of students, linked arm in arm, occupied the whole breadth of the road. As soon as they heard footsteps behind them they stopped, and recognizing the little tailor, began to jeer and banter him, and at length proceeded to push and hus-

tle him about rather roughly. For some time he bore this rude treatment with patience, but in the end, even his good-humor gave way, and turned to bitterness. "Ay, young and strong as ye be," thought he, "I know that, my masters, which could stiffen your limbs and still your saucy tongues in a moment." "And why not pronounce the WORD, then?" said something so like a whisper, that Krauss started, expecting to see the Fiend himself at his elbow. But it was only the evil suggestion of his own mind, which, with some difficulty, he subdued, till the Burschen, tired of the present amusement, let go of their victim, and joining in a jovial chorus, allowed the tormented tailor to resume his race. "St. Remi be with me," murmured the frightened man, "and help me to restrain my tongue! O, that awful word, how nearly it slipped from me in my rage! I shall do a murder, I know I shall, — I shall be cursed and branded like bloody Cain!" and he groaned and smote his forehead as he ran. In this mood he arrived at his own door, where he let himself in with his private key. It was late; his good wife Trudchen had retired to rest, and was in so sound a sleep that he forbore to awaken her. But that very sight, as she lay so still and so calm, only excited the most distressing fancies. "One word," thought he, "three little syllables, would make that sleep eternal!" Shuddering throughout his frame, he undressed and crept into his own bed, which was beside the other, — but, alas! not to rest. He dared not close his eyes, even for a wink. "If I sleep," thought he, "I shall dream, and as people always dream of what is uppermost in their minds, and moreover, as I am apt to talk in my sleep —" The mere idea of what might follow threw him into such an agony, that no opiate short of a fatal dose could have induced him to slumber for an instant. A miserable night he passed, now looking forward with terror, and then backward with self-reproach. A thousand times he cursed his fatal curiosity, that had brought him to such a pass. "Fool, dolt, idiot, ass, long-eared ass that I was, to listen to what did not concern me, and to turn eavesdropper to the Devil! I am lost, body and soul! O that I had been born deaf and dumb! — O that my dear mother, now in heaven, — O that my good nurse, now in Munich, had never taught me to speak! O that I had died in cutting my first teeth! That detestable word, — if I could

only get rid of it; but it is ever present, in my mind and in my mind's eye! in the dark it seemed written on the wall in letters of fire; and now the daylight comes, they have turned into letters of pitch black!" Thus he tossed and tumbled all night in his bed, with suppressed moans, and groans, and sighings, and inward prayers, till it was time to rise. Then he got up, and opened his shop, and afterwards sat down to breakfast; but he could not eat. If he tried to swallow, the accursed word seemed sticking at the bottom of his throat, — sometimes it rose to the very tip of his tongue, and then to taste anything was quite out of the question. Life itself had lost its relish, like food with a diseased palate. Conjugal and parental love, which had been his greatest comforts, were now his uttermost torments. When he looked at his good Trudchen, it was with a shudder; and he dared not play with his own little Peterkin. "If I open my lips to him," thought the father, "my child is dead, — in the midst of some nursery nonsense, the WORD will slip out, for it keeps ringing in my ears like a bell." In the mean time, his wife did not fail to notice his altered appearance, but it gave her little concern. The good Trudchen was very fat and very philosophic, which some people call phlegmatic, and she took the most violent troubles rather softly and quietly, as feather-beds receive cannon-balls. "Tush," said she in her own full bosom, "he looks as if he had not rested well, but he will sleep all the better to-night; and as for his appetite, *that* will come-to in time." But the contrast only served to aggravate the sufferings of poor Krauss. To see his wife, the partner of his fortune, the sharer of his heart, his other self, so calm, so cool, so placid, grated on his very soul. There was something even offensive in it, like a fine sunny day to the mourners, when there is a funeral in the house. His first impulse was to seek for sympathy, which generally implies making somebody else as miserable and unhappy as yourself; in fact, he was on the point of beginning the story to his wife, when one of those second thoughts, which are always the best, clapped a seal upon his lips. "No, no," he reflected, "tell a woman a secret! why she 'll blab it to the very first of her leaky gossips that drops in." In sheer despair, he resolved to bury himself over head and ears in his business, and accordingly hurried into his shop. But do whatever he would, his trouble still haunted him, — he dreaded

to see a customer walk in. "I am liable," said he, "as all the world knows, to fits of absence, and if I do not say the awful Word to somebody to his face, I shall perchance write it at the head of his bill." In the midst of this soliloquy, the little door-bell rang as the door was thrown violently open, and in stalked the abominable Wenzel!

The devoted tailor turned as pale as marble, his teeth chattered, his knees knocked together till the kneepans clattered like a pair of castanets, whilst his hair again rose erect, like the corn after the wind has passed over it. But for once his fears were mistaken; his unwelcome patron only came to order some new garments. "Heaven help me!" thought the afflicted tradesman; "he is too deep already in my books, and yet if I make the least shadow of an objection, I am a dead man."

After turning over all the goods in the shop, the Wild Student selected a mulberry-colored cloth, and then, for the first time, addressed himself to the proprietor. "Harkye, Peter Krauss, they tell me thou art a most notable listener."

The tailor's blood ran cold in his veins, and he gasped for breath; beyond doubt this eavesdropping the night before had been discovered, if not known at the time by the Evil One himself. He was on the point of dropping on his knees to beg his life, when the next speech reassured him.

"You will please, therefore, to listen most attentively to my instructions."

The trembling Peter breathed again, whilst his customer went into a minute description of the frogs, and lace, and embroidery, with which the new garment was to be most elaborately and expensively trimmed. To all of which poor Krauss answered submissively, "Yes," and "Yes, certainly," in the plaintive tone of a well-whipped child. In the midst of this scene, two more students, inferior only to the first in bad repute, came swaggering into the shop, who, on the matter being referred to them, approved so highly of the mulberry-colored cloth, that Wenzel at once bespoke the whole piece. "And now, Krauss," said the Wild Student, drawing his victim a little aside, "I have *one word* to say in your ear." At so ominous a speech, the little tailor broke out all over in a cold dew; that "one word," he guessed was his death-warrant; the ground he stood upon seemed opening under his feet like a grave. By a natural instinct he clapped both his hands to his

ears; but they were almost as instantly removed by the more vigorous arms of his enemy; he then, as a last resource, set up a sort of bull-like bellowing in order to drown the dreaded sounds, but the noise was as promptly stifled by the thrusting of his own nightcap into his open mouth. "Hist, thou listener!" said the Wild Student, in an angry whisper; "those two gentlemen yonder are my most intimate friends; you will give them credit for whatever they may choose to order, and I, Ferdinand Wenzel, will be answerable for the amount."

This was bad enough, but it might have been worse; and the little tailor was glad to assent, though he was now past speaking, and could only bow and bow again, with the tears in his eyes. Accordingly, his two new customers, thus powerfully recommended, began to select such articles as they thought proper, and gave ample directions for their making up. They then departed, Wenzel the last. "Remember," said he, significantly, holding up a warning finger, — "remember! or else —" "I know! I know!" murmured the terrified tailor, who felt as if relieved from an incubus as the back of the Wild Student disappeared behind the closing door. But his grief soon returned. "I'm lost!" he cried, in a doleful voice; "the more I'm patronized, the more I'm undone! They never will, they never can, pay me for it all. I'm a bankrupt — I must needs be a bankrupt — I'm a ruined man!" "Who is ruined?" inquired the comfortable Trudchen, just entering in time to catch the last words. "It's me," said the sorrowful tailor. "As how, Peter?" "How? Trudchen!" — here has been that dare-devil, Ferdinand Wenzel, and brought two other scapegraces almost as bad as himself; and, besides heaven knows what else, he has ordered the whole piece of mulberry cloth." "He shall as soon have the mulberry-tree out of the garden," said the quiet Trudchen. "But he must have it," said the husband, with great agitation. "But he shan't," said the wife, quite collected. "I tell thee, Trudchen, he *must*," said the little tailor. "Well, we shall see," said the great tailoress, with the composed tone of a woman who felt sure of her own way.

Here was a new dilemma. Poor Peter Krauss plainly foresaw his own catastrophe; but to be pushed on to it, post haste, by the wife of his bosom, the mother of his sole child, was more than he could bear. "I tell thee, Trudchen, he *must*

have it," repeated the doomed man. "You always try," said the phlegmatic Trudchen, "to have the last word." "And if I chose, I could make sure of it," retorted the now angry Peter. "Say the WORD to her at once," said the old whisper, which the affrighted husband no longer doubted was a suggestion from Satan in person. He was cool — nay, cold — in a moment; and not daring to trust himself in his wife's presence, ran up to the little bedchamber. The fat Trudchen stared awhile at this manœuvre, but as she reflected that persons who go up-stairs will, some time or other, come down again, she placidly resumed her knitting.

"Wretch! miserable wretch that I am!" sighed the disconsolate tailor, throwing himself on the bed, with his face downwards. "I have been within an ace of murdering my own dear wife, the mother of my precious Peterkin! O St. Mark! St. Remi! what mortal sin have I committed, to draw upon me such a visitation? Me, too, who could never keep a secret in my life! Then, again, if I take a glass extra of good wine, it is sure to set my tongue running. O, what hundreds, thousands, of deaths will lie at my door! I shall be a monster, — a vampyre! O, I shall run mad, — and then my head will wander, — and I shall pronounce *it* in my ravings! It is sure to come out! Cursed be the year, and the day, and the hour, and the minute, O Peter Krauss! that thou wast born!"

"Alas!" thus he continued, "the misfortune of a strong memory! The harder I try to forget it, the more it comes into my mind. If it had only been a long sentence — but a single word, that drops out like a loose tooth before one is aware. Ah! there is no being on my guard!" Having thus lamented, with many tears, by degrees he became more composed, and resolved to refresh his spirits by a walk in the open air. But the tyrannical idea still pursued him with its diabolical suggestions. For instance, he could not help saying to himself as a passenger passed by, "There 's a tall swaggering fellow, but I could strike him stone-dead in an instant. One WORD from me, and that flaunting maiden is a corse." Moreover, the very demon, Curiosity, that first led him to his guilty knowledge, now began to tempt him to its abuse. "I wonder," thought he, "if it be true, or only a juggle. Suppose I were to try it, — just one syllable, — on that soldier, or that miller,

or on his dog!" But remorse soon followed. "Woe is me! I must fly the faces of my kind! I must turn hermit, — or live like Roland on a bleak rock, beyond speech with man, woman, or child!" As he said this, he was run against by some one, blind with haste, whom he caught by the arm. It was the maid-servant of his old friend and neighbor, Hermann Liederbach. "Let me go," cried the breathless female, struggling to get free. "I am running to fetch the doctor to my poor master, who has dropped down in a fit, if he is not dead." "That 's very sudden," said Peter, as if musing. "O, like a gun!" answered the maiden; "he was quite well and merry only the minute before, talking and laughing with that Wild Student, Ferdinand Wenzel."

Poor Krauss was ready to drop down himself. However, he contrived to get home, where he threw himself on his knees behind the counter, and hid his face amongst the bales of cloth. The horrid work was begun — but where would it end? Nor were his fears in vain. On a sudden his attention was excited by the tramping of numerous feet, and going to the shop-door, he saw a crowd following four men, who carried a dead body on a board. "Hollo! what have you there?" shouted an opposite neighbor from his upper window. "It 's poor Stephen Asbeck," answered several voices; he dropped down dead in the Market-place whilst squabbling with one of the students." Krauss stood rooted to the spot, till the whole procession had passed by. "It 's dreadful work," said Mrs. Krauss, just entering from the back-parlor. "What is?" asked the startled tailor, with all the tremor of a guilty man. "To be cut off so suddenly in the prime of youth and beauty." "Beauty!" repeated Krauss, with a bewildered look, for in truth neither Liederbach nor Asbeck had any pretence to good looks. "Yes, beauty," replied Mrs. Krauss; "but I forgot that the news came while you were absent. Poor Dorothy has died suddenly, — the handsome girl who rejected that good-for-nothing Ferdinand Wenzel." Krauss dropped into a chair as if shot. His fat wife wondered a little at such excessive emotion, but remembering that her husband was very tender-hearted, went quietly on with her knitting.

Poor Peter's brain was spinning round. He who would not willingly hurt a dog, to be privy to, if not accomplice in, three such atrocious and deliberate murders! His first im-

pulse was to discover the whole affair to the Police: but who would believe so extraordinary a story? Where were his witnesses? Wenzel, of course, would confess nothing; and it would be difficult to call the Devil into court. Still his knowledge invested him with a very awful responsibility, and called upon him to put an end to the diabolical system. But how? Perhaps — and he shuddered at the thought — it was his dreadful duty to avert this wholesale assassination by the death of the assassin. As if to sanction the suggestion, even as it passed through the tailor's mind, the detestable Wenzel came into the shop to add some new item to his instructions. "Have you heard the news?" asked the Wild Student, carelessly; "Death is wondrous busy in Bonn." Krauss only answered with a mournful shake of the head. Poor dear Dorothy!" sighed Mrs. Krauss; "so young, and so beautiful." The Wild Student burst into a sneering laugh. "There will be more yet," said he; "they will keep drop, drop, dropping, like overripe plums from the tree!"

So fiendish an announcement was too much for even the milky nature of Peter Krauss. His resolution was taken on the spot. "Wretch! Monster! Were-Wolf!" he said to himself, "thou wert never of woman born. It can be no more sin to slay thee than the savage tiger! Yes, — thou shalt hear the WORD of doom thyself!" But the moment he attempted to utter it, his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth; his throat seemed to collapse; and when he had regained the power of speech, the fatal word, that hitherto had never ceased ringing in his inward ear, had vanished completely from his memory! However, such an oblivion was in itself a blessing, as it removed any temptation to actual guilt; but, alas! no sooner had the Wild Student departed, than back came the hateful syllables, clear and distinct on the tablets of Krauss's mind, like a writing in sympathetic ink.

As the vile Wenzel had predicted, the number of sudden deaths rapidly increased. One after another, the most respectable of the inhabitants fell down in the street, and were carried home. All Bonn was filled with lamentations and dismay. "It's the plague," said one. "It's the Black Death," cried another. Some advised a consultation of physicians; others proposed a penitential procession to the Kreutzberg.

In the mean time the unfortunate tailor again took refuge in the bedroom, desperately closing his eyes, and stopping his ears, against the melancholy sights and sounds that were constantly occurring in the street. But the mortality had become too frightful for even the apathetic temper of the stout Trudchen, who for once, thrown into a state of violent agitation, felt the necessity of comfort and companionship. Accordingly she sought eagerly for her husband, who, sitting, as we have said, with closed eyes and ears, was of course unconscious of her entrance. Besides, he was grieving aloud, and his wife bent over him to catch the words. "Miserable mortals," he groaned, "miserable frail mortals that we are! — wretched candles, — blown out at a breath! Who would have thought that such a cause could produce such a calamity? Who could have dreamed it? — to think that such a hearty man as poor Leiderbach, or poor Asbeck, could be destroyed by a sound, — nay, that half a town should perish through simply saying ——" and the unconscious Peter pronounced the fatal WORD. It had scarcely passed his lips when something fell so heavily as to shake the whole house, and hastily opening his eyes, he beheld the comely Trudchen, the wife of his bosom, the mother of his darling Peterkin, in the last death-quiver at his feet!

The horrified Peter Krauss was stunned, — stupefied, — bewildered! With his eyes fixed on the victim of his fatal curiosity, he sat motionless in his chair. It was the shock of a moral earthquake, that shook his very soul to its foundations. He could neither think nor feel. His brain was burning hot, but his heart seemed turned to solid ice. It was long before he was even sensible of outward impressions; but at last he became aware of a continued tugging at the tail of his coat. A glance sufficed, — it was little Peterkin. "He will be the next!" shrieked the frantic father; and tossing his arms aloft, he threw himself down the stairs and rushed out of the house. At the top of his speed, as if pursued by the unrelenting Fiend, he raced through the streets and out of the gates, into the open country, where he kept running to and fro like a mad creature, tormented by the stings of conscience. Over rocks, amongst thickets, through water, he leaped and crashed, and struggled; his flesh was torn and bleeding, but he cared not, — he wanted to die. At one

time his course lay towards the Eifel, as if to end his misery in that scene of volcanic desolation, so similar to his own; but suddenly turning round, he scoured back to his native town, through the gates, along the streets, and dashing into the church of St. Remi, threw himself on his knees beside the confessional. The venerable Father Ambrose was in the chair, and with infinite difficulty extracted the horrible story from the distracted man. When it was ended, the priest desired to know the awful WORD which acted with such tremendous energy. "But, your reverence," sobbed Krauss, with a thrill of natural horror, "it kills those who but hear it pronounced."

"True, my son," replied the aged priest, "but all unholy spells will lose their power within these sacred walls."

"But your reverence — "

"Peter Krauss!" said the priest, in a loud, angry tone, "I insist on it, if you hope for absolution."

"Then, if I must — "

"Speak, my son, speak."

"I will."

"Now!"

"Yes!"

"Come."

"Ah! — "

"What is it?"

"Sancta Maria!"

"The word! the word!"

"POTZTAUSEND!" murmured Krauss, in a low, tremulous voice, with a shudder throughout his frame, and a terrified look all round him. And lo! the ghostly father was a ghost indeed, — the church of St. Remi had tumbled into fragments, and instead of the holy tapers, a few strange lights were gleaming mysteriously in the distance. "Potztausend!" repeated Peter Krauss, giving himself a shake, and rubbing his eyes, "it 's all the fault of the good Ahrbleichart; but I 've certainly been sleeping and dreaming on the wrong side of the town-gate!"

TO REBECCA PAGE.

Dear Becky, —

Missis being gone off to bed betimes, I take the oportunity to set up to rite to you how we get on. At this present we are at Bon, an old town with very good prospex, but dredful uproarus by reason of its Collidge, and so menny Schollards, witch as I 've experenst at Oxfud, always make more desturbans and hubbub then the ignorent and unlarned. To be sure wen the Germin ones are not making a noys, they sing bewtiful, witch is sum amends. Its been like a vocle consort all the evening in the streets. But then such figgers! It seems every won's studdy by dressing up and transmogrifying, to make himself as partickler as he can. Sum have square beerds, sum have triangle ones, sum have two mustaches, and sum contrive to have three, by sticking another on their chins. Thinks I, wen the hollydis cum, it must be a wise Father as nose his hone son!

"ALL IN ONE DAY."

But its the same in Garmany with the brute beastasses witch are no more left to natur then the human creturs. I mean the canine specious. One fine day, all at once, as if by command of the Lord Mare, lo and behold there was every

Dog, little or big, as had any hare, long or short on the scruff of his neck, mettimorfust into a Lion!

This arternoon we made a carridge incursion to a place called the Krook's Burge. After passing seven crosses, before hand, you cum to a very holy Church on the top of a hill, with the identicle flite of stares as led up to Ponshus Pilot's seat, and the drops of blud that fell from our Savior. As such its the hite of wickedness to walk up them xcept on your nees. And oh Becky what do think — I would n't have had it happen to me, for pounds upon pounds, but Missis was so thoghtless as stand upon the top stare, whereby the parish clark called out quite horrifide, witch scard her so, she scuttled a full half-way down. Howsumever, it was husht up, and she got over it — but if so be it had been *my* case, I think my feet would often fly in my face. Besides I have sinse heard a story that made my verry blud run could. One day an Inglish lady stood on purpus on the top stare to show her unbeleaf. But a judgment fell upon her. Afore she could get back to Bon, her feet begun to ake and swell as big as elifants, and partickly the soles as had sinned the wust turned cole black and begun to mortify. All the Dockters in the place could n't stop it, and she must have died in tormints here and hereafter wen sumbody advized to go up the holy stares on her bendid nees. Accordingly witch she did, and no sooner got to the tip-top wen lo and behold her feet in a moment was as well and as sound as ever! In course she turnd Cathlick direckly, and in the gratefulness of her hart she offered up too littel moddles of feet in ivery, with the toe nails of goold. Thats wat I call a mirakel, tho sum pepel may chuse to dout. But as a party you dont know says, what 's faith? As for beleavin whats only plain and probberble, and nateral, says he, its no beleaf at all. But wen you beleave in things totaly unpossible and unconsistent and uncomprensible, and direct contrary to natur, that is real true down-rite faith, and to be sure so it is.

And now, Becky, it must never go furder, but be kep a religus secret betwixt our two selves, but ever sinse Colon Cathedrul I have been dredful unsettled in my mind with spirituous pints. It seemed as if I had a call to turn into a Roman. Besides the voice in my hone inward parts, I 've been prodigusly urged and advized by the Party you don't know to be-

cum a prostelyte, and decant all my errors, and throw meself into the buzzum of Rome. Cander compels to say, its a very cumfittable religun, and then such splendid Churchis and alters and grand cerimonis, and such a bewtiful musicle service, and so many mirakles and wunderful relicts besides, plain Church of England going, partickly in the country parts, do look pore and mean and pokey after it, thats the truth. To be sure theres transmigration, but even that I mite get over in time, for we can beleave any thing if really we wish to. Its a grate temptation, and provided I felt quite certin of bettering meself, I would convert meself at once. But Lord nose, praps its all the work of Satan at bottom awanting me to deny my Catkism and throw off the Minester I 've set under so menny years. O, Becky, its terribel hard wurk to argufy yureself out of yure own persuasion! You may supose with such contrary scrupples and inward feelings pulling two ways at once, wat trubbles and tribbleation I go thro! The wust is my low fits and cryings cant be hid from Missis, who have questiond me very closely, but if she once thoght I was agoing to turn and alter my religun, it wood soon be, Martha, sute yureself, witch to be throne out of place in a forrin land would be very awkwurd; and as such praps would be most advizable to put off my beleaving in any thing at all, till our return to Kent. Besides, Becky, you may feel inclind, on propper talking to, to give up yure own convixions too, and in that case we can both embrace the Pope at the same time. As yet no sole suspex xcept Mr. Frank, who ketched me crossing meself by way of practis before the glass. Goodness nose what he ment, but ho, ho, Martha, says he, so you 've got into the clutchis of the Proper Gander.

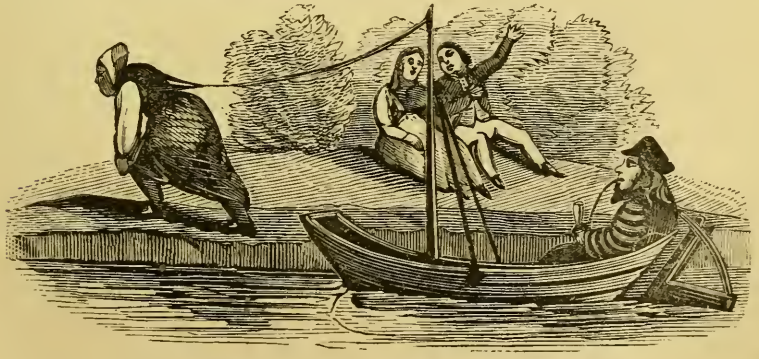
Besides the holy stares, theres another mirakel in the Volt under the Krooks burge Church, namely, abuv a skore of ded Munks, sum of them as old as fore hundred sentries, yet perfickly fresh and sweet. They say its the sanktimoniousness of the place that has preserved them so long, witch is like enuff. But oh, Becky, its an awful site, and will set me dreeming of Ghostesses and Could Munks for a munth to cum. Our next stop was at Poplar's Dorf, where there is a Brittish Museum full of all sorts of curiosities, such as oars from the Minors, woodin timber trees made of cole, and partickly sum peterfried frogs, witch I was told had been pelted till they

turned into stone. The poor frogs do get sadly pelted, that's certin.

After the museum we driv home, and a rare frite and narro escape we had by the way as you may judg. It was getting rather duskish, wen all of a sudden out jumpt a very ill looking yung man from behind a tree, and begun running behind the carridge. He was drest xactly like a Banditty, such as you see in a play at Drewry Lane or Common Garden; but besides, I overherd yung Master say he suposed he was one of Shiller's gang of Robbers. A pretty hearing for us females! Howsumever, as Missis did n't screech no more did I — but you may be shure I sat and quacked all the way till we got safe into Bon.

The family is all in their ordnary way. Master as yusual talks of dying tho without goin off — but human natur will cling to this wurld like a pudden wen you have n't butterd the dish. If any thing Missis takes on rather less than she used to about her poor dear late: and as for Mr. Frank, he 's so harty he 's quite a picter. Wishing you the same, and with luv to all enquiering frends, I remane, dear Becky, your luving frend till deth, MARTHA PENNY.

P. S. — The fair sects have a hard place in Garmany. I forgot to say in our incursion we saw plenty of wimmin, a toilin and moilin at mens labers in the roads and fields. But thats not the wust, theyre made beasts of. Wat do you think, Becky, of a grate hulkin feller, a lolluping and smoking in his boat on the Rind, with his pore Wife a pullyhawling him along by a rope, like a towin horse on the banks of the Tems!



"AND BEAUTY DRAWS US BY A SINGLE HAIR."

TO GERARD BROOKE, ESQ.

My dear Gerard, —

After the postscript of my last letter, you will not be surprised to hear, that a longer stay at Bonn was strongly objected to by my uncle, who, having "not many days to live," sets a peculiar value on his nights. Like myself, he had been annoyed by the nocturnal rattling and singing, — and indeed he declared in the morning that he would as lief reside "next door to Vauxhall."

The arrival of the first steamboat was therefore the signal for our departure; and bidding adieu to Bonn with an emphatic "*Peace be with you,*" we embarked in the Prince William. It had brought a tolerable assortment of tourists from Cologne, and amongst the rest our old acquaintance the Red-faced man. For some reason he fought particularly shy of my uncle, — but with myself he was as communicative and complaining as usual. He gave me to understand that he had been prodigiously disgusted by the high Catholic mummeries at Cologne, and still more annoyed by the companionship of the "Yellow-faced Yankee," who of course, to plague him, had taken up his quarters at the same hotel. "Renounce me," said he, "if I could get rid of him, — for as we two were the only persons that spoke English in the house, he *would* converse with me, whether I answered or not. Consume his yellow body! he stuck to me like a mustard-plaster, and kept drawing my feelings into blisters; however, I've got a good start of him, for he talked of staying a whole week at Cologne." But alas! for the pleasant anticipations of Mr. John Bowker! He had barely uttered them, when the tumeric-colored American appeared running at full speed towards the steamboat, followed by a leash of porters! "Say I told you so!" exclaimed the petrified citizen, — "he 'll haunt me up to Schaffhausen, — he will, by all that 's detestable; yes, there he comes on board;" and even as he spoke, the abhorred personage sprang into the vessel, followed by his three attendants. The Red-face could not smother a grunt of dissatisfaction at the sight; but what was his horror, when, after a few words with the conducteur, his old enemy walked straight up

to him, and puffed a whiff of tobacco-smoke into his very face! "It's an unpleasant sort of a fix," said he, "and in course only a mistake, but you've walked off with all my traps and notions instead of your own." "I've what?" gobbled the Red-face, its crimson instantly becoming shot with blue. "You've got my luggage, I guess," replied the Yellow-face, "and if it's all the same to you I'll just take it ashore." The perplexed Bowker was too much agitated to speak; but hurrying off to the huge pile of bags and boxes, in front of the funnel, began eagerly hunting for his baggage. To his unutterable dismay, he could not recognize a single article as his own. In the mean time the American appeared to enjoy the confusion, and in a dry way began to "poke his fun" at the unfortunate traveller. "Mister Broker, is that ere your leather trunk?" "No," growled the other. "In that case it's mine, I reckon." "Mister Broker, is that ere your carpet-bag?" and in the same provoking style he went through nine or ten packages *seriatim*. "And where — where — the devil is my luggage then?" asked the bewildered Bowker. "The last time I see it," said the Yellow-face, "it was in the passage of the Mainzer Hof; and there it's still, I calculate, provided it has n't been shipped downwards to Rotterdam." "To Rotterdam!" shouted the Red-face, literally dancing with excitement. "Gracious powers! what shall I do?" and then hastily turning round to appeal to the nearest bystander, who happened to be my aunt, "Renounce me, madam, if I have even got a clean shirt!" "It's all right," said the American, as the porters shouldered the last of his properties; "it's an ugly job, that's the truth; but it might have been a considerable deal worse, and so I wish you a regular pleasant voyage up the rest of the Rhine."

"Say I told you so!" repeated the discomfited Bowker, after a long hyena-like grin at the receding object of his aversion, — it was all as true as gospel: he *is* my evil genius, and nothing else! If it had n't been for his yellow face, (here, you sir, in the green apron, a glass of brandy and water, — hot, and sweet, and strong!) — if it had n't been for his infernal yellow face, I say, I should have looked after my luggage! But he's my evil genius, sir, — I know it: renounce me if I don't believe he's the Devil himself! Why else don't his jaundice kill him, — I should like to know that, — why don't

it kill him, as it would any one else?" Luckily his eloquence was here interrupted by the hot brandy and water; and the conducteur undertaking to forward the missing baggage to Coblentz, the crimson face gradually grew paler, whilst his temper cooled down in proportion, from the red heat of Cayenne pepper to that of the common sort.

The bell now rang, forewarning the passengers and their friends that it was time to separate; whereupon, to the infinite surprise of my aunt, two remarkably corpulent old gentlemen tumbled into each other's arms, and exchanged such salutes as are only current in England amongst females, or between parties of opposite sexes. To our notions there is something repulsive in this kissing amongst men; but when two weather-beaten veterans, "bearded like the pard," or like Blücher, indulge in these labial courtesies, there is also something ludicrous in the picture. It is, however, a national propensity, like the bowing; and to the same gentlemen who told me the anecdote of Herr Klopp I am indebted for a similar illustration.

"On the last New Year's Eve," said he, "being at Coblentz, I took it into my head to go to an occasional grand ball that was given at the civil Casino. The price of the tickets was very moderate; and the company was far more numerous than select. Indeed a Frenchman of the time of the republic might have supposed that it was a fête given in honor of the famous principle of Egalité, — there was such a commixture of all ranks. At one step I encountered the master tailor who had supplied the coat on my back; at another, I confronted the haberdasher of whom I had purchased my gloves and my stock; — the next moment I was brushed by a German baron, — and then I exchanged bows with his Excellency the Commander of the Rhenish Provinces. There was, however, a sort of West-end to the room, where the fashionables and the Vons seemed instinctively to congregate; whilst the bulk of the bourgeoisie clustered more towards the door. Dancing began early, and by help of relays of performers, one incessant whirl of gown-skirts and coat-tails was kept up until midnight, when, exactly at twelve o'clock, the advent of another year was announced by the report of some little cannons in an adjoining room. The waltz immediately broke up, and in an instant the whole crowd was in motion, males and females, running to and fro, here and there, in and out, like a swarm of

ants, when you invade their nest. Whenever any two individuals encountered, who were friends or acquaintance, they directly embraced, with a mutual exclamation of ' Prosit Neue Jahr ! ' Bald, pursy old gentlemen trotted about crony-hunting, — and sentimentally falling on each other's waistcoats, hugged, bussed, and renewed their eternal friendships for twelve months to come. Mature dowagers bustled through

THE OMNI-BUS.

the moving maze on the same affectionate errands ; whilst their blooming marriageable daughters, seeking out their she-favorites, languished into each other's fair arms, and kissed lips, cheeks, necks, and shoulders, — none the less fondly that young, gay, and gallant officers, and tantalized bachelors were looking on. I stumbled on my tailor, and he was kissing, — I came across my linen-draper, and he was being kissed : — I glanced up at the musicians, and they were kissing in concert ! It was a curious and characteristic scene ; but remembering

that I was neither saluting nor saluted, and not liking to be particular, I soon caught up my hat, and passing the door-keeper, who was kissing the housekeeper, I kissed my own hand to the Coblentz casino, and its New Year's Ball."

And now, Gerard, could I but write scenery as Stanfield paints it, what a rare dioramic sketch you should have of the thick-coming beauties of the abounding river: — the Romantic Rolandseck, — the religious Nonnenwerth, — the Picturesque Drachenfels! But "Views on the Rhine" are little better than shadows even in engravings, and would fare still worse in the black and white of a letter. Can the best japan fluid give a notion of the shifting lights and shades, the variegated tints of the thronging mountains, — of the blooming blue of the Sieben Gebirge? Besides, there is not a river or a village but has been done in pen and ink ten times over by former tourists. Let it be understood then, once for all, that I shall not attempt to turn prospects into prospectuses,

"And do all the gentlemen's seats by the way."

I must say a few words, however, on a peculiarity which seems to have escaped the notice of other travellers: the extraordinary transparency of the atmosphere in the vicinity of the Rhine. The rapidity of the current, always racing in the same direction, probably creates a draught which carries off the mists that are so apt to hang about more sluggish streams, or to float lazily to and fro with the ebb and flow of such tide rivers as the Thames: certain it is, that the lovely scenery of the "arrowy Rhine" is viewed through an extremely pure medium. To one like myself, not particularly lynx-sighted, the effect is as if some fairy euphrasy had conferred a supernatural *clairvoyance* on the organs of vision. Trees and shrubs, on the crests of the hills, seem made out, in the artist phrase, to their very twigs; and the whole landscape appears with the same distinctness of detail as if seen through an opera-class or spectacles. To mention one remarkable instance: some miners were at work on the face of a high precipitous mountain near Unkel; the distance from the steamer was considerable, so that the blows of their sledges and pick-axes were quite unheard; yet there were the little figures, plying their tiny tools, so plainly, so apparently close to the eye, that it was difficult to believe that they were of the com-

mon dimensions of the human race. Had those dwarf miners, the Gnomes of German romance, a material as well as a fabulous existence? Of course not: but I could not help thinking that I saw before me the source whence tradition had derived the Lilliputian mine-haunting elfins of the Wisperthal, who constructed the Devil's Ladder.

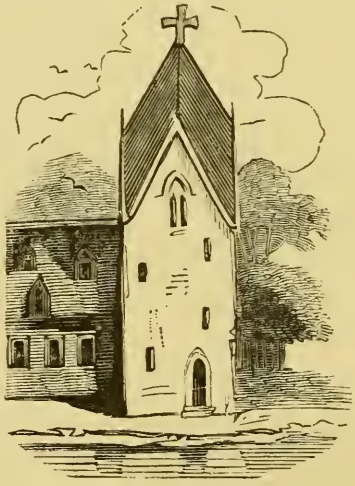
I was rather disappointed at Bonn, by the first sight of what sounds so poetically, a vineyard. The stunted vines, near at hand, are almost as prosaical as so many well-grown gooseberry bushes; indeed, a hop-ground beats a vineyard all to sticks, or more properly all to poles, as a picturesque object: but in some degree the graperies have since redeemed themselves. They serve to clothe the hills with a pleasant verdure; and at a distance give a *granulated* appearance to a blue mountain, which has something artistic about it, like the tint on a rough drawing-paper compared with the sleekness of the same tint on a smooth Bristol card-board. In the autumn, when the leaves change color, the vines become still more pictorially valuable to the eye, as during the season of their blossoming they are peculiarly grateful to another sense by their rich fragrance. Besides, there is occasionally something morally interesting in the mode of their culture: for instance, at the Erpeler Ley, where the vines literally grow from baskets, filled with earth, which are carried up and planted in all practicable holes and corners of the barren rock. In other places, the precarious soil, in terrace under terrace, is secured from sliding down the shelving mountain, by dwarf walls of loose stones, which, at a distance, look like petty fortifications. Considering these toilsome expedients, and their vinous product, one may truly exclaim,

"Hic labor, *Hock* opus est!"

As you leave the open country around Bonn, the towns and villages become more retired in their habits, the natives creeping like earwigs and cockroaches into the cracks and crevices of the land, where their habitations are crowded into such narrow gorges and gulleys as to be only visible when you are right abreast of these ravines. You then discover a huddle of houses, with dark, high-pitched roofs, pierced with two or three rows of portholes, — such dwellings presenting a very quaint and picturesque but Doubly Hazardous appearance, —

whole villages having, seemingly, been built by some speculating timber-merchant, who found his staple was quite a drug in the market. Accordingly every front, back, or gable is profusely interlaced with beams and rafters, not in conformity with any architectural rules, but stuck in as uprights, cross-pieces, and diagonals, by mere chance or caprice. Imagine this intricate woodwork, either painted or of sundry natural hues, — that the wall between is whitewashed (Hibernicé) with bluish, yellowish, reddish, or verdant tints — pale pinks, lilac, salmon-color, bleu-de-ciel, pea-green, and you may form some idea of the striped and motley aspect of a Rhenish village. A church spire generally rises above the dark-clustered roofs; and a number of little chapels, like religious outposts, are perched on the neighboring heights.

Amongst the churches, there is a steeple of common occurrence, which, from a particular point of view, reminds one of the roofs in certain pictures that are rather older than the rules of perspective.



A comfortable life the inhabitants of the Rhenish towns and villages must have had under the sway of the Knight-Hawks, whose strongholds invariably frowned on some adjacent crag! Can you imagine a timid female, with weak nerves, or a mild gentlemanly sort of person, living at all in the Middle Ages?

One of these noble robbers, the Count Henry of Sayn, mortally fractured the skull of a young boy by what was only meant for a paternal pat of the head: it is easy to suppose, then, how heavily fell the gauntleted hand, when it was laid on in anger. What atrocious acts of perfidy, barbarity, and debauchery were openly or secretly perpetrated within those dilapidated castles! What fiendish contrivances for executing "wild justice!" The cruel Virgin-Effigy, whose embrace was certain and bloody death! The treacherous Oubliette, with its trap, whereon to tread was to step, like Amy Robsart, from Time into Eternity! But the freebooters are extinct, and their strongholds are now mere crumbling ruins; not the less beautiful for their decay to the painter or to the moralist. It must wholesomely stagger the prejudices of a *laudator temporis acti* to muse on those shattered monuments and their historical associations; nor would the spectacle be less salutary to a certain class of political theorists, — as was hinted by my uncle. "I'll tell you what, Frank, I do wish our physical-force men would hire a steamer and take a trip up the river Rhine; if it was only that they might see and reflect on these tumble-down castles. To my mind every one of them is like a gravestone, set up at the death and burial of Brute Force."

Verily, these are but sorry Pleasures of Memory to be illustrated by such enchanting natural scenery as Rolandseck, the Nonnenwerth, and the Drachenfels! Apropos to which last, you will find enclosed a new version of "Der Kampf mit dem Drachen." It may have less romance than the indigenous legends, but, perchance, all the more reality.

Along with these souvenirs of the "good old times," it was our fortune to have a sample of the good new ones. My uncle had been alluding to some rumored insubordination amongst the Landwehr, encamped in readiness for the Autumnal Grand Manœuvres at Coblentz, when he was accosted by a stranger, who, apologizing for the liberty, begged to caution him against touching on such subjects. "It may bring you, sir," said he, "into serious trouble, — and you might be required to produce the parties from whom you had the report." My uncle of course thanked his informant, but with a wry face, and soon fell into audible soliloquy: "Humph! I thought it was written, He that hath an ear,

let him hear; but I suppose even the Scriptures are forbidden in such despotical countries. Well, it 's all one to a dying man, or for my part I would n't live under such a suspicious government for a week!" I afterwards took occasion to inquire of the stranger if there was really any ground for apprehension, or such a system of espionage as his warning would seem to imply? "Ask Von Raumer," was his answer, — "or rather, his book. He will tell you that the Prussian Police has been too busy in what he calls *fly-catching*, and has even driven patient people, — and who so patient as the Germans? — to impatience. He will tell you that the folly of a day, the error of youth, is recorded in voluminous documents, as *character indelibilis;* and that the long list of sins is sent to Presidents and Ambassadors, that they may keep a sharp lookout after the guilty. Fly-catching may sound like a mild term, sir; but not when you remember that the greatest of all fly-catchers are Butchers." "And pray, sir," I asked, "did any instance come under your own observation?" "Yes, — the very night of my first visit to Coblentz there was an arrest, and the Blue-bottle, the son of a President, was carried off in a cart, escorted by gens-d'armes, for Berlin. He has recently been pardoned, but under conditions, and after two long years of suspense, — a tolerable punishment in itself, sir, for a little buzzing!"

Nothing further of interest (scenery excepted) occurred in our progress. Passing ancient Andernach, Hoche's obelisk, — and liberal thriving Neuwied, a standing refutation of all intolerant theories, we at last approached the end of our voyage. The sun was setting behind Ehrenbreitstein, and whilst the massy rock and its fortress slept in solid shade, the opposite city of Coblentz, encircled by its yellow and loopholed walls, shone out in radiant contrast,

"With glittering spires and pinnacles adorned."

The view is magnificent; especially when you command that "Meeting of the Waters," whence the city derives its name. The junction, indeed, is rather like an ill-assorted marriage, for the two rivers, in spite of their nominal union, seem mutually inclined to keep themselves to themselves. But so it is in life. I could name more than one couple, where, like the Rhine and the Moselle, the lady is rather yellow and the gentleman looks blue.

In a very few minutes the steamer brought up at the little wooden pier just outside of the town-gates: and in as many more we were installed in the Grand Hotel de Belle Vue. You will smile to learn that our Hypochondriac has conceived such a love at first sight for Coblentz, that, forgetting his "warnings," he talks of spending a month here! Love to Emily from,

Dear Gerard, yours very truly,
FRANK SOMERVILLE.

P. S. — I have found here a letter for me, *poste restante*, that has thrown the head of the family into an unusual tantrum. It seems that, by previous arrangement between the parties, in default of my uncle's writing from Rotterdam it was to be taken for granted that he was defunct, in which case his old crony and attorney at Canterbury had full instructions how to proceed. The lawyer, not hearing from Rotterdam, has chosen to consider his client as "very dead indeed," — and thereupon writes to advise me that he has proved the will, &c., &c., in conformity with the last wishes of my late and respected uncle. Between ourselves, I suspect it is a plot got up between Bagster and Doctor Truby, by way of physic to a mind diseased; if so, the dose promises to work wholesomely, for our hypochondriac is most unreasonably indignant, and inconsistently amazed, at having his own dying injunctions so very punctually fulfilled!

THE KNIGHT AND THE DRAGON.

In the famous old times,
(Famed for chivalrous crimes,)
As the legends of Rheinland deliver,
Once there flourished a Knight,
Who Sir Otto was hight,
On the banks of the rapid green river!

On the Drachenfels' crest
He had built a stone nest,
From the which he pounced down like a vulture,
And with talons of steel,
Out of every man's meal
Took a very extortionate multure.

Yet he lived in good fame,
With a nobleman's name,
As "Your High-and-Well-Born" addressed daily, —
Though Judge Park in his wig,
Would have deemed him a prig,
Or a cracksman, if tried at th' Old Bailey.

It is strange, — very strange!
How opinions will change! —
How Antiquity blazons and hallows
Both the man and the crime
That a less lapse of time
Would commend to the hulks or the gallows!

Thus enthralled by Romance,
In a mystified trance,
E'en a young, mild, and merciful Woman
Will recall with delight
The wild Keep, and its Knight,
Who was quite as much Tiger as Human!

Now it chanced on a day,
In the sweet month of May,
From his casement Sir Otto was gazing,
With his sword in the sheath,
At that prospect beneath,
Which our Tourists declare so amazing!

Yes, — he gazed on the Rhine,
And its banks, so divine;
Yet with no admiration or wonder,
But the goût of a thief,
As a more modern Chief
Looked on London, and cried, "What a plunder!"

From that river so fast,
From that champaign so vast,
He collected rare tribute and presents!
Water-rates from ships' loads,
Highway-rates on the roads,
And hard Poor-rates from all the poor Peasants!

When behold! round the base
Of his strong dwelling-place,
Only gained by most toilsome progression,
He perceived a full score
Of the rustics, or more,
Winding up in a sort of procession!

"Keep them out!" the Knight cried,
To the Warders outside, —
But the Hound at his feet gave a grumble!
And in scrambled the knaves,
Like Feudality's slaves,
With all forms that are servile and humble.

"Now for boorish complaints!
Grant me patience, ye Saints!"
Cried the Knight, turning red as a mullet;
When the baldest old man
Thus his story began,
With a guttural croak in his gullet!

"Lord Supreme of our lives,
Of our daughters, our wives,
Our she-cousins, our sons, and their spouses,
Of our sisters and aunts,
Of the babies God grants,
Of the handmaids that dwell in our houses!

"Mighty master of all
We possess, great or small,
Of our cattle, our sows, and their farrows;
Of our mares and their colts,
Of our crofts, and our holts,
Of our ploughs, of our wains, and our harrows!

"Noble Lord of the soil,
Of its corn and its oil,
Of its wine, only fit for such gentles!
Of our carp and sour-kraut,
Of our carp and our trout
Our black bread, and black puddings, and lentils!

"Sovran Lord of our cheese,
And whatever you please, —
Of our bacon, our eggs, and our butter,
Of our backs and our polls,
Of our bodies and souls, —
O give ear to the woes that we utter!

"We are truly perplexed,
We are frighted and vexed,
Till the strings of our heart are all twisted;
We are ruined and curst,
By the fiercest and worst
Of all Robbers that ever existed!"

"Now by Heaven and this light!"
In a rage cried the Knight,
"For this speech all your bodies shall stiffen!
What! by Peasants miscalled!"
Quoth the man that was bald,
"Not your honor we mean, but a Griffin.

" For our herds and our flocks,
He lays wait in the rocks ;
And jumps forth without giving us warning ;
Two poor wethers, right fat,
And four lambs after that,
Did he swallow this very May morning ! "

Then the High-and-Well-Born
Gave a laugh as in scorn :
" Is the Griffin indeed such a glutton ?
Let him eat up the rams,
And the lambs, and their dams, —
If I hate any meat, it is mutton ! "

" Nay, your Worship, said then
The most bald of old men,
" For a sheep we should hardly thus cavil ;
If the merciless Beast
Did not oftentimes feast
On the Pilgrims, and people that travel."

" Feast on what ? " cried the Knight,
Whilst his eye glistened bright
With the most diabolical flashes, —
" Does the Beast dare to prey
On the road and highway ?
With our proper diversion that clashes ! "

" Yea, 't is so, and far worse,"
Said the Clown, " to our curse ;
For by way of a snack or a tiffin,
Every week in the year
Sure as Sundays appear,
A young Virgin is thrown to the Griffin ! "

" Ha ! Saint Peter ! Saint Mark ! "
Roared the Knight, frowning dark,
With an oath that was awful and bitter, —
" A young maid to his dish !
Why, what more could he wish,
If the beast were High Born, and a Ritter !

"Now by this our good brand,
And by this our right hand,
By the badge that is borne on our banners,
If we can but once meet
With the Monster's retreat,
We will teach him to poach on our Manors!"

Quite content with this vow,
With a scrape and a bow,
The glad Peasants went home to their flagons,
Where they tippled so deep,
That each clown in his sleep
Dreamt of killing a legion of Dragons!

Thus engaged, the bold Knight
Soon prepared for the fight
With the wily and scaly marauder;
But ere battle began,
Like a good Christian man,
First he put all his household in order.

"Double bolted and barred
Let each gate have a guard,"—
(Thus his rugged Lieutenant was bidden,)
"And be sure, without fault,
No one enters the vault
Where the Church's gold vessels are hidden.

"In the dark Oubliette,
Let yon Merchant forget
That he e'er had a bark richly laden,—
And that desperate youth,
Our own rival forsooth!
Just indulge with a Kiss of the Maiden!

"Crush the thumbs of the Jew
With the vice and the screw,
Till he tells where he buried his treasure;
And deliver our word
To yon sullen caged Bird,
That to-night she must sing for our pleasure!"

Thereupon, cap-a-pee,
As a Champion should be,
With the bald-headed Peasant to guide him,
On his War-horse he bounds,
And then, whistling his hounds,
Prances off to what fate may betide him!

Nor too long do they seek,
Ere a horrible reek,
Like the fumes from some villanous tavern,
Sets the dogs on the snuff,
For they scent well enough,
The foul Monster coiled up in his cavern!

Then alighting with speed
From his terrified steed,
Which he ties to a tree for the present,
With his sword ready drawn,
Strides the Ritter High-born,
And along with him drags the scared Peasant.

"O Sir Knight, good Sir Knight!
I am near enough quite, —
I have shown you the Beast and his grotto:"
But before he can reach
Any farther in speech,
He is stricken stone-dead by Sir Otto!

Who withdrawing himself
To a high rocky shelf,
Sees the Monster his tail disentangle
From each tortuous coil,
With a sudden turmoil,
And rush forth the dead Peasant to mangle.

With his terrible claws,
And his horrible jaws,
He soon moulds the warm corse to a jelly;
Which he quickly sucks in
To his own wicked skin,
And then sinks at full stretch on his belly.

Then the Knight softly goes,
On the tips of his toes,
To the greedy and slumbering Savage,
And with one hearty stroke
Of his sword, and a poke,
Kills the Beast that had made such a ravage.

So, extended at length,
Without motion or strength,
That gorged Serpent they call the Constrictor,
After dinner, while deep
In lethargical sleep,
Falls a prey to his Hottentot victor.

"'T was too easy by half!"
Said the Knight, with a laugh;
"But as nobody witnessed the slaughter,
I will swear, knock and knock,
By Saint Winifred's clock,
We were at it three hours and a quarter!"

Then he chopped off the head
Of the Monster so dread,
Which he tied to his horse as a trophy;
And, with Hounds, by the same
Ragged path that he came,
Home he jogged, proud as Sultan or Sophy!

Blessed Saints! what a rout
When the news flew about,
And the carcass was fetched in a wagon!
What an outcry rose wild
From man, woman, and child,—
"Live Sir Otto, who vanquished the Dragon!"

All that night the thick walls
Of the Knight's feudal halls
Rang with shouts for the wine-cup and flagon;
Whilst the Vassals stood by,
And repeated the cry,—
"Live Sir Otto, who vanquished the Dragon!"

The next night, and the next,
Still the fight was the text,
'T was a theme for the Minstrels to brag on!
And the Vassals' hoarse throats
Still re-echoed the notes, —
"Live Sir Otto, who vanquished the Dragon!"

There was never such work
Since the days of King Stork,
When he lived with the Frogs at free quarters!
Not to name the invites
That were sent down of-nights,
To the villagers' wives and their daughters!

It was feast upon feast,
For good cheer never ceased,
And a foray replenished the flagon;
And the Vassals stood by,
But more weak was the cry, —
"Live Sir Otto, who vanquished the Dragon!"

Down again sank the sun,
Nor were revels yet done, —
But as if every mouth had a gag on,
Though the Vassals stood round,
Deuce a word or a sound
Of "Sir Otto, who vanquished the Dragon!"

There was feasting aloft,
But, through pillage so oft,
Down below there was wailing and hunger;
And affection ran cold,
And the food of the old,
It was wolfishly snatched by the younger!

Mad with troubles so vast,
Where 's the wonder at last
If the Peasants quite altered their motto? —
And with one loud accord
Cried out, "Would to the Lord
That the Dragon had vanquished Sir Otto!"

TO PETER BAGSTER, ESQ., CANTERBURY.

My dear Peter, —

I am not a man to be easily shocked, but I don't know when I've been more struck of a heap, since my pitch off Jupiter into the gravel-pit, than by your precious letter to my nephew. Suppose you did not hear from me, what then? A hundred things might turn up to prevent my taking a pen in hand; — but no, — dead I was to be, and dead I am, and I suppose stuck into all the newspapers, with a flourish about my Xtian fortitude and resignation. I know I named Rotterdam, but why did n't you wait for my letter from Nimeguen? I cannot help thinking that, as an old friend, you might have staid a post or two, and hoped for the best, instead of taking a flying leap to such a melancholy conclusion. Even as an old sportsman, you ought to have known better, than to cry whoop before I was fairly run into. God knows I am but too likely to die every day and hour of my life, without being killed before my time. If it had been a first warning, there was some excuse for giving me over; but you know as well as any one, how many fatal attacks I've pulled through in the most miraculous manner. Go I must, and suddenly, but owing to a wonderful original constitution, as you are well aware of, I die particularly hard. Besides, you and Truby were always incredulous, and even if you had seen me laid out in my coffin, it 's my belief you would both have sworn it was all sham abram. I must say, Peter, it has gone to my heart. Five-and-twenty years have we been hand and glove, more like born brothers than old friends, and here you knock me on the head with as little ceremony as a penny-a-line fellow would kill the Grand Turk, or the King of France. Hang me, Peter, if I can believe you are your own man. As for proving the Will, and so forth, it 's the first time I ever knew you to be prompt in law business, instead of quite the reverse; for, asking your pardon, you did not get the nickname of "Lord Eldon" for nothing amongst your clients in Kent. Then to put the whole house into mourning! I don't mind expense; but it goes against the grain to be made ridiculous, and a laughing-stock, which I shall be whenever I

get back to Woodlands, after being made a ghost of to my own servants. A rare joke it will be amongst them for John to be sent by a dead and gone master for a jug of ale! Besides, who knows but I may be run after by all the fools in the parish, and kissed and sung hymns to, and made a prophet of, for coming back out of my own grave, as you know your idiots down at Canterbury expected about Mad Thom!

But that is not the worst. You not only kill me out of hand, but, forsooth, you must take away my character to my own nephew. In your Burking letter to him you say, "And so, those gloomy forebodings which, amongst your late worthy uncle's friends, were looked upon as mere nervous fancies, and vaporish croakings, have, alas! been sadly fulfilled." Croakings indeed! I always knew I should die suddenly, and I always said so, and proved it by my symptoms and inward feelings; but is a man for that to be made out a complete hypochondriac, which I never was in my life! I don't wish to be harsh, but if anything *could* frighten and flurry such a poor hypped croaking creature as you have made of me, out of this world into the other, it would be just such an undertaker's black pall as you have chucked over me in the shape of a condoling letter! Luckily my own nerves are of a tougher texture, but poor Kate cried and sobbed over your infernal black-edged funeral sermon, with its comfortings and sympathizings, as if I had been fairly dead and buried in the family vault. However, I shall now drop the uncomfortable subject, hoping you will not take amiss a few words of serious advice, namely, not to treat an old friend like a defunct one, just because he don't write by every post that he is alive.

This plaguy business has so put me off the hooks, that you must excuse particulars as to our foreign travels. But I writ to Truby from Cologne, and what 's better I sent the Hock wine I bet him, and if you ride over, mayhap he will let you look at a bottle and the letter at the same time. At this present, we are at Coblentz, where we have taken lodgings for a month. The truth is, it is all on poor Kate's account, for foreign travelling is harder work than in England, for females,— and I shall not be sorry myself to fetch up my sleep, for between shipboard and outlandish short beds, and strange bedding, and the musical disturbances at Bonn, I have never had one good night's rest since I left the Tower stairs.

But you must not go to suppose, old friend, from the month's lodgings that I have better hopes of myself, or of a longer run ; but there were no apartments to be had for a shorter time, and I was sick of the bustle of the hotel. If I

"FYE, LET US A' TO THE BRIDAL."

was foolish enough to try to forget my dispensation, I should have been reminded by two German funerals that passed this very morning to the parish church of St. Castor's, hard by. As you may like to know the ceremony — the hearse, very like a

deer-cart, was covered by a black pall with a large white cross, and the letters B. S., which I suppose meant Burial Society; for, besides a cross-bearer and a flag-bearer, there were about a score of regular attendants, all carrying lighted tapers, and singing a hymn, though the solemnity of the thing was a little put out of sorts by the jerking antics of one man who kept rolling his head about like a Harlequin with St. Vitus's dance. The mourners walked behind the hearse, with a prodigious long train of friends and towns-folk; but after the service they all dispersed at the Church door, whereby, the ground being a good mile out of town, the poor old gentleman went to his grave with only a boy with a cross before him, and nobody at all behind him; just as if he had gone off in a huff, or been sent to Coventry by all that belonged to him. The same, to our English notions looking rather neglectful and disrespectful, and to my mind, not in character with such a romantical, feeling and sentimental people as the Germans, — whereby I have made Frank promise to go to the ground, and see the last of me till I am fairly earthed. And it won't be long, poor fellow, before he is called to his sad duties. I feel sensibly worse since beginning this letter, and as such, old friend, your card of condolement was only wrong in point of date, and by the time this comes to hand may be a true bill, down to the hatbands and gloves.

* * * * *

Since the above there has been another guess-sort of procession to old St. Castor's Church, — namely, a marriage. Having lived single so long, without enlarging on my opinions of wedlock, you may guess their nature by what I may call my silent vote on the subject. But, to judge by the young fellow who played bridegroom, I must have been wrong all my days; for there must be as great difference of quality between single blessedness and the other, as between single Gloster and Stilton. Frank has sketched him off with his "tail," — but blacklead pencil can give no notion of his action and movable airs. Zounds! you would have thought a Benedict was as much above a Bachelor as a thoroughbred to a cart-horse. And mayhap so he is; but for my part, as Frank said, I could not make myself such a walking object in public, for the best of women. What 's more, I cannot even guess

how a bashful young fellow could ever get over a German courtship, if it 's at all such a before-folk affair as is described by the Old Man in his Book of Bubbles, — namely, a lover taking a romantic country walk with his intended, and eight or ten of her she-cronies, singing, laughing, and waltzing, after her heels. Without being particularly sheepish or shamefaced as a young man, I don't think I could have gone sweethearting with half a score of bouncing girls, ballad-singing, and whirligigging along with me, all agog, of course, to see how love was made, giggling at my tender sentiments, and mayhap scoring every kiss like a notch at cricket, provided one could have the face to kiss at all in such a company. But foreign love-making is like foreign cookery ; an egg is an egg all the world over, but there are a hundred ways of dishing it up.

And now, old friend, God bless you and all your family, by way of a last farewell from your old and faithful friend,

Richard Orchard.

I wish you could see the breed of pigs in these parts. They are terribly long in the legs, and thin in the flanks, and would cut a far better figure at a Coursing Meeting than a Cattle Show. Some of them quite run lean enough for greyhounds.

TO GERARD BROOKE, ESQ.

My dear Gerard, —

You will not be sorry to receive tidings of a person whose mysterious disappearance, some two or three years back, cost us both some speculation. Yesterday, whilst looking at the

monument of Cuno of Falkenstein, in the venerable church of St. Castor, I was accosted by name, and with some difficulty recognized, under a German cap and kittel, our old friend Markham. In answer to my inquiries, he told me a new edition of the old story, — of "becoming security for a friend," &c.; in short, he had come abroad to retrench, and selected this bank of the Rhine for his saving-bank. From what I could learn, the experiment had not answered his expectations. "You remember," said he, "our laughing at a written notice stuck up at the Opera-House in London, enforcing certain exclusive regulations, in consequence of the great *affluence* of strangers behind the scenes? In the same sense, the great affluence of strangers up the Rhine has not only had the effect of raising the price of every article, but with its proper meaning, the supposed affluence of the English travellers has generated a proportionate spirit of rapacity and extortion. I reckon, for instance, that I am charged a third more than a native on my whole expenditure, so that you see there is not much room left for saving."

Of course, the opinions of a disappointed man must be received *cum grano salis*, — but in the main, Markham's statements agree with those of Grundy; and though his remarks have occasionally a splenetic tone, yet he "gives his reasons." On some topics his outbreaks are rather amusing. Thus, when I asked if he did not find the natives a very good, honest sort of people, he replied to my question by another: "Do you expect that the descendants of our Botany Bay convicts will be remarkable for their strict notions of *meum* and *tuum?*" "Of course not," said I; "but the honesty of the German character has been generally admitted." "Granted," said he, "but there is such a thing as giving a dog a good name as well as a bad one, upon which he lives and thrives as unjustly as another is pitchforked or shot with slugs. That the Germans are honest as a nation I believe, as regards your Saxons, Bavarians, Austrians, or north-countrymen, — but as for your Coblentzers, and the like, whence were they to derive that virtue? Was the *rara avis* hatched in any of the robbers' nests so numerous in these provinces? Was it inculcated by the ministers of their religion? An archbishop of Cologne, when asked by one of his retainers how he was to subsist, significantly pointed out, that the Knight's castle overlooked four

highways, and hinted to his vassal that, like Macheath, he must take to the road. No, no, — if the Rhinelanders be particularly honest, they were indebted for their education, like Filch in the Beggars' Opera, to very light-fingered schoolmasters. Why, every Baron in the land was a bandit, and half the common people, by a regularly organized system, were either Journeyman Robbers or Apprentices. That's matter of history, my boy! At any rate, if Rhenish honesty be a fact, our prison philanthropists are all wrong; and Mrs. Fry and the Sheriffs, who are so anxious to separate the juvenile convicts from the accomplished thieves, ought immediately to take a trip up the Rhine. Instead of classification and moral instruction, the true way would be something like this: — take a clever boy, bring him up like a young Spartan, — reward him for successfully picking and stealing, — strike the eighth commandment out of his catechism, — send him to school in Newgate, and let Bill Soames be his private tutor; do all this, and expect eventually to discover in him the Honest Man that Diogenes could n't find with his lantern!" "Do you speak," I asked, "from theory or from experience?" "From both," said he; "and comparing the Middle Ages with the modern ones, I cannot help thinking that an extortion of some thirty per cent on all foreign travellers on the Rhine, has a strong smack of the old freebooting spirit."

On leaving St. Castor's we saw, directly opposite the porch, the well-known fountain with its celebrated inscriptions: —

Anno 1812.

"Mémorable par la Campagne contre les Russes, sous la Préfecture de Jules Douzan."

"Vu et approuvé, par nous, Commandant Russe de la Ville de Coblentz, le 1er Janvier, 1814."

"There!" said Markham, pointing to the graven words, — "there are two sentences which have caused far more cackling than they deserved. The adulation of Mayors and Prefects is too common, for the erection of a monument on any occasion, or no occasion at all, to be a matter of wonder. But the mere undertaking an expedition against Russia *was* a memorable event in the career of Napoleon, whatever its ultimate result. As for the Russian General, he might naturally

be astonished and delighted to find himself in command of a city on the Rhine, and its obelisk; but his comment, if it points any moral at all, chiefly recalls the uncertainty of all human calculations. As a sarcasm it is feeble, with a recoil on himself; for where is St. Priest now, or who hears his name? Whereas, the spirit of the French Emperor still lives and breathes on the banks of the Rhine, — ay, in Coblentz itself, — in his famous Code!"

Our old acquaintance volunteering to be my guide, we made the round of the sights of the town, which are not very numerous, as the valets-de-place are well aware when they eke out their wonders with an old barrack or a street-pump. So having seen the new Palace, the house that cradled Prince Metternich, the Jesuits' Church with its surprising cellars, and some other local "Lions" and cubs, we adjourned to Markham's lodgings, where, after ascending a dark, dirty, circular staircase, we entered an apartment with a visible air of retrenchment about it; for, with mere apologies for window-curtains, it had given up carpets, and left off fires. The only ornamental piece of furniture, for it certainly was not useful, was the sofa, which on trial afforded as hard and convex a seat as a garden-roller. "Rather different from my old snuggery in Percy Street," said my host, with a dubious smile. "There is not, indeed, much sacrifice to show," I replied, "but perhaps the more solid comfort." "Comfort, my dear follow!" cried Markham, "the Germans don't even know it by name; there 's no such word in the language! Look at the construction of their houses! A front door and a back door, with a well staircase in the middle, up which a thorough draught is secured by a roof pierced with a score or two of unglazed windows; the attics by this airy contrivance serving to dry the family linen. Make your sitting-room, therefore, as warm as you please with that close fuming, unwholesome abomination, a German stove, and the moment you step out of the chamber-door, it is like transplanting yourself, in winter, from the hot-house into the open garden. To aggravate these discomforts, you have sashes that won't fit, doors that don't shut, hasps that can't catch, and keys not meant to turn! Then, again, the same openings that let in the cold, admit the noise; and for a musical people, they are the most noisy I ever met with. Next to chorus singing, their greatest delight seems to

be in the everlasting sawing and chopping up of firewood at their doors; they even contrive to combine music and noise together, and the carters drive along the streets smacking a tune with their whips!"

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Markham, a handsome, but careful-looking personage, to whom I was cordially introduced. Indeed, she confessed to trouble, especially a severe illness of her husband soon after their arrival at Coblentz, — not to mention all the minor annoyances and inconveniences of living in a foreign country without any knowledge of the language. "But those little trials," she said, "are now things to laugh over, although they were sufficiently harassing at the time." "My chicken, for instance," cried Markham, with a chuckle at the remembrance. "You must know, that Harriet here took it into her kind head that, as I was an invalid, I could eat nothing but a boiled fowl. The only difficulty was how to get at it, for our maid does not understand English, and her mistress cannot speak anything else. However, Gretel was summoned, and the experiment began. It is one of my wife's fancies, that the less her words resemble her native tongue, the more they must be like German; so her first attempt was to tell the maid that she wanted a cheeking or a keeking. The maid opened her eyes and mouth, and shook her head. 'It's to cook,' said her mistress, — 'to coke, — to put in an iron thing, — in a pit, — pat, — pot.' 'Ish verstand nisht,' said the maid, in her Coblentz patois. 'It's a thing to eat,' said her mistress, — 'for dinner, — for deener, — with sauce, — soase, — sowse.' But the maid still shrugged her shoulders. 'What on earth am I to do!' exclaimed poor Harriet, quite in despair, but still making one last attempt. 'It's a live creature, — a bird,— a bard, — a beard, — a hen, — a hone, — a fowl, —a fool, — a foal, — it's all covered with feathers, — fathers, — feeders, — fedders!' 'Hah, hah!' cried the delighted German, at last getting hold of a catchword, — 'Ja! ja! fedders, — ja wohl!' and away went Gretel, and in half an hour returned triumphantly with *a bundle of stationer's quills!*"

The truth of this domestic anecdote was certified by Mrs. M. herself. "But I was more successful," she said, "the next morning; for on Gretel opening her apron, after marketing, out tumbled a long-legged living cock, who began stalking

about, and chuckling with surprise to find himself in a drawing-room. At last, on the third day I succeeded, for I did obtain a dead fowl, and reckoned myself fortunate, even though it came in after all, roasted instead of boiled."

"But now you know something of the language," said I, "you fare sumptuously, of course, for it's a luxuriant country." "To the eye," so replied Markham, "it is lovely indeed; and, at a first-rate hotel, where you enjoy the choicest of its productions, it may keep its promise. But for a private table, just listen to our bill of fare. Indifferent beef, — veal killed at eight days old, — good mutton, but at some seasons not to be had, — poultry plentiful, but ill-fed, — game in moderation. No sea-fish —— yes, oysters, as big, shell and all, as a pennypiece, and six shillings a hundred. You hear of salmon-fisheries, but the steamers have frightened away the fish. I have seen about six here in two years, and have been asked two dollars a pound; perch 3*d.* and 4*d.* per pound; and worthless chub and barbel *ad libitum*. No good household bread, — it is half rye, — and wheaten flour is only to be bought at the pastry-cook's; good vegetables, but the staple one, potatoes, small and waxy, such as we should call *chats* in England, and give to the pigs. Fruit abundant, but more remarkable for quantity than quality, and often uneatable from vermin, — for example, cherries, fine to look at, but every one containing a worm. For foreign fruit, you may have indifferent oranges at 4*d.* to 5*d.* each. Coffee reasonable and good, — tea as dear and bad. Then for wine, the lower sorts of Rhenish and the Moselle are cheap and excellent; but the superior kinds are easier to procure in London than on the Rhine. Foreign wines you may have at pleasure, — for your honest Rhinelanders have little to learn in the arts of adulteration and simulation. Thus you have Bavarian beer brewed at Coblentz; Westphalian hams cured in Nassau; Florence oil extracted from Rhenish walnuts; French Cognac, Bordeaux, and Champagne, made from German potatoes and grapes; English gin distilled at Düsseldorf; and Gorgona anchovies, caught in the Rhine. Perhaps you are not aware, that in addition, the Germans are the most notorious poison-mongers in Europe?"

I stared, as you may suppose, at such an assertion. "It is true, however, said Markham, "some of their physicians have

detected an active poison in their national blood-sausages ; — a little while back there were proclamations in the papers against poisonous-colored sugar-plums ; Mr. Krauss of Düsseldorf found their potato-brandy so poisonous, as to attribute to its use most of the crimes committed in Rhenish Prussia ; and of course you are aware of the experiments in London with the poor finches and the poisonous German candles ! "

" Now he is too bad, — is n't he ? " interposed Mrs. Markham, with a smile. " But it is half joke and whim. Would you believe it, sir, he has set me against all the beer in the

BEER WITH A BODY.

place, on account of an establishment facing the Moselle, inscribed, oddly enough, ' Baths and Beer Brewery.' He will have it, that as hot malt is recommended in some cases by the German doctors, the two businesses are only brought under one roof for the natives to bathe in the beer ! "

" And why not ? " said Markham. " Does not Head say that at Schwalbach they bathe in the mullagatawny soup, and

at Wiesbaden in the chicken-broth? But to return to our subject, the advantages of living in Coblentz. It may be otherwise, elsewhere in Germany; but as a general principle, take my word for it, the grand difference is not in the cost, but in the manner of living. As for retrenchment, on the same plan it might be effected in London. Lodge in a second floor, — dispense with a carpet, — have as little and as plain furniture as possible, — burn wood in a German stove, — keep a cheap country servant, — buy inferior meat, chats, and rye-bread, — drink Cape and table-beer, — see no company, — dress how you please, — above all, go to market, as you must do here, with your ready money in your hand, — then sum up, at the year's end, and I verily believe the utmost saving, by coming to such a place as this, would be some 10*l.* or 20*l.* to set off against all the deprivations and disadvantages of expatriation."

You will perceive a little sub-acid in Markham's statements; but allowing for that ingredient, his remarks seem deserving of consideration. I suspect it would require more philosophy than most persons possess, to reside in London with the indifference as to caste, appearances, and fashion, which his scheme requires; but that persons of limited incomes might live in the provinces, or in Scotland, as cheaply, and more comfortably, than on the Continent in general, appears to me very probable, and on various accounts highly desirable; especially as experience proves that a residence abroad is as injurious, as foreign travelling is beneficial, to the English character.

Wishing to make Markham known to my uncle, I induced him to return with me to my lodgings. In our way we passed through the Place-d'Armes, a small square, surrounded by lime-trees. "Here," said my companion, "is the scene of a recent and successful insurrection!" "Indeed!" I could not help exclaiming, — "then it had but a small theatre, which I presume was the reason why the performance did not get into the English journals." "May be so," said he, "but here is the play-bill;" and taking a small slip of paper from his pocket-book, he read to me the following manifesto: —

NOTICE.

"The warm weather of spring now returning, it is again a

common duty to clear the trees and bushes of caterpillars. Notice is therefore given, to all possessers of trees and bushes, to clear them from caterpillars, and to exterminate these destructive vermin. This clearing of the trees, &c., must be done *thoroughly* until the 10th of April. Any neglect in this respect will incur the punishment dictated by the laws of the police.

(Signed) "The Ober-Burgermeister."

PERSECUTED ACCORDING TO LAW.

"There," said Markham, "there 's the proclamation! Now look up at those bare lime-trees, stripped of almost every leaf, was there ever such a practical quiz on a despotic government? It has quelled the Frankfort rioters, — it has dispersed the Heidelberg students, — it has bridled and curbed young Germany, and tamed the Burschenschaft, — but it cannot put down the Raupenschaft! Think of a Prussian Ober-Burgermeister beaten by a blight! Imagine the first magistrate of the capital of the Rhenish provinces foiled by a secret society of grubs! Fancy the powerful prying police defied by an association of maggots, — and Absolutism itself set at naught by a swarm of proscribed vermin! Nature at all

events will not stand dictation; and so far from the insects being exterminated, they have got so much ahead in some parts of the country, that the proprietors of fruit-trees and bushes have had serious thoughts of cutting them all down!"

"Possibly," said I, "the authorities neglected to enforce their mandate by personal example. A police director might think it beneath his dignity to arrest a maggot; and a mounted gendarme would probably disdain to pursue a creeper." "Yes," added Markham, "and a ponderous Head-Burgomaster might naturally decline to swarm like 'possum up a gum-tree,' after an illegal caterpillar."

"EASY DOES IT."

This conversation brought us to our lodgings, where we found my uncle just recovering from "a warning," which had been accompanied by rather singular circumstances. It appears that at the Civil Casino, to which foreigners are liberally admitted, he formed an acquaintance with a Mr. Schwärmer, who spoke a little English, and had offered to be his Cicerone to the Kuhkopf, the highest hill near Coblentz, and celebrated for the splendid view from the top. Probably our Hypochondriac was a little blown by the steepness of the ascent, or ren-

dered rather dizzy by the height: however, feeling some unusual sensations on reaching the summit, he immediately took it for granted that he was "going suddenly;" accordingly, deliberately preparing himself for his departure, first by sitting and then by lying down, he "composed his decent head to breathe his last." His calmness and business-like manner, I suppose, gave him an appearance of wilful premeditation to the act; for, according to Nuncle's account, he had no sooner intimated to his companion what was about to happen, than the other, falling into one of those suicidal fits of exaltation, so prevalent in Germany, burst out with, "It is one sublime tort! — and here is one sublime place for it! I shall die too!" Whereupon, without more ceremony, he pulled a little vial of Prussic acid, or some other mortal compound, from his waistcoat pocket, and was proceeding to swallow the contents, when the dying man, jumping up, knocked down the bottle with one hand, and Mr. Schwärmer himself with the other, and then, totally forgetting his own extremity, walked off in double quick time, nor ever stopped till he reached his own door. Two full hours had elapsed since the occurrence, but between the walk home and his moral indignation, he had hardly cooled down when we arrived. "I'll tell you what, Frank," he said, on ending his story, "I never liked the four cross-roads, and the stake through a suicide's body, in England; but when I saw Mr. Swarmer going to drink the deadly poison, hang *me* if I was n't tempted to drive my own walking-stick into his stomach!"

"Perhaps, sir," said Markham, "you are not aware that there was formerly a Club of Suicides in this very country. They were bound by a vow not only to kill themselves, but to induce as many persons as they could to follow their example. I have not heard that they made any proselytes, but they all died by their own hands, — the last blew out his brains, if he had any, in 1817." "They ought to have been hung in effigy," said my uncle. "A great many suicides," continued Markham, "were attributable to Werther, who brought felo-de-se quite into vogue." "That Vairter," said my uncle, "ought to have been ducked in a horsepond." "He was a mere fiction, sir, a creature of Goethe's," said Markham. "Then I would have had Gooty ducked himself," said my uncle. "Even at this day," said Markham, "there is Bet-

tine, an authoress, who proclaims that one of her earliest wishes was to read much, to learn much, and to die young." "And did *she* kill herself, sir?" inquired my aunt. "No, madam, she married instead; but her bosom-friend, dressed in white with a crimson stomacher, stabbed herself, in such a position as to fall into the Rhine. Then again there was Louisa Brachmann, alias Sappho, so inclined to die young, that at fourteen years of age she threw herself from a gallery, two stories high." "And was killed on the spot, of course?" said my aunt, with a gesture of horror. "No, madam, — she lived to throw herself, five-and-twenty years afterwards, into the Saale." "How very dreadful!" shuddered out my aunt. "Yes, madam, to English notions; but her German biographer, or rather apologist, says, that her first flight in her fourteenth year was only a lively poetical presentiment of that which weighed her down in her fortieth, namely, the beggarliness of all human pursuits compared with the yearnings of the soul." "She must have been a forward child of her age," remarked my uncle, "to have seen and known the world so soon." "Now I think of it," said my aunt, "I remember reading in the work of a female traveller in America, that on describing to a lady her emotions at the sight of Niagara, the other asked her if she did not feel a longing to throw herself down, and mingle with her mother earth?" "That was a German lady, you may be sure," said Markham, "or at least of German origin. The fact is, these people kill themselves for anything or nothing: for instance, I should be loath to trust a sentimental Prussian with himself, with his pipe out and an empty tobacco-bag. Young or old, 't is all one. Only the other day there was a reward offered in the Rhein-und-Mosel-Zeitung for the body of an aged, gray-haired man, describing his cap, his suit of hoddan gray, his blue woollen stockings, and buckled shoes. One would have thought that such a John Anderson might have had patience to 'toddle down' the hill of life like a Christian; but no, — at the end of the advertisement there was an intimation that he was supposed to have thrown himself into a neighboring river! Talking of drowning, — the same element is fatally used, as I have been well informed, in a very different manner. As ball-cartridge is not always to be got at, a common soldier inclined to self-murder, after loading his musket with powder,

pours a quantity of water into the barrel; by which his head, provided it be held close to the muzzle, is frightfully blown to atoms. One fact more and I have done, for it literally out-Herods Herod. A doctor, whose name I forget, but it was given in the newspapers, not only determined to kill himself, but to bury himself into the bargain! With this view he dug a grave, in which he shot himself; the pistol, at the same time, firing a sort of mine filled with gunpowder, by the explosion of which, though the experiment only partially succeeded, he expected to be covered with earth and sand." "And, for my part," began my uncle, "if I had been the coroner for Germany —" "In Germany, my good sir, there is no coroner." "Egad! I thought as much," cried my uncle; "and, as it seems to me, no schoolmaster or clergyman either, or the people would know that, as Shakespeare says, the Almighty has fixed a canon against self-slaughter."

"Seriously," said Markham, "this propensity to suicide is a reproach which the Germans have to wipe away before they can justly claim the character of a moral, religious, or intellectual people. The more so, as it is not the vulgar and ignorant, but the educated and enlightened, — scholars, doctors, literati, — men that would be offended to be denied the title of Philosophers, — women that would be shocked not to be called Christians, — who are thus apt to quench the lamp of life in unholy waters, or to shatter with a profane bullet 'the dome of thought, the palace of the soul.'"

And now, Gerard, as a sermon concludes the service, these grave strictures shall end my letter. My best love to Emily and yourself. Yours ever truly,

F. Somerville.

P. S. — We kept Markham to dine with us, after which he and I took a stroll to the other side of the Moselle Bridge, where the sight of a little chapel, brilliantly lighted up, led to a conversation on the religious characteristics of the natives. According to our friend, there is a good deal of bigotry extant in Coblentz, and a very active Propaganda, with a professional layman or two at its head, who aim at conversions wholesale and retail. "As an instance," said he, "there was an English family residing here, all Protestants. The head of it was occasionally absent on his travels, and one fine day

at his return home, — hey, presto! — he found his wife, her aunt, and all his children, Roman Catholics!" By a whimsical coincidence, the anecdote had scarcely left his lips, when, turning a corner into the high road, who should we come upon plump, trudging up the hill at her best pace, with a huge, unlighted wax-taper in her hand, but Martha, my aunt's maid! The surprise pulled us all up short; but before I could utter a word, she pitched her candle into the hedge, wheeled right-about with the alacrity of a Prussian soldier, fairly took to her heels, like a mad cow, and, aided by the descent, was out of sight in "no time at all." Markham, who understood the matter, burst into a loud laugh, and then explained to me the whole mystery; for which, if you are curious on the subject, you may consult the enclosed verses.

OUR LADY'S CHAPEL.

A LEGEND OF COBLENTZ.

WHOE'ER has crossed the Mósel Bridge,
And mounted by the fort of Kaiser Franz,
Has seen, perchance,
Just on the summit of St. Peter's ridge,
A little open Chapel to the right,
Wherein the tapers aye are burning bright;
So popular, indeed, this holy shrine,
At least among the female population,
By night, or at high noon, you see it shine,
A very Missal for *illumination!*

Yet, when you please, at morn or eve, go by
All other Chapels, standing in the fields,
Whose mouldy, wifeless, husbandry but yields
Beans, pease, potatoes, mangel-wurzel, rye,
And lo! the Virgin, lonely, dark, and hush,
Without the glimmer of a farthing rush!

But on Saint Peter's Hill
The lights are burning, burning, burning still.
In fact, it is a pretty retail trade
To furnish forth the candles ready-made;
And close beside the Chapel and the way,
A chandler, at her stall, sits day by day,
And sells, both long and short, the waxen tapers,
Smartened with tinsel-foil and tinted papers.

To give of the mysterious truth an inkling,
Those who in this bright chapel breathe a prayer
To "Unser Frow," and burn a taper there,
Are said to get a husband in a twinkling:
Just as she-glowworms, if it be not scandal,
Catch partners with *their* matrimonial candle.

How kind of blessed saints in heaven, —
Where none in marriage, we are told, are given, —
To interfere below in making matches,
And help old maidens to connubial catches!
The truth is, that instead of looking smugly
(At least, so whisper wags satirical)
The votaries are all so old and ugly,
No man could fall in love but by a miracle!

However, that such waxen gifts and vows
Are sometimes for the purpose efficacious,
In helping to a spouse,
Is vouched for by a story most veracious.

A certain Woman, though in name a wife,
Yet doomed to lonely life,
Her truant husband having been away
Nine years, two months, a week, and half a day, —
Without remembrances by words or deeds, —
Began to think she had sufficient handle
To talk of widowhood and burn her weeds, —
Of course with a wax-candle.
Sick, single-handed with the world to grapple,
Weary of solitude, and spleen, and vapors,

Away she hurried to Our Lady's Chapel,
Full-handed with *two* tapers, —
And prayed, as she had never prayed before,
To be a bona fide wife once more.
"O Holy Virgin! listen to my prayer!
And for sweet mercy, and thy sex's sake,
Accept the vows and offerings I make:
Others set up one light, but here's *a pair!*"

Her prayer, it seemed, was heard;
For in three little weeks, exactly reckoned,
As blithe as any bird,
She stood before the Priest with Hans the Second; —
A fact that made her gratitude so hearty,
To "Unser Frow," and her propitious shrine,
She sent two waxen candles superfine,
Long enough for a Lapland evening party!

Rich was the Wedding Feast and rare; —
What sausages were there!
Of sweets and sours there was a perfect glut:
With plenteous liquors to wash down good cheer;
Brantwein, and Rhum, Kirsch-wasser, and Krug Bier,
And wine so *sharp* that every one was *cut.*
Rare was the feast, — but rarer was the quality
Of mirth, of smoky-joke, and song, and toast, —
When just in all the middle of their jollity,
With bumpers filled to Hostess and to Host,
And all the unborn branches of their house,
Unwelcome and unasked, like Banquo's Ghost,
In walked the long-lost Spouse!

What pen could ever paint
The hubbub when the Hubs were thus confronted!
The bridesmaids fitfully began to faint;
The bridesmen stared: some whistled, and some grunted:
Fierce Hans the First looked like a boar that's hunted;
Poor Hans the Second like a suckling calf:
Meanwhile, confounded by the double miracle,
The twofold bride sobbed out, with tears hysterical,
"O Holy Virgin! you're too good — *by half!*"

MORAL.

Ye Cóblentz maids, take warning by the rhyme,
And as our Christian laws forbid polygamy,
For fear of bigamy,
Only light up *one* taper at a time.

TO REBECCA PAGE.

Dear Becky, —

At long and at last here we be at Coblinse. It 's a bewtiful Citty and well sekured all round with fortifide stone walls with eyelet holes to shoot thro, besides being under the purtection of a grate Castel on the other side of the river, as can batter the town all to bits in a minit. I thoght as well to rite and let you no we have took loggings here for a munth, but by wats to do it will be ni a fortnite afore we are domestically setteld. Missus has hired a Gurmin Maid to assist — her name is Catshins witch stands for Kitty and she can talk bad inglish perfickly. As a feller servent she is companionble and good humerd enuff, but dredful slow and dull headed. Wat do you think she did this blessid morning? Why kivered a panful of skalding hot milk with the plate as held the fresh lump, witch in coarse soon run into meltid butter! But in sich dilemmys she ony hunches up her sholders to her ears and says "hish vise nit," and theres an end. Howsumever she 's very obleeging and yuseful to me in my new religun, such as teachin me to cross meself the rite way and wat I 'm to do when I 'm in a high Mess. I have practist fasting a littel by leaving off lunchis but Lord nose wat I 'm to do on the Fish Days for theres nothink but stockfish and cabbel yaw. But won comfort is if it don't come too hi for my pockit the Bishup will sell me a dispensary.

Between you and me I am going this evening to Virgen Mary's Chapel for if so be you present a wax candle at her, and pray with all yure hart and sole, they do say yure as shure of a Bo, as if you had him in yure hone pantry. Any hows its wurth the trial; Besides the hole town is chuck full

of officers and milentary agin the Grate Sham Fites and Skrimmages, and as Mirakels don't stick at trifles who nose but I may be Missis Capting? But I hear Missus Bell.

Last nite the Germins being very parshal to dancing I went along with Catshins Cosen to a Grand Ball. There was moor than abuv a hunderd of us in won Assembly room, but am sorry to say smoaking was aloud, witch quite spiled the genteel. Catshins Cosen asked me to dance and seeing several steddy lookin elderly women, jest such sober boddies as our Cook or Housekeeper standing up I made bold to accept, when all at once the music struck up and my Partner ketching me by the waste, willy nilly, away we went on one leg spinning like pegtops and wirligiggin at such a rate I'm shure if my pore brains had been made of cream they would have turned into butter! All I could do was to skreek at the tip-top of my voice, but noboddy minded so I broke loose out of the ring and set meself down on the flore jest like frog in the middle, wile the rest waltzed round and round me steddy elderly boddies and all — but it was sich a constant wirlin and twirlin the very room seemed running round and my head begun to swim so I was obleeged to lay down flat on my back and shut both my eyes. To add to my suffrings, afore going to the Ball I had my hair dressed by a reglar dresser, who drew it up alla Chinese, and tied it so tite atop that after gettin more and more paneful every minit I felt at last like being scollupt by a Tommy Hawkin wild Ingian! Howsumever, when the dance was over, my Partner cum and pickt me up and refreshed me with a glass of sumthing verry nasty, called snaps, but what with the frite and the giddiness and my headake and the snaps and the fumes of the filthy tobacher I was took with a faintness, and afore I could be assisted out of the asembly room, I was as sick saving yure presence as a dog. That spiled me a good gownd allmost new besides loosing my best hankicher in the bussle; but I must n't grudge the xpense, considring us sarvents don't often get a nite's pleasure. Now I must brake off agin — but it is n't Missus this time — but Catshins wanting to teach me my beeds.

Catshins sister has jest cum in with her babby. I do wish you could see it — such a littel figger rolled and twistid up like a gipsian mummy! The wust is of sich tite swadling if so be you don't put their pore little lims into the bandages quite strate, it follers to reason they will come out crookid — witch I supose is the way theres so many bandy boys about

A CHRYSALIS.

the streets — for I never see so menny rickitty objex in my born days. Why its called the Inglish Krankite by the Gurmins is best none to theirselves; but I will say for the Kentish babbies they are well nust and strate in their legs, and whats more a Kentish woman would n't let her littel boys run about all unbuttond behind like so many Giddy Giddy Gouts, just as if they had no mother to *look after them.*

Catshins sister says there has been a shockin axident this morning in our naberhood. The climing boys in this town are grown up men instead of littel urchings as about Lonnon. Well, one of the men was sent for, to sweep a chimbly built up after the Inglish fashion, when by sum piece of bad luck or

stupid-headness a fire was lited under him and down he came tumbling quite stiffled and sufocated with the smoak. So a Doctor was fetched in a hurry, and the moment he clapt eyes on the pore sutty object, wat in the wurld Becky do you think he said! "O, says he, I can do nothing for him — he 's black in the face!" To be sure a Doctor knows best — but for my part I never saw a chimbly sweep's face of any other culler!

Oh Becky, I've had such a flustration! After asking Missus for an hour or so for going out in the evening I was jest on my road to the chappel I told you of, when afore I knowed where I was I almost ran full butt agin Mr. Frank. What becum of my bewtiful wax candle, wether I chuckt it away or yung Master took it out of my hand, I know no moor then the man in the moon I was in such a quandary. I verily beleave I run all the way home without feeling the ground! As yet Missus has n't said a word; but I think by way of preventive I shall give her warning. My nerves is too quivering to rite furder, xcept luve to all kind frends at Woodlands; I remane, dear Becky, yure luving frend for ever and ever,

MARTHA PENNY.

WORSTORINE.

"OUT OF SIGHT OUT OF MIND."

TO MISS WILMOT, AT WOODLANDS.

My dear Margaret, —

With any one else I should feel ashamed and alarmed at my long silence; but you well know the state of my nerves and feelings, and will give me credit for not wishing to disturb your happier thoughts with the effusions of my own bad spirits. Besides, I have met with so many annoyances and disagreeables! However, you will be glad to hear that I am getting more reconciled to foreign travelling: it is very fatiguing; but the lovely scenery since we left Bonn has almost repaid me for all my troubles by the way. I will not attempt to describe the beautiful mountains, the romantic old castles, and the pretty outlandish villages, — but whenever you marry, Margaret, pray stipulate for a wedding excursion up the Rhine. One painful thought, indeed, would intrude — if *he* could have enjoyed the scenery with me — for you remember poor George's fondness for picturesque views and sketching; but I must not be so ungrateful as to repine whilst our tour has

brought so much relief to my own mind, as well as amendment to my health. Even my brother seems to have benefited by the change of air and scene: he is decidedly less hypped, and his warnings come at longer intervals. I even think he is getting a little ashamed of them, they have failed so very, very often, — and especially since a letter from Mr. Bagster to Frank, supposing his uncle to be deceased: — but above all, after a warning he had on the top of a mountain, when a ridiculous German offered to die along with him, which turned the tragedy into such a comedy, that my poor brother, as Frank says, threw up the part, and we have hopes will never perform in the piece again. He almost expressed as much to me, in relating this last attack. "I 'm afraid, Kate," said he, "you will begin to think that I am as fond of dying over and over again as the famous Romeo Coates."

I am delighted with Coblentz, where we have taken lodgings for a month. For some days after our arrival we dined at the *table-d'hôte*, but I cannot say that I like the style of cookery. Somebody declares in his travels, that when a German dish is not sour it is sure to be greasy, and when it is not greasy it is certain to be sour; but the cook at our hotel went a step further in his art, for he contrived to make his dishes both sour and greasy at the same time. Luckily there were other things more English-like in their preparation, — such as roast beef, though it was rather oddly introduced to me by the waiter: "Madame! some roast beast?"

Our cookery is now done at home under the superintendence of Martha, who agrees better than I expected with the German maid whom I have engaged. Perhaps there is some cause in the background for this unusual harmony, but as yet it is only a suspicion: in the mean time, you will be amused with a scrape which poor Martha's allspicy temper got her into this morning as we were passing over the Rhine bridge. There is a toll on all provisions brought into the town, even to a loaf of bread; and men are stationed at each of the gates to collect it. We had often seen these officers, in a green uniform, stopping the country-people, and peeping into their baskets and bundles, with a rather strict vigilance; but I was hardly prepared to see one of them insisting on searching a baby. The poor mother loudly remonstrated against such an inspection, and hugged her infant the closer to her bosom;

but the man was inflexible, and at last seized hold of the child's clothes in a very rough manner. A struggle immediately took place between the officer and the woman, who was almost overcome, when she suddenly met with very unexpected assistance. Since the seizure of my unfortunate Dutch linen, the custom-house people have never been any favorites with Martha, — but besides this dislike, the assault on the baby aroused all her womanly feelings, and she flew to the rescue like a fury. In a very short time she had almost regained the little innocent, when to her inexpressible horror as well as my own, owing to the violence of the scuffle, the body of the poor baby slipped through its clothes, and actually rolled some seconds on the ground, before we could feel convinced that it was only a fine leg of mutton!

It seems that the frequent visits of the supposed infant to Coblentz, in all weathers, had first excited suspicion; and one of the Douaniers remarked besides, that the little dear came rather plumper from the country than it went back again from the town. Hence the *dénouement*, which raised an uproarious horselaugh from the spectators, and not a little, you may suppose, at the expense of my magnanimous maid.

There is no accounting for foreign customs, but it seems to me a very odd proceeding for the heads of a town to lay a tax on the persons who bring it victuals. I am sure food is not over plentiful here, to judge by the poor of the place. This morning, a wretched, famished-looking woman came to the kitchen, Martha tells me, to beg for "the broth that the ham was boiled in!" But O, Margaret, in spite of their own wants and misery, how kind are the poor to the poor! At the next door, in an upper room, there is a harmless crazy woman, who, either from the poverty or the niggardliness of her relatives, is but scantily supplied with food. From the back of the house where she is confined there runs a row of meaner dwellings, wholly occupied by common mechanics with their families, — and amongst the rest a sickly-looking weaver, so thin and sallow, that he looks like a living skeleton. At the height of the first floors, there is a sort of wooden gallery, common to all the inhabitants of the row, and on this platform, which is overlooked from my bedroom window, I often see her needy but kindly neighbors standing to talk to the unfortunate maniac, and thrusting up to her, on the end

of a long stick, some morsel of food, such as a carrot or a potato, saved out of their own scanty meals. A rather comely young woman, who has several hungry-looking children, is one of the foremost in these daily charities. The first time I saw it, the sight so affected me, that I sent directly for all the bread in the house, and contrived to make myself understood by holding up a roll in one hand, and pointing to the mad woman's window with the other. The young wife was the first to observe the signal, and never, never shall I forget the delighted expression of her countenance! It brightened all over with a smile quite angelical, as she clasped her hands together and uttered the word "Brod!" in a tone which convinced one that bread was a rarity in her own diet. In a minute the good, warm-hearted creature was round at our door, to receive the rolls and some cold meat, which she took as eagerly, and thanked me for as warmly, as if they had been intended for herself, her lean husband, and her hungry children. But my commission was faithfully performed: and I had soon afterwards the gratification of hearing the poor crazy woman singing in a very different tone to her usual wailings. Of course I did not forget the young wife, — but what are the best of our gifts, — the parings of our superfluities, — or even the royal and noble benefaction, written up in letters of gold, to the generous donations of the humbler Samaritans, who, having so little themselves, are yet so willing to share it with those who have less! As I have read somewhere, "The Charity which Plenty spares to Poverty, is human and earthly; but it becomes divine and heavenly when Poverty gives to Want."

On the back of this occurrence I had a rather different scene. A woman, of the lower class, very shabbily dressed, found her way up to my room, and, by her manner, intimated to me that she came to beg. I was so impressed with the notion that she could want nothing but food, that I directly offered her some victuals there happened to be on the table, but which to my astonishment she declined. So I summoned Kätchen, our German servant, to interpret, and after some conversation with the stranger, she told me in her broken English that the thing wanted was some "white Kleiden," at the same time pointing to her own gown. As the woman had made a motion with her finger round her head as if describing a fracture, it occurred to me that the white kleiden might be

wanted for bandages, and going to a store of old linen which I always keep in reserve for such purposes, I made up a bundle of it for the poor creature, but, after a slight inspection, she rejected it, as it seemed to me, with no small degree of contempt. But I could get no better explanation, — Kätchen still referred to her gown, and the woman waved her hand round her head. All at once the truth flashed across me, — the secret was baby linen, — a little nightgown and a nightcap, — but I had no sooner suggested the notion to Kätchen, who repeated it to the other, than they both began to laugh.

CONFIRMATION STRONG.

At last I sent for an old friend in need, the "German and English Dictionary," and by its help I managed to learn, that the woman wanted a white muslin frock for her youngest daughter to be confirmed in; and the motion round her head signified a wreath of artificial flowers. Although rather surprised by the nature of the object, I gave a trifle towards it;

and in return, the woman brought me the girl to look at in her holiday costume. By dint of gifts and loans, she was decked out like a figurante, in a white muslin dress, white cotton stockings, and light-colored shoes, with a wreath of artificial lilies-of-the-valley on her head, and a large white lace veil. During the morning the street swarmed with similar figures, besides as many boys in full suits of black, with large white collars, white gloves, and a white rose at the buttonhole. They all seemed to have a due sense of the unwonted smartness of their appearance, — the little girls especially looked so clean, so pretty, and so very happy in their ephemeral finery, I could not help grieving to reflect, that on the morrow so many of them would be pining again in their dirt and rags. Even their little day was abridged ; for towards noon it came on to rain, and to save the precious white kleiden from spot or splash, the wearers were obliged to hurry home, as the Scotch people say, particularly " high kilted."

Frank has discovered an old acquaintance here, a Mr. Markham ; and I have been introduced to his wife. She would be an acquisition merely as a companion and a countrywoman ; but she is really a pleasant and warm-hearted person, and in spite of the warning of Lady de Farringdon, we are already sworn friends. They came here to retrench, and she makes me sigh and smile by turns with her account of their great and little troubles in a foreign land. Their worst privation seems to have been the separation from all friends : my heart ached to hear her relate their daily walks to see the packet discharge its passengers, in the vain hope of recognizing some familiar face : but the next moment she made me laugh, till the tears came, with her description of a blight in her eyes, and her servants' uncouth remedy. What do you think, Margaret, of having your head caught in a baker's sack, hot from the oven, — then being half suffocated under a mountain of blankets and pillows, — and at last released, quite white enough, from the heat and the loose flour, for a theatrical ghost!

I have purchased two head-dresses to send you, as samples of the costume of the place. One, to my taste, is very pretty, — a small black-silk cap, embroidered with gay colors at the top of the head, and from the back hang several streamers of broad black sarcenet ribbon. The other cap is also embroidered or beaded, but two plaited bands of hair pass through

the back, and are fastened up with a flat silver or gilt skewer, in shape like a book-knife. Adieu. Love to all from all, including, dear Margaret, your affectionate sister,

CATHARINE WILMOT.

CAVALIERS AND ROUNDHEADS.

P. S. — I open this again to tell you that my suspicions about Martha were wrong; but they had better have been correct. She is not in love, — but has turned a Roman Catholic! I think I see you all lifting up your hands and eyes, from the parlor to the kitchen! But it is too true. Frank, it appears, met her two evenings ago, with a taper in her hand, posting to a chapel, where the Coblentz single women go to pray for husbands! This, then, accounts for her frequent absences both of body and mind. I fancied her goings out were to meet some sweetheart, but it was to attend at mass or confession, and all her wool-gatherings were from puzzling over the saints on her beads and her new catechism. I consulted with my brother on the subject, but all he said was, "that Martha's religion was her own concern, and provided she did her duty as a servant, she had a right to turn a Mussulwoman if she

pleased." When I taxed Martha herself, she owned to it directly, and, as usual in all dilemmas, gave me warning on the spot. *That* of course goes for nothing, but I shall never be able to keep her. As they say of all new converts, she runs quite into extremes, and I firmly believe is more of a Catholic than the Pope himself. For instance, there are several masses, at different hours of the day, to suit the various classes of people ; and, will you believe it ? she insists on going to them all ! But this comes of foreign travelling. Well might I wish that I had never left Woodlands !

TO GERARD BROOKE, ESQ.

My dear Gerard, —

This morning I again called on our friend, and found him in company with a little man of such marked features, that between his physiognomy and his London-like pronunciation of English, it was impossible to disconnect him with old clothes, and oranges, Holywell Street, and the Royal Exchange. He was, however, a Prussian, and had simply carried the German pronunciation of W — which is identical with the Cockney way of sounding it — into our own language.

I had scarcely been introduced to this Mr. Isaac Meyer, when another visitor was announced, who was likewise "extremely proud and happy to make my acquaintance:" but just in the middle of his pride and happiness, a glance at the little man stopped him short like a stroke of apoplexy. All his blood seemed to mount into his head ; the courteous smile vanished ; his eye glistened ; his lip curled ; his frame trembled ; and with some difficulty he stammered out the rest of his compliment. In anticipation of a scene, I looked with some anxiety towards the other party, but to my surprise he was perfectly calm and cool ; and was either unconscious of the other's perturbation, or took it as a matter of course. Any general conversation was out of the question : after a very short and very fidgetty stay, during which he never once addressed the object of his dislike, the uncomfortable gentleman took his

leave, and the other soon after concluded his "wisit." When they were gone, Markham explained the phenomenon. "The little man," said he, "is of the Hebrew persuasion; and the big one belongs to a rather numerous class, described by Saphir, — whose satirical works, by the by, I think you would relish, — in short, he is a Jew-hater, — one of those who wish that the twelve tribes had but a single neck. You saw how he reddened and winced! As Shakespeare says, 'Some men there are love not a gaping pig, some that are mad if they behold a cat,' and here is this Herr Brigselbach quite set aghast, and chilled all over into goose-skin, at the sight of a human being with black eyes and a hook nose!"

"But surely," said I, "such a prejudice is rare except amongst the most bigoted Catholics and the lower orders?"

"Lower orders and Catholics! — quite the reverse. I presume you heard of a certain freak of Royal authority, forbidding the Hebrews the use of Christian names, and enjoining other degrading distinctions. Such an example in such a country was enough to bring Jew-hating into fashion, if it had not been the *rage* before. But you must live in Germany to understand the prevalence and intensity of the feeling. You will not rank the editor of a public journal, or his contributors, in the lower and ignorant class: nevertheless my little Isaac the other day lent me a local paper, and the two very first paragraphs that met my eye were sarcastic anecdotes against his race. One of them was laughable enough, indeed I laughed at it myself; but in this country such stories are circulated more for malice and mischief than for the sake of the fun. It ran thus: A certain cunning old Jew had lent a large sum of money, and charged interest upon it at nine per cent instead of six, which was the legal rate. The borrower remonstrated; and at last asked the usurer if he did not believe in a God, and where he expected to go when he died? 'Ah,' said the old Hebrew, with a pleased twinkle of the eye and a grin, 'I have thought of that too; but when God looks down upon it *from above*, the 9 will appear to HIM like a 6.'"

"And what does Mr. Meyer say," I inquired, "of such attacks on his brethren?"

"Little or nothing. When I alluded to the paragraphs, and expressed my indignation, he merely smiled meekly, and said

a few words to the effect that 'suffering was the badge of all his tribe.' In fact they are used to it, as was said of the eels. By the by, Von Raumer speaks of a Prussian liberal, who abused Prussia as no better than a beast; but he surely forgot this oppressed portion of his countrymen. As to love of country in general, he is right, — but has the degraded inhabitant of the Juden Gasse a country? To look for patriotism from such a being, you might as well expect local gratitude and attachment from a pauper without a parish! No, no, — that word, so dear, so holy, to a German, his Fatherland, is to the Jew a bitter mockery. He has all the duties and burdens, without the common privileges, of the relationship, — he is as heavily taxed, and hardly drilled, as any member of the family; but has he an equal share of the benefits, — does he even enjoy a fair portion of the affection of his brothers and sisters? Witness Herr Brigselbach. As for his Fatherland, a Jew may truly say of it as the poor Irishman did of his own hard-hearted relative, 'Yes, sure enough he 's the parent of me; but he trates me as if I was his son by another father and mother!"

By way of drawing out our friend, who, like the melancholy Jaques in his sullen fits, is then fullest of matter, I inquired if the bitterest writers against the country were not of Meyer's persuasion.

"Yes, Heine abused Prussia, and he was a Jew. So did Börne, and he was a Jew too, born at Frankfort, — the *free* city of Frankfort, whose inhabitants, in the nineteenth century, still amuse themselves occasionally, on Christian high-days and holidays, with breaking the windows of their Hebrew townsmen. What wonder if the galled victims of such a pastime feel, think, speak, and write, as citizens of the world! As Sterne does with his Captive, let us take a single Jew. Imagine him locked up in his dark chamber, pelted with curses and solider missiles, and trembling for his property and his very life, because he will not abandon his ancient faith, or eat pork sausages. Fancy the jingling of the shattered glass, — the crashing of the window-frames, — the guttural howlings of the brutal rabble, — and then picture a Prussian Censor breaking into the room, with a flag in each hand, one inscribed Vaterland, the other Bruderschaft, — and giving the quaking wretch a double knock over the head with the poles, to remind

him that he is a German and a Frankforter! Was there ever such a tragi-comical picture! But it is not yet complete. The poor Jew, it may be supposed, has little heart to sing to such a terrible accompaniment as bellows from without; nevertheless the patriotic Censor insists on a chant, and by way of a prompt-book, sets before the quavering vocalist a translation of Dr. Watts's Hymn of Praise and Thanksgiving for being born in a Christian Land!"

Amused by Markham's *extempore* championship of the twelve tribes, by way of jest I insinuated that, during his admitted scarcity of cash, he had perhaps been supplied with moneys by means of his clients. But he took the jest quite in earnest. "Not a shilling, my dear fellow, — not a gros. But I am indebted to them for some kindness and civility: for they certainly hate us far less than some sects of Christians hate each other. It 's my firm belief that the Jews possess many good qualities. Why not? The snubbed children of a family are apt to be better than the spoiled ones. As for their honesty, if they cheat us now, in retail, we have plundered them aforetime by wholesale, — and like master like scholar. But there 's little Meyer, a Jew every inch of him, and with the peculiar love of petty traffic ascribed to his race. He will sell or barter with you the books in his library, the spoons in his cupboard, the watch in his fob, and yet in all my little dealings he has served me as fairly as if he had flaxen hair, blue eyes, and a common journey-work nose, with a lump, like a make weight, stuck on the end. The extortions and cheating I have met with were from Christians; and, what is singular, the only time I ever had my money refused in this country, it was by Jews. There are many poor Hebrew families in Bendorf, and other villages on the banks of the Rhine, and it is a pleasant sight to behold, through the windows of their cottages, the seven candles of their religion shining, — like the fire-flies of a German night, — the only lights in their darkness, to an outcast people in an alien land. In one of these humble dwellings at Sayn, I once left my hat and coat in exchange for a cap and kittel, preparatory to a broiling hot excursion farther up the country. During my metamorphosis, I happened to take notice of a sickly-looking crippled boy, about nine years old, who was sitting at a table in a corner of the room; and the mother informed me, with a sigh too easy to

interpret that he was her first-born, and her only son. On my return I resumed my clothes, and offered the poor people a trifle for their trouble, but they had already been overpaid by a common expression of sympathy ; and refused my money so pertinaciously, that I could only get rid of the coin by pressing it into the wasted hand of the helpless child. Poor little fellow! I wish I could hope to give him another, — but he was already marked for death, and his thin, sharp, sallow face seemed only kept alive by his quick black eyes!"

"In England," continued Markham, "we have seen a Jewish sheriff of London; but I verily believe if anything could excite a rebellion in these provinces, it would not be the closing of the coffee-houses, and the suppression of the newspapers, but the making a Burgomaster of the race of Israel. However, all other brutal sports and pastimes are falling into decadence with the progress of civilization: Bear-baiting is extinct; Badger-drawing is on the wane ; Cock-throwing is gone out; Cock-fighting is going after it; and Bull-running is put down: so put on your hat, my dear fellow, and let us hope, for the sake of Christianity and human nature, that Jew-hating and Jew-running will not be the last of the line!"

Our first stroll was through the market-place, which was crowded with countrywomen, many of them afflicted with goître. It has been supposed to arise from drinking snow-water; but as this country abounds in excellent springs, such a theory can scarcely be entertained. In Markham's opinion it is caused by the sudden stoppage of perspiration, and contraction of the pores, by keen blasts from the mountains, whilst the women are toiling bare-necked in the heat of the sun. I asked him if the accounts were correct of the unremitting industry and hard labor of the Germans. "In the towns," said he, "perhaps not: the men are either more indolent, or have less physical strength, than the English. I have frequently seen three or four fellows carrying or drawing loads that would be a burden for only one or two in London. Sometimes you see a leash harnessed to a small truck of wood ; perhaps there is a woman along with them, and I have remarked that *she* is always in earnest, and, like the willing horse, does more than her fair share of the work. Indeed the softer sex has the harder lot here, for, besides what are with us considered masculine employment, in the fields and on the

water, they have all the in-door duties of a woman to perform. As regards the peasantry, great labor is a matter of necessity: by the hardest labor, the land being highly taxed, they only procure the hardest fare; and there being no poor-rates to

THE TRUCK SYSTEM.

fall back upon, they must either work hard or starve. You may read in their faces a story of severe toil and meagre diet. Look at those country girls, poor things — "

"Nay," said I, pointing to a group, "I see round, ruddy faces and plump figures, and, thanks to the shortness of their petticoats, that they have very respectable calves to their legs."

"Phoo! phoo!" replied Markham, "those are nurses or nursery-maids, and come, witness their peculiar dress, from another country, — Saxony, perhaps, or Bavaria. But look at those yonder, with their wrinkled foreheads, and hard, sharp features, more resembling old mothers, than young daughters; observe the absolute flatness of their busts, and the bony squareness of their figures, making them look so like men in women's clothes. And no wonder, — the toil they go through for a trifle is sometimes painful to contemplate. Last summer, we purchased a small cask of wine from a woman who owns a little vintage: and when it was delivered, we were shocked to find that she had carried it from her village, a

league distant, on her head! In fact, time and trouble, so valuable elsewhere, seem here to go for little or nothing; and the waste of both is occasionally quite surprising. For instance, it is nothing unusual in the streets of Coblentz, to see a big man, a big dog, and a big stick, all engaged in driving a little week-old calf."

AN OVERDRIVEN CALF.

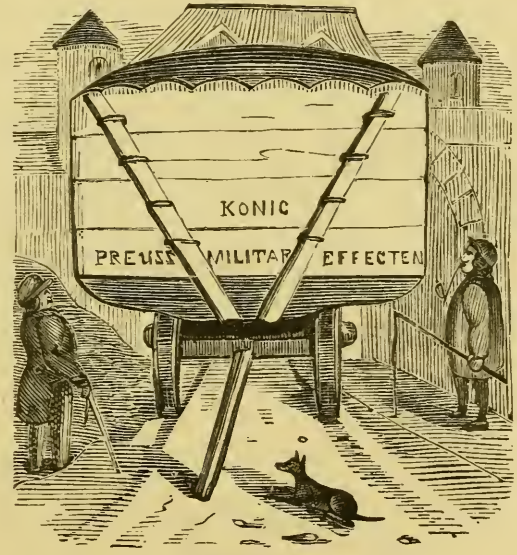
Luckily I have seen this illustration of Markham's, and made a sketch of it; and will now attempt to describe the toilsome and tedious operation. The Big Man with the Big Stick goes first; then comes Staggering Bob; and lastly, the Big Dog. In a very methodical manner the Big Dog jumps about from side to side of the calf; who with a natural doubt whether these gambols are not meant for its amusement, makes a dead halt, and indulges in an innocent stare at its four-footed companion. As this stops proceedings, the Big Man immediately begins to haul at the rope, as if he wanted to pull the poor creature's head off, which, of course, drags backward as lustily as it can. Thereupon the Big Man gives up pulling, and going to the rear, begins pushing with all his

might; but the only result is, that after tottering a step or two to the right or left, the Calf *jibs*, and suddenly appears with its head where its tail ought to be; namely, towards the place from whence it came. Bob has then to be turned, and put straight again; an operation of considerable difficulty; for during this manœuvre, the Big Dog sadly embarrasses matters, by jumping about and between both parties. Here then the Big Stick comes into play, which the Big Man shakes at the Big Dog, who scampers away some dozen yards, — the Calf, in a sportive fit, runs after him, — the rope winds round the two other calves, to wit, the Big Man's, — and the whole affair is in a tangle! "Potztausend!" but at last all is clear. Still the perverse Calf, though strictly brought up on Temperance Principles, persists in staggering from one side of the street to the other, and finally refuses to stir a foot at all; the Big Man gives it a poke with his Big Stick, and down it tumbles! So in despair the Big Man throws the 'live veal over his shoulder, — carries it till he is dead tired, — then puts the Calf on its own legs again, — then the Big Dog jumps about as before, — and then — *Da Capo!*

To resume, — I continued my queries to Markham, as to Prussia and its happy, free, proprietary peasantry. "Free!" said he; "how are they to be free, where no one else is, or can be, under the *Unitarian* rule of a single will? As for their happiness, you may judge yourself. Go into any of the villages that look so picturesque from the Rhine, — look in at an open door, and you will see a dark, dirty, squalid, comfortless room, hardly furnished enough to invite an execution. Ask yourself what makes the gaunt, sallow, toil-worn faces, that gaze on you from the window, so gloomily phlegmatic, — what renders the children about the streets so stunted, so spiritless, so prematurely old? On the Moselle, the proprietary peasantry are notoriously in a state of distress; and their wines, at a ruinous price, are bought up by the capitalists. But a remedy has been discovered," said Markham, with a bitter smile; "they are to give up wine-growing, and breed silk-worms! This notable plan has been strongly advocated in the 'Rhein-und-Mosel Zeitung,' with grave calculations of the great value of the raw material, and its still greater value when manufactured into satins, sarcenets, and gros-de-Naples. Only two points have escaped these sages: mulberry-trees are

not of remarkably rapid growth, and how are the poor peasantry to subsist in the mean time? But supposing the trees full-grown, the worms hatched, fed, transfigured, and enclosed in myriads of cocoons, is it not probable that the same untoward causes and commercial obstacles which denied them a profitable market in the wine trade, will be equally adverse to the sale of their silk? Besides, Moselle wine is only grown on the Moselle; whereas, in the other article, there will be a competition. But the system is in fault, not the commodity; and when a man does business on a losing principle, it is all one whether he deals in figs or in tenpenny nails!"

In our progress from the market, we arrived at a small square, in the midst of which stood an extraordinary vehicle, that, except for the inscription, might have been taken for a Mammoth's travelling caravan. On measurement, it was nine (German) feet wide and thirty-six long. Markham pointed at it with great glee. "That unwieldy machine," said he, "was



A BROAD JOKE.

the invention of one of the military contractors, a Mr. Bohne, or Bean, who ought to be called Broad Bean for the future. A fortnight ago it left Berlin, with eleven thousand schakos,

two thousand of which it has delivered by the way, at Erfurt and Mayence; the rest are bound to Luxemburg. The Germans have a proverb, that, if you can get over the dog, you can get over his tail; but in the present case the hitch was comparatively at the tail. The monster machine had got over the greater part of the journey, when it stuck in the gate of Baccharach, stopping the eil-wagen, the extra-posts, and every other carriage in its rear. Next, it was two whole days in getting through, or rather round, Boppart, for it had to be taken to pieces, and to circumvent the town by water, — and now here it is, with a few more such difficulties between itself and its ultimate destination. However, the thing carries a moral. Goethe charged the English with want of reflection, that they did not look backward enough; and here is a proof that the Germans do not sufficiently look ahead; in short, whilst our object is pace, and our only cry is 'Hark, forward!' they are perpetually trying back, with a cold scent, towards their great-grandfathers and grandmothers."

There! You have had a tolerable course of Markham; but you will be interested in the tone of his mind, as well as in the course of his fortunes. He afterwards took me up to Ehrenbreitstein, where we met with a friend of his, Captain Walton, an Englishman by birth, but in the Prussian service. On comparing notes with this gentleman, it came out that I was familiar with several of his friends in Kent; and from what I heard of him, it is likely that we shall be intimates. From the Fortress, we proceeded to view an ancient Roman tower in the vicinity, where I picked up a hint for the story you will find enclosed. Love to Emily from

Yours ever truly,

FRANK SOMERVILLE.

THE LAST OF THE ROMANS.

A TALE OF EHRENBREITSTEIN.

The night was breezy and cloudy, but the moon was at full, and, as the opaque vapors flitted across her silver disk, that grand mass of rock and masonry, "the Broad Stone of Honor," gleamed fitfully or frowned darkly on the valley beneath. On the right rose the mouldering, slender, round tower, of Roman origin; on the left, the wind moaned through the waving poplars on the height of Pfaffendorf; below, lay the snugly sheltered Thal Ehrenbreitstein, beyond which the broad, rapid Rhine reflected the red and yellow lights of the opposite city of Coblentz.

The hour was late, for Germany; and the good Pfarrer Schmidt, aided by the steep descent, was stepping homeward at a good round pace, when suddenly a sound struck on his ear like a groan. He instantly paused to listen, and distinctly heard a rattling, which, to his surprise, seemed to come from the ancient Tower, and in another minute a tall, stalwart figure came stumbling down the dilapidated steps of the old gray building; and, staggering like a drunken man towards our wayfarer, addressed him with a few words, in one of the dead tongues. The language, however, was not unknown, for it was the same in which the good pastor repeated the offices of his religion, — wherefore, replying to the stranger in Latin, they entered at once into discourse. But the conversation had not gone far, ere, suddenly recoiling three or four steps backward, the priest began to mutter and cross himself with the utmost fervor. And little wonder; for, by help of a glance of the moon, it was plain that the figure had no kind of clothing on its body, save an old rusty cuirass, which, with the extraordinary tenor of its last question, — "And how fares the noble Cæsar?" — sufficed to convince the astonished priest that he was communing with either a resuscitated Roman, or a Roman Ghost!

At so awful a discovery, it is natural to suppose that the priest must have immediately taken to flight; but, in the first place, he had a strong belief in the efficacy of the exorcisms and other spiritual defences with which he was armed; and,

secondly, terror, which acts variously on different individuals, seemed to root him to the spot. In the mean time, the figure, folding its arms, turned from side to side, cast a glance at the dark modern citadel, then at the opposite fort of Pfaffendorf, and then, muttering the word "Confluentia," took a long, long look across the glittering river. Again and again the apparition rubbed its eyes as if doubtful of being in a dream. At last, arousing from this reverie, the figure again addressed the pastor with great earnestness, at the same time laying its hand upon his arm. The action made the priest start and tremble excessively; but by a very sensible pressure, it served to convince him that the figure, whatever it might be, was not merely a phantom. Wonder now began to mingle and struggle with fear, and by degrees getting the mastery, the priest, after a devout inward prayer, took courage, and by a sign invited the stranger to accompany him towards his home. The figure immediately complied, — and walking parallel with each other, but with a good space between, they began to descend the steep, the priest noticing with secret satisfaction, as the moon shone out, that his mysterious companion, like a solid body, threw a distinct shadow across the road.

Arrived at the parsonage, which was not far distant, the pastor conducted his strange guest into his study, and carefully closed the door. His next concern was to furnish his visitor with decent garments; and, with much difficulty and persuasion, the ancient was induced to put on a modern suit of black. For some considerable time neither of them spoke a word, each being absorbed in the same occupation of gazing and marvelling at the other; and remembering that the host was a Catholic priest of the nineteenth century, and the guest a contemporary of Julius Cæsar, it is easy to imagine that they mutually found matter enough for admiration to tie up their tongues. But at last, the stranger breaking the silence, they again engaged in discourse, which was long and earnest, as needs must have been, where one party had to be convinced that he had been dead and buried above a thousand years. However, the hasty observations he had made on the altered aspect of Confluentia and its vicinity, helped to confirm the Roman that only a vast lapse of time could have wrought the great changes he had remarked. In reply to the priest, he said that he was a Centurion, by name Paratus Postumus, of

the 22d Legion, who had accompanied Julius Cæsar in his second passage across the Rhine to make war on the Catti. That he was subject to fits, and had once or twice been on the point of premature interment whilst he lay in a trance. Thereupon, as if recollecting himself, he suddenly started up on his feet, and eagerly inquired for the nearest temple, that he might go and offer up his grateful vows for his wondrous revival. Such a question made the pious pastor look extremely grave, and he again crossed himself very fervently, on being thus vividly reminded that the stranger introduced beneath his roof was in verity a heathen! However, on reflection, he comforted himself with the hope of the glory that would accrue to himself and to his church, by making so miraculous a convert; and to this end, after giving a rapid sketch of the decline and fall of Paganism, he began to unfold and extol the grand scheme of Christianity, according to the interpretations of the Council of Trent. But to this latter part of his discourse, the Roman listened with impatience, and finally ceased to listen at all. The downfall of his own multifarious faith, — the destruction of its temples and altars, under Constantine, alone engrossed his thoughts, and, to judge by the workings of his rugged countenance, gave him singular pain and concern. For some time he remained buried in meditation, but at length suddenly raising his arms towards heaven, and lifting his eyes in the same direction, "O great Jupiter!" he exclaimed, "it cannot be! There must be some relics of that glorious theogony still left upon earth, — and I will wander the whole wide world through till I discover where they exist!" So saying, he pointed to the door with so stern a look, that the trembling priest, giving up all hope of his miraculous convert, was fain to obey the signal, which was again repeated at the outer gate. For a moment the figure paused at the threshold, and then, after a gracious expression of thanks, strode forth into the blank darkness, and disappeared!

* * * * *

Years had rolled away, and in their course had wrought further changes on the Rhine and on its banks. Shooting past the slow barge, with its long team of horses, toiling against the stream, the gay smoking steamboat now rushed triumphantly

up the arrowy river, freighted with thousands of foreigners, who haunted the healing springs, the vine-clad mountains, the crumbling fastnesses, and romantic valleys of the lovely provinces. The pious Pastor Schmidt, now old and infirm, was one evening sitting dozing in his ample and high-backed elbow-chair, when the door of his little study abruptly flew open, and, uninvited and unannounced, an unceremonious visitor stepped boldly into the room. The eyes of the good Priest were somewhat dimmer than aforetime, but a single glance sufficed to recognize the unmistakable Roman features of the Centurion. He was clothed, however, in a costume very different to the old suit of black: and his countenance had undergone a still greater alteration than his dress. Instead of the stern, settled melancholy that had darkened it at the close of his former visit, the expression of his countenance was now complacent, and even cheerful. After mutual salutations, being both seated opposite to each other, the Centurion began as follows, — not, however, in Latin, but in passable German: "Holy father, congratulate me! As I predicted, my ancient religion, in some degree, is still extant!" The Pastor pricked up his ears. He was a bit of an antiquarian, and a classical scholar to boot, and the announcement of the Pagan Polytheism being still in existence raised his curiosity to the highest pitch. "Was it in India, in Persia, or by the Egyptian Pyramids; in Numidia; at Timbuctoo; amongst the savage islands of the Pacific; or in Peru, the country of the Incas?" "Father," replied the Centurion, very coolly, "I have not travelled out of Europe." The Priest was dumbfounded. Except one portion devoted to Mahomet, the whole spiritual empire of that quarter of the world was divided, he knew, between the Greek Patriarch, the Levitical Priesthood, Luther, and the Pope. The Centurion continued: "You told me, I think, that the people called Christians worship only one God?" The Priest nodded an assent. "But I tell you they have almost or quite as many gods as we had in our ancient mythology." The Priest stared, and shook his head. "Yes, I tell you," said the Centurion, vehemently, "their altars and rites are as various, their divinities as numerous, as our own. Look, for example, at Britain." "The English are Protestants and heretics," said the Priest, making the sign of the cross. "But they are Christians," retorted the Centurion.

"Yes, and as such," said the Priest, "they worship the same God that I do, — the one and indivisible, — whatever mortal errors otherwise belong to their doctrines." "At least, so they profess," said the Centurion. "But tell me, is the Deity whom one sect bows to in reality the very same that is reverenced by another? No, verily, — with one God there would be but one worship, offered up in the same spirit!"

"Alas! alas!" said the pious Pastor, "it was the accursed schism of Martin Luther that led to such discordances! After separating from the holy Mother Church, the fallers-off became again split and subdivided amongst themselves!"

The Centurion took no notice of this lamentation, but resumed his discourse. "I have visited their temples, I have stood before their altars, I have witnessed their rites, and listened to their doctrines, and what wide diversities do they all present! In one temple, I heard groans and yells and female shrieks; in a second, a full-toned organ, and melodious choristers; in a third, I heard nothing, not even a word, and was I to blame if I looked round for a statue of Harpocrates? Then, again, in one temple I saw infant children sparingly sprinkled with water; in another, grown men and women were wading up to their chins in a sort of Frigidarium, or cold bath. Under one sacred roof the votaries leaped and shouted like the Bacchantes and Corybantes; in a neighboring fane, they stood, and sat, and knelt, by turns, with the steady uniform precision of soldiers at drill. In one rustic temple, standing amidst the fields, they played upon fiddles, oboes, bassoons, flutes, and clarionets; in another, in North Britain, Euterpe was dethroned, and all musical instruments were accounted profane, except the human larynx and the human nose. Then the sacred buildings themselves, how different! Here a very Temple of the Muses, adorned with painting and sculpture, and the most gorgeous architecture; there, a sordid structure, as plain and unadorned as a stable or a barn. Even the priests displayed the same incongruities. One wore an elaborate powdered wig and an apron; another, the natural hair combed in long lank locks down the forehead and cheeks. Some prayed uncovered, some in a broad-brimmed hat; here prayed a minister in a white robe, yonder prayed another in a black one; a third wore his every-day clothes. In short, there was no end to these varieties."

"It is even so," said the Priest, shaking his gray head. "So many heresies, so many new modes. Yet these are mostly external matters. Whatever the form may be, the worship of all Christians is offered up to the same one and indivisible God!"

"The same! one and indivisible!" almost shouted the Centurion. "Tell me, and as thou art a religious man and a Christian Priest, answer me truly: Is it the same universal God that the parish pauper must only address from a wooden bench, and the proud noble can only praise from an embroidered velvet cushion? Is it the same Providential Being that the lowly peasant thanks for his scanty, hardly-earned daily bread, and the rich man asks to bless his riotous luxury and wasteful superabundance? Is the merciful Father, of whom the weeping child on bended knees begs the life of its sick and declining parent, the same, the very same, as the God of Battles invoked by the ambitious conqueror, on the eve of slaughtering thousands of his fellow-men? Is the Divine Spirit, who gave his only Son in atonement for the sins of the whole world, the same God of the Gospel, whose name is paraded as the especial Patron of exclusive pious factions, — of uncharitable bigots and political partisans? Is there anything in common between the fierce, vindictive Creator wrathfully consigning the creatures he has made to everlasting and unutterable torments, as depicted by the gloomiest of fanatical sects, and the beneficent Jehovah, silently adored by the Quaker, as the God of peace and good-will towards men? Is it the same Divine Author — " "Enough, enough," interposed the Priest, with a deprecating wave of the hand. "Nay, but answer me," said the Centurion. "Have I described one God, or many? In the list I have only partly sketched out, can you find nothing answerable to our plurality, — to Plutus, to Mars, to Mercury, and Jupiter Tonans? Is the Christian Deity indeed one and indivisible, or made multiform, like Jove of old, by the separate impersonation and worship of his various attributes?"

"You have at least broached a curious theory," answered the Catholic Priest, with great placidity, for his own particular withers were as yet unwrung. "But where," he asked, "would you find your great hosts of inferior deities, — your Dii Minores, your demi-gods and demi-goddesses and the like?"

"Where!" cried the Centurion, — "where else but close at hand? They are only disguised under other names. For instance, we had our Vertumnus and our Pomona, the patron of orchards; our Bona Dea; Hygeia, the goddess of health; Fornax, the goddess of corn and of bakers; Occator, the god of harrowing; Runcina, the goddess of weeding; Hippona, the goddess of stables and horses; and Bubona, the goddess of oxen. Now, we need only go into the Eifel — "

"Sancta Maria!" exclaimed the Priest, reddening to his very tonsure; "do you mean to adduce our blessed saints!"

"Exactly so," replied the calm Centurion. "They are your Dii Minores, your demi-gods and demi-goddesses, and so forth, answerable to our own, and appointed to much the same petty and temporal offices. Have you not St. Apollonica for curing the toothache, St. Blaize for sore-throats, and St. Lambert for fits? Is not St. Wendelin retained to take care of the cows and calves, and St. Gertrude to drive away rats?"

The indignant Priest could bear no more: it was like being compelled to swallow the beads of a rosary, one by one. "Anathema Maranatha!" he exclaimed, in a paroxysm of anger. "Accursed pagan! libellous heathen! Begone! You shall no longer profane my dwelling! Hence, I say!" and extending his arm to give force to the mandate, the venerable Pastor thrust his attenuated fingers into the flame of the candle, and started up broad awake!

TO REBECCA PAGE.

Dear Becky, —

Thenk hevin the storm I tould you of has blowed over; but I believe I may thank master for it, who was so kind as say I mite turn a Turk or a Hottenpot, if so be it agreed with my conshense. As for missus, she looks grumpy enuff at my new devotions — but let her look, I may n't always be her servent to be tride xperiments on, as was the case this blessed morning. Complaining, as usual, of her weak state of nerves, she was advized by Mrs. Markhum to try the Rine Baths, as

being verry braceing; and missus was so considderrit as to let poor me make the fust trial. The Baths are kep in a floting house, witch is made fast to the Rine Bridge, of boats; and a pretty rushin and rampagin the river makes between them, like a mill race. But there was no help for it, as bathe I must; and was all crudling, and shakin, and shiverin in the tearing could water; when before one could say lawk deliver us, a nasty grate barge come spinning down the river, and by sum mismanigement the towin rope hung too low down, and jist ketching the Bath House, wipt off the hole roof in a jiffy! There was a hawful crash, you may suppose; and at that very minit I had duckt my head under, and wen I come up agin, lo, and behold! there was nothin at all up abuv, xcept the bare sky. In course it was skreek upon skreek from the other rooms; and thinks I, if tops comes off, so may bottoms, and in that case, down sinks the floting bath, and were all drownded creturs as sure as rats. So out I run on to the bridge of boats, jist as I was, with nothin on but my newdity; but decency 's won thing, and death 's another. The rest of the bathing ladies did the same; and some of them, pore things, fainted ded away on the boards. Luckly, none of the mail sects was passing by, for xcept won Waterloo blue bonnit, we were all in a naturalized state, like so menny Eves. Most fortunately, it was a hot sunny day, or we mite have kitcht our deths; howsumever, I was gitting more composed, wen hearing a tramp, tramp, tramp, I turned round my hed, and wat should I see but a hole rigment of Prushian sogers a marchin over the bridge. In such an undelicate case, staying was out of the question, so I giv a skreech, and roof or no roof, it was won generil skuttle back into the littel house. Then sich a skramble and hudling on of our close, there was n't a lady but looked as if her things had been put on, as the saying is, with a pitchfork! As for the ones in fits, the bath pepel carrid them back; and as the best and shortest way of bringin them to, popped them into the water agin, witch had the effect. Thenk gudness, there was no wus harm done; but Catshins says, wen the roof was took off, I ought to have crost meself; and to be sure, so I ought, as well as Sanctus Marius, instead of O Criminy!

So much for bathin afore missus. For my part, I don't admire boat bridges. Give me good iron or stone wons,

like Southwurk, or Rochistir. Ony the other day, a grate misguidid raft of wood driv agin the pinted end of an iland called Over Work, witch split the raft in two; so one half came down by the rite side of the iland, and the other by the left; and betwixt them, they broke and carried away both ends of the Rine Bridge; and there was a pore old woman and her cow, witch mite have been me, a dancing about, well ni crazy with frite, on the bit of bridge as was left in the middle of the river! Yesterday, Catchins took me to visit at her old place; being twelve o'clock, the fammily was jist going to dinner, and so I saw the hole preparation. First there was soop, and Catshins said, the cook said somebody said as how the English soop was so pore, it was obleeged to be disgized and flavioured up with pepper and spice; but I tould her, Lord help her, I never see any soop in England, but wat, wen could, was a perfect jelly, as might be chuckt over the house. Howsumever, I tasted the Germin soop, and thinks I, there 'd be jist as much taste of the meat, if a cow had tumbled into the Rine. Then came the beef, with iled butter and sowr sarce; and tell cook at home if she wants a new ornimentle dish, I 'll be bound she never thort of a bullock's nose in jelly. For wegetables, small fried taters, and something green, as looked like masht duck weed, besides a hole truss of sallet; and instead of a fruit-pie, a flat cherry-tart, almost as big as a tebord. As for the servents, the best part of their dinner was ould cowcumbers, as had crawled on the ground till they was as yeller underneath as a toad's belly, — sliced up in winiger and shocking bad ile, along with monstrashious big inguns. To be sure, they do feed very queerly. Catshins says, her missis was ill laterly, with the morbus; and the fust thing she begged for in the eating way, was a veal cutlit, and a lot of bullises stewed in sour wine! As for desert, they eat plums by the bushell, and pounds upon pounds of cherris; and wat 's more, swallow the stones!

Talkin of dinners, please God if I ever settle in Germiny, there 's three things I 'll have out from England, a warmin pan, a plate-warmer, and a knife-board; for the knives here are never sharpt, and as we say of dill-water, are so innocent, you may give them to a new-born babby without the least danger. But lawk, if you was to send them out things, they

don't know the rite use of them, and most likely they would fry pan-cakes in the warmin pan, and make a pantry of the plate-warmer, jist as they fetch water for drinkin in a tin pail, as is painted red on the inside, and green on the out. Nothing 's used in its proper way. When we cum to the lodgins, I found in the drawing-room a square painted tin basket, exactly like an English bread-basket, and ever sinse I 've put the rolls in it, but wen Catshins come, she said it 's to hold sand, and to be spit into, — wat a forrin idear!

All together I should n't like to be a Germin servent; but I 'm sadly afeard I shan't stop long where I am. Missus gets very cross, and seems to think I never do enuff; but if she was in my shoes she would find I have more work than I can do, what with my new religion, and gitting all the he and she saints by heart; and to be taught nitting; and practise waltzing and singing, and learn Germin besides, witch is very puzzling, for they say ve for we, and wisy wersy.

The grate Sham Fites is begun, and I 've been to the Larger, as it 's called, witch is full of shows and booths, and partikly wooden taverns and publick howsis, three to one.

But the pitcht wite tents is a bewtiful site in the middle of a wide plane, with the blue mountings all round. I went with a party in a waggin, the same as to Fairlop Fair, and was very cumfittable till the cumming home, wen a Germin tailer, overtook with snaps, went to sleep in the bottom of the waggin with his lited pipe amung the straw. A pretty frite it was! for the straw flamed up, and we were all obleeged to bundle out neck and crop. Thenk providens there was no personable axident, xcept to the yung man his self, who, when he sobered, was dredfully put out to diskiver his faverit curl and all his back hare was singed off his head.

Now I must stop for want of candle, and besides Catshins snores so she puts me out. Give my luve to every boddy in Becknam, not forgetting yourself, and so as the Cathlicks say, Bendicity from

Dear Becky,
Yures luving Frend,
Martha Penny.

P. S. — I 've begun to confess a little, namely, going to the Germin Ball in Missis's silk stockins. But I could n't quite unbuzzum. But in course me and the Priest will get more confidential in time.

TO GERARD BROOKE, ESQ.

My dear Gerard, —

You must have wondered at the unusual pause in my correspondence, and I will at once proceed to show cause. Ten days ago, my uncle, after so many false alarms, was taken ill in earnest, without any warning at all. Just after breakfast, he was seized with violent cramp, or spasms, in the chest and stomach, and for some hours was in great pain, and even some peril. Very much against his will, for he persisted that nobody but Truby understands his constitution, we called in medical advice, and as the case was urgent, sent for the doctor next at hand.

Now that the danger is over and gone, it is curious to

recall how much farce was mingled with proceedings that seemed so serious at the time. The Ex-Patient himself laughs heartily whenever he speaks on the subject, and especially of his medical treatment, which he says will be "nuts to Truby, when he gets back to Kent."

The truth is, however, the philosophers and professional men of this country relish a despotic government, they are particularly fond of placing themselves under the tyranny of a ruling idea. Hence all kinds of extravagance. As Markham says, "A German is not content to take an airing on his Hobby in a steady old gentlemanly sort of way. He gives it a double feed of metaphysical beans, jumps on its bare back, throws the bridle over its ears, applies his lighted pipe to its tail, and does not think he is riding till he is run away with. At last, the horse comes to some obstacle, where there is a great gulf fixed. He naturally refuses to leap; but not so his master. No true German would give a doit for a ditch with a further side to it; so down he gets, takes a mile of a run, swings his arms, springs off with 'one bound that overleaps all bounds,' and alights on his head, quite insensible, somewhere 'beyond beyond.'"

Their physicians afford striking examples of this ultraism. Thus Hahnemann, having hit on the advantage of small doses, never rested till he had reduced them to infinitesimals. In the same manner, Herr Bowinkel, having convinced himself that bleeding, in some cases, is improper, ends by scouting Phlebotomy altogether; whilst Herr Blutigel, in the next street, arrives at quite the opposite extreme, and opens every vein he can come at with his lancet. In short, your German is fond of fiddling, *à la* Paganini, on one string.

One of these empirical professors it was our fortune to call in to my uncle, in the person of Doctor Ganswein, who, after a very cursory inquiry into his patient's malady, pronounced at once that it was a case for the Wasser-Kur. How this cure was to be effected you will best understand from a conversation which took place between the physician and my aunt. I must premise that my aunt began the colloquy in French, as it was taught in Chaucer's time at Stratford on Le Bowe; but after having puzzled the doctor with sundry phrases, such as "son habit est si plein," meaning, "he is of such a full habit," she betook herself to her mother-tongue.

Aunt. And as to his eating, doctor?

Doctor. Nichts; noting at all.

Aunt. And what ought he to drink?

Doctor. Kalt Wasser.

Aunt. Would it be well to bathe his feet?

Doctor. Ja —— mit Kalt Wasser.

Aunt. And if he feels a little low?

Doctor. Low? — vat is dat?

Aunt. Out of spirits; — a little faint like.

Doctor. Faint, — ah! — So? — you shall sprinkle at him wiz some Kalt Wasser.

Aunt. And nothing else?

Doctor. Ja —— I shall write something (*he writes*). Dere! you shall send dis papier to de Apotheke in de Leer Strasse, almost to de Rondel. Your broder shall drink some flasks of Kissingen.

Aunt. Kissingen — what's that? Is it any sort of wine?

Doctor. Wein! nein! It is some sort of Kalt Wasser.

Aunt. O, from the baths!

Doctor. Ja! ja! — it shall be goot to bath too, — in Kalt Wasser. (*To my uncle.*) Sare, have you read my leetle boke?

Uncle (*in pain*). What's it — about, — doctor?

Doctor. De Heilsamkeit of de Kaltes Wassers. I have prove de Kalt Wasser is good for every sickness in de world.

Uncle. Humph! What for, — water in the head?

Doctor. Ja — and for wasser in de shest. And for wasser in de — what you call him? de abdomen. It is good for every ting. The Kalt Wasser shall sweep away all de Kranken, all de sick peoples from de face of de earth!

Uncle (*to himself*). Yes, so did — the Great Flood.

Doctor Ganswein had no sooner taken his leave, than my uncle called me to the bed-side. "Frank, — I've heard before — of wet-nurses, — but never of — a wet doctor. It's the old story — of the prescription that was nothing — but aqua pumpy. He must n't come again. I shall be drowned — before I'm cured. Nothing but watering, watering, watering. Egad! he takes me for a sick Hydrangea!"

Having prevented any *relapse* of Dr. Ganswein, it became necessary to find a successor; and by the advice of our bankers, I sent for a Dr. Wolf, who was making a temporary

stay in Coblentz. This selection, however, was anything but palatable to my aunt: two of the strongest of her prejudices rose up against a physician, who was not only a foreigner, but a Jew; his mere name seemed ominous: and, unfortunately, with a very unprepossessing physiognomy, his manners were abrupt and repulsive. I suspect *he* also had a hobby of his own; for one of his first questions to his patient was, whether he had ever tried a Mud Bath, — a boggy remedy, of which you may read in Dr. Granville's account of the German Spas. "What 's a mud bath?" inquired the patient. "It is," said Dr. Wolf, "for to be in some black mud up to your middle." "If that 's it," replied my uncle, "I 've had it of a dirty day — in the streets of London. And I can't say — it was any benefit."

On our return to the drawing-room, the physician made his report. His patient's disorder, he said, originated in overfatigue, the disarrangement of ordinary habits, a strange climate, unusual diet, a cold, perhaps, and the want of the necessary quantity of sleep. Knowing, by experience, that such evils are apt to beset travellers on the Rhine, I was quite satisfied; but my aunt was more inquisitive. "Hist!" said the doctor significantly, laying his forefinger on the side of his nose; and then, with more than common mystery, he drew her aside into a corner. "Good heavens! is my dear brother in any danger?" "He is quite so bad as one can wish," answered the doctor, with a series of solemn little nods. "Hear to me," — and he fixed his black eyes on the changing face before him, — "is your broder rishe? have de mosh moneys?" To my apprehension, this question merely had reference to the recommendation of some expensive baths; but it met with a darker interpretation from my aunt. "It is rather a singular question," said she, "but my brother is what is called an independent gentleman." "Dat is goot, — ferry goot," said Dr. Wolf, nodding, winking, rubbing his hands, and looking very well pleased. "Now hark to me," — and he approached his mouth to her ear, — "whilst he is so bad in his bed, you shall rob him." "WHAT!" exclaimed my aunt, in such a voice that the ringing monosyllable seemed to echo from every side and corner of the apartment. "You — shall — rob him," repeated the doctor, still more distinctly and deliberately, — "you shall rob his chest." My aunt looked petrified. "Do

not you understand me?" asked the dreadful doctor, after a pause. "I am afraid I do," said my aunt, giving a sort of gulp, as if to swallow some violent speech, and then hurried into the adjoining room and locked herself in. The doctor followed this manœuvre with his hawk-like eyes, which, when the door closed, he turned upon me: but before I could attempt any explanation, he snatched up his hat, made me a low bow, and with a shrug that said as plainly as words, "those unaccountable English!" he bolted out of the room and down the stairs.

When he was gone I could not resist a laugh, which was hardly suppressed by the reappearance of my aunt, who, after an anxious look round the chamber, to make sure of the absence of the detestable doctor, cast herself down on the sofa with a fervent "Thank God!" "Frank! what a monster! Wolf by name and wolf by nature: did you hear what the wretch proposed to me?" and she launched off into a tale so ludicrously distorted and colored by her own extravagant suspicions, that I could hardly preserve my gravity. "But I foretold it," she said, "from the very first glimpse of him! There was villain stamped in his face. Did you ever before see such horrid cunning eyes, or hear such an artful insinuating voice? Now I think of it, he is the very picture —" She was stopped by the entrance of Martha with a bottle of medicine, which her mistress had no sooner inspected than the expression of her countenance changed from indignation and disgust to vexation and mortification. "It's really very provoking!" she exclaimed. "So very absurd! How uncommonly annoying! But it's all his own fault for not speaking better English;" and handing to me the explanatory vial, I read as follows:

"Esquier Orchardt,
For to rob him with on the chest."

Thanks, however, to Dr. Wolf and the robbing, or a sound constitution, my uncle recovered, and is now as well as ever. In the mean time, the grand military manœuvres commenced under the eye of the Prince Royal. Verily it was playing at soldiers on a royal scale, some 15,000 troops being collected for the purpose, much to the inconvenience of the town and villages where they were quartered, and still more to their own

discomfort in camp, where, owing to the heavy rains, there was a considerable mortality from a disorder which led to a police bull of excommunication against all plums. As a military spectacle, taking into account the number of performers, the extent of the theatre, and the magnificent scenery, it was superb. By rotation, it should be represented at Coblentz once in eight years; and in consequence of the great expense of paying for the damage in a cultivated country, it was said the piece was never to be repeated: nevertheless the show attracted scarcely any of the natives, excepting the day when the Prince Royal was present: some few travellers from our own country, a half-dozen of English and Hanoverian officers and ourselves, were the only spectators. To a novelist, who might have occasion to describe the operations of warfare, even such an experience would have been invaluable: enhanced as the mock battles were by a most picturesque country. For my own part, although a civilian, I took an extreme interest, akin to that of the chess-player, in these manœuvres, the purport of which I tried to penetrate, but with little success, as might be expected, not merely from my ignorance of the science, but from the intricate and difficult nature of the country. The commander-in-chief was the governor of the Rhenish provinces, — the veteran General Von Borstell, who, in addition to his high reputation as a cavalry officer, nobly proved his *moral* courage, during the War of Liberation, by refusing to obey the order of Marshal Blücher for the decimation of a Saxon regiment. For such conduct there is no earthly decoration: and therefore, having received all the orders which his country, or rather his sovereign, has to bestow, the brave, able, and humane General Von Borstell must look forward for the most precious and enduring of rewards, for the best and brightest act of his life, from the King of kings.

As might be expected, several real casualties occurred during the sham warfare; and on the last day there happened an accident peculiar to these manœuvres. As only half charges are allowed, the excited soldier, who wishes to make a little more noise, puts a load of earth or gravel into his musket. Sometimes, probably, a worse motive comes into play: however, we had just turned homewards, whilst the victors of the day were firing their *feu de joie*, when on the brow of a hill we saw a poor fellow, sitting under a tree, with his jacket off, and the

blood flowing down his arm. He had been shot, a minute before, with a stone, above the elbow, and was in the hands of the regimental surgeon. My aunt immediately insisted on having him into the carriage, a proposition which the doctor embraced with gratitude and avidity, as otherwise his patient must have been jolted two or three leagues in a common cart. So, supplying my aunt with some drops, in case the man should faint, the surgeon ran off to fresh claimants on his services; in fact we saw four or five of the common soldiers drop down from exhaustion, like dead men, by the side of the road. A little damped to reflect that these instances of human suffering had occurred on merely the *play-ground* of the "School of War," we returned to Coblentz, and delivered up our unlucky charge at the Military Hospital. "I do hope," said my uncle, "the King of Prussia will double that poor fellow's smart-money; for if anything can be galling to a soldier, it must be to have all the pain and disablement of a wound without any of its glory."

You are not aware, perhaps, that *every* Prussian subject must be a soldier, consequently there can be no serving by substitute as in our militia. One morning, whilst listening to the performance of the capital military band, I was addressed in tolerable English by one of the privates, who inquired how I liked their army. He was a master baker, he told me, in Oxford Street, and at the earnest entreaty of his father had left his rolls for the roll-call, his basket for a musket, and his fancy bread for brown tommy, in order to serve his two years, and avoid the forfeiture of his civil rights. Instances are on record, of individuals (Stulz, the celebrated tailor, I believe, for one) who, having realized fortunes abroad, were seized on their return to Prussia, treated as deserters, or sent into the awkward squad. Even the schoolmasters do not escape, but are compelled to join the march of body with the march of mind. As an *indulgence* they have only a six weeks' drill, — how different to the six weeks at midsummer of our schoolmasters! — but then in that time they are expected to become proficients. What a weary time it must be for the poor pedagogues! Fancy a sedentary usher, summoned from his professional desk, round-shouldered, stooping, shambling, suddenly called upon to unlearn all his scholar-like habits, and learn others quite the reverse, — to hold his head very much

up, to draw his back very much in, to straighten his arms, stiffen his legs, and step out, instead of his own shuffle, at so many strides to the minute. Imagine him stuck up as a sentry on gusty Ehrenbreitstein, or more likely undergoing an extra drill, in marching order, for wool-gathering, with a problem of Euclid, and wheeling to the wrong-about face instead of the right! Verily it must seem to him like a bad dream, a doleful piece of somnambulism, till convinced of the hard reality by finding himself thrust, instead of his late sober academical coat or gown, into a Prussian blue jacket, with red collar and cuffs, and feeling behind, instead of the flowing philosophical locks, the bald *regulation* nape.

Pray comfort with this outlandish picture your neighbor the graduate of Oxford, who used to complain so bitterly of the irksomeness of drilling little boys in Latin and Greek. A schoolmaster's business in Hampshire may be a sufficient trial of Christian patience; but what is it to the complex duties of these schoolmasters abroad? Instead of his annual vacation, let him suppose himself, as a respite from teaching, being taught — to drum! Let him conceive himself planted, with his noisy parchment, and two brass-headed sticks, practising day after day, hour after hour, his monotonous rub dub dub, rub dub dub, under the walls of Ehrenbreitstein! Even as a listener, I have been so disgusted with this wearisome Tambour-work, that I have quite prayed for a little Flosculous Relievo!

On the parade I met the Captain, who told me that his regiment — an infantry one — was under orders to return to its proper locality, Prussian Poland. Perhaps there was some inspiration in the martial music, but the thought struck me of joining company, at least as far as Berlin. The Captain caught at the idea, and as my uncle makes no objection to my absence, the whim is likely to prove more than a freak of fancy. At least, I am seriously on the lookout for a horse: so as to have no more foot exercise than may be agreeable. As the marching-order has not long to run, my next will probably be dated from quarters, for I shall give you a sketch of my military promenade.

This morning, as usual, I strolled about with Markham, and, Englishman-like, I proposed, on passing the hotel, to walk in and look at the newspapers. "Newspapers!" said

he; "you will find none here but the 'Rhein-und-Mosel Zeitung,' and I can give you a tolerable idea of the contents beforehand. First, the king has graciously been pleased to confer on Mr. Bridge-toll-taker Bommel, and a dozen other officials, the 'Adler' order of the fourth class. Messrs. Kessel and Co. have erected a steam-engine of two-horse power; and the firm of Runkel and Rüben have established a manufactory of beet-root sugar. Then for foreign news, there are half a dozen paragraphs on as many different countries, — our own amongst the rest, probably headed 'Distress in Rich England,' and giving an account of a pauper who died in the streets of London. As to local intelligence, the Over Burgomaster has ordered the substitution of a new post for an old one, in the Clemens Platz, and a fresh handle to the pump near the Haupt Wache. A sentimental poem, a romantical tale, and the advertisements, fill up the dingy sheet." In fact, on entering the saloon of the hotel, such a meagre-looking, fog-colored journal as he had described was lying on the dining-table. Markham took it up and glanced over it. "Yes, here they are, the list of Eagle orders and crosses, and the foreign paragraphs. From Italy, Professor Crampini gives his opinion on an ancient pan. From Spain nothing, — for affairs are against Don Carlos. From Greece, King Otho has displaced a native functionary, and put a German in his place. From Russia, the distinguished reception of Baron Hoggenhausen at the Imperial Court. From Austria, that Strauss has composed a new waltz. From Saxony, the price of wool, and a proclamation of some petty sovereign, who, having no transmarine possessions, ordains that all vagrants, beggars, and vagabonds in his dominions shall be transported beyond seas. From England — zounds! — is it possible that Englishmen have allowed a namesake of the immortal Shakespeare to go ragged about the streets! To be sure the bard himself has asked 'what is there in a name?' — and, on the principle implied, we ought to hang the very first Patch or Thurtell that came in our way. There is no sentimental poem in this number; but there *is* a romantic story, and it well illustrates the exaggerated notions of English wealth, which, to the natives, serve to justify a dead-set at their pockets. What do you think of this? A lady residing in Euston-square, New-road, loses her only child, a little girl. The afflicted mother adver-

tises her in the papers, and offers as a reward — how much do you think? — only 50,000*l.* per annum, a mine in 'Cornwales,' and 200,000*l.* in East India shares."

"Are you serious?" I asked. "Perfectly; it is here, every word of it. Finally, there are the advertisements, some of which even are characteristic, — for instance, Mr. Simon, the notary, offers fifty dollars for the discovery of the parties who last night broke into his garden and stole and mutilated his statue of Napoleon; and a lady promises a reward to the finder of a bracelet, containing the locks and initials M. J. — P. von F. — R. I. D. — L. A. — C. de G. — P. P. — A. von N. — and J. St. M."

I forgot to tell you, that on a former visit to the hotel, I found sitting at the table, with as long a face as he could make of a round one, our fellow-traveller the Cockney; being by his own contrivance a détenu. Having as usual delivered up his passport at Cologne, he persuaded himself that the printed Dampfschiff document he obtained at the packet-office was something equivalent to the police permit; and only discovered the error on arriving at Coblentz. "So here I am," said he, "kicking my heels, till my passport comes upwards from Cologne;" and then added, in a genuine Bow-bell voice, "Well, arter all, there 's no place like Lonnon!" He now told me of a subsequent adventure. By one of those unaccountable mistakes which happen amongst "foreigners on both sides," he became included in a shooting-party, at a grand battue, in the woods of Nassau. Cockney-like, he provided himself for the occasion with a great dog, of I know not what breed; but pointer or mastiff, the animal was equally out of place and rule. However, the master was permitted to retain the beast on condition of keeping him at heel, which he effected by tying Bango with a string to the buttonhole of his trouser-pocket. In this order our Cockney was planted, at a convenient post for shooting down an avenue, at whatever game might pass across it. For some time nothing stirred, but at last there was a rustle of the leaves, and a fine hare scampered along the path. Away went Bango after the hare, and away went a huge fragment of kerseymere after Bango, leaving the astonished sportsman in even a worse plight than Sterne, when he treated the starved Ass to a maccaroon! "If ever I shoot again," said he, "it shall be round Lonnon: they 're up to the thing there, pinters and all."

Apropos of sporting, the example of Markham and his friend has brought angling into fashion with some of the officers of the garrison. Amongst the rest we found a captain of engineers, making his maiden essay on the banks of the Moselle; but he complained sadly of the shyness or inappetence of the fish, which had refused even to nibble, although for the last two hours, as he took the trouble to prove to us by pulling up his line, he had been fishing at the bottom with an artificial fly! The only drawback to the amusement is the fall of large stones, not meteoric, but projected by the first idle Coblentzer of the lower class who may happen to pass by. To such a pitch was this nuisance carried, that the military piscators were obliged to post men to intercept and punish the runaway offenders. "I can only account for so malicious a practice," said Markham, "by supposing that, as the amusement is English, the low-born are infected with the same petty jealousy as their betters occasionally exhibit towards our country, from Prince Pückler Muskau, down to Mr. Aloys Schreiber. But you have not perhaps seen the latter's sketch of the English in Baden? I have entered his description of an Englishman in my pocketbook, for fear of meeting one without knowing it. Here it is: —

"'If you meet a man in a great coat that reaches down to his ankles, wide enough to enclose a whole family, and with pockets, in each of which a couple of folios might be concealed, its wearer having a careless gait, and taking notice of nothing so much as of himself, it is, without doubt, an Englishman. If he quarrel with a coachman about his fare, and with an ass-driver about his drink-money, be sure it is an Englishman.'

"Now for a companion picture. If you meet a man in a frock-coat as glossy as if it had just come through a shower of rain, with pockets big enough to hold a bale of tobacco in one and a gas-pipe in the other, — its wearer strutting with an indescribable swagger, so full of himself that there is no room for sour-krout, beyond question he is a German. If he catches up his umbrella and his precious meerschaum, leaving his wife and child to scramble after him as they may, be sure he is a German. If he has a little cross, or a snip of haberdashery at his buttonhole, and a huge ring on his ungloved forefinger, you may set him down as an Aulic Counsellor into the bargain. If you see a young lady — But no, I will not

imitate Mr. Schreiber in his want of gallantry to the daughters of the haughty '*Isle of Shopkeepers*,' a phrase borrowed from England's bitterest enemy, and therefore sufficiently expressive of the *animus* of the ungrateful Guide-Book-man towards so great a majority of his Courteous Readers."

"THE POMPS AND VANITIES OF THIS WICKED WORLD."

As you are a meteorologist, I must not omit to inform you, that during our walk we had an excellent sight of a water-spout. It came down the Moselle, and at first seemed a whirlwind of dust, in the midst of which some unlucky jackdaws were flapping about in a very bewildered manner. In a few seconds the dust or vapor cleared away, and the water-spout made its appearance, extending from the water to a vast height in the clouds, where it terminated in a ragged funnel-shape, like the untwisting strands of a rope. Against the black sky behind it, the general resemblance was to a long, narrow gray ribbon, bellying a little before the wind, with several smaller curves towards the top, as if from different

currents of air. In this order it crossed the Rhine, rather deliberately, where, surging against the bank, it caught up a wash of linen, — as it had previously carried off some skins from a tannery, — and, passing to the right of the fortress, was lost to sight behind the hills. It had scarcely disappeared, when, at an exclamation from Markham, "There 's a screw loose in the sky!" I looked up, and saw a long black cloud slowly revolving, parallel with the earth, and pointing with its sharp end — the other was almost flat — to the course taken by the other phenomenon. We have since heard that the water-spout dropped the linen and leather, and expended itself, after trifling damage, not far distant from Ems.

And now, as the Convólvulus says to the setting sun, it is time for me to close. How I wish, Gerard, you could stand beside me, rod in hand, some fine evening, on the banks of my favorite Lahn! But as it cannot be, I send you a sketch instead.

Dear love to Emily from
Yours ever truly,
FRANK SOMERVILLE.

THE LAHN. — AN ECLOGUE.

PICTOR AND PISCATOR.

Pis. STAY! here we are, at the likeliest place on the whole water. Come, put together your rod.

Pic. O my friend, what a sweet picturesque river is this you have brought me to! But surely one of the worst for angling in the whole world!

Pis. Nay, you shall find passable sport here, I warrant you. There be good perch herein, and chub of an arm's length, and barbel; and, what is better, as you are a tyro, not shy and suspicious, like the experienced fish in your well-angled English streams, but so greedy and simple as almost to catch themselves. The Germans, however contemplative, are no followers of the gentle art.

Pic. My friend, you mistake me. My speech aimed not at the fish or the water, whereof I have had no trial, but at the beautiful scenery, which will distract me so, I shall never be able to watch my float or my fly. What feudal ruin is that which overlooks us from the top of the bushy hill?

Pis. It is called Lahneck, and belonged aforetime to a commandery of Teutonic knights. But come, make ready your tackle; for here is a notable place at this rapid, where the current rushes and eddies amongst the large stones.

Pic. Now I am ready. But by your good leave, being only a beginner, I will use a worm rather than a fly.

Pis. At your own pleasure. For my part, I prefer to fish at the top. Look! I have one at the first cast! — a huge chub! A rare struggle he makes at the outset, but he hath a faint heart at bottom: anon you shall see him come into the landing-net as tame as a lamb.

Pic. How beautifully it comes out —

Pis. Ay, doth he not?

Pic. — against yonder dun-colored sky! Then all those gray tints and verdant stains! And those little feathery flying clouds!

Pis. They run very large here. You may hear them chop at the flies and chafers like a dog! And though they be reckoned elsewhere the very worst of dishes for the table, let me tell you in this country, where they do not get fish from the great deep, a chub is a chub, as the saying is. I make bold to say, I shall obtain store of thanks from some good woman of a house for this same loggerhead.

Pic. Of course, there is a tale to it?

Pis. A what? — a tail? It would be a rare sort of fish without one.

Pic. I cry you mercy! I was thinking of the old feudal castle and some marvellous legend. There must needs be some romantic story about it amongst the rude peasantry. How beautifully the light plays upon the crisp fragment! Marry, 't is quite a picture! I should like prodigiously to take such a one.

Pis. And so you would, — provided you would bait as I do with a 'live chafer or a white moth. But hist! I have him! A still larger chub than the other!

Pic. It must be many centuries old!

Pis. How? I did not know the chub was so long-lived, But perchance you were thinking of a carp. In the moats at Charlottenburg there be carps so venerable that their age is unknown; and the moss has grown on their backs. But see, — you have a bite: your float is gone half-way across the river!

Pic. Truly, I was gazing another way. Lo! here he comes: it is a fine perch.

Pis. They are caught here of four and five pounds weight, and especially nearer to Ems; for they delight in the warm springs which thereabouts bubble up in the very midst of the Lahn. But here comes an old fisherman from the village. How he stands and stares at our prey, with his mouth in a round O, as if he would take a minnow!

Pic. What is the aged man discoursing of, with such a vehement gesture and emphatic voice, in the German tongue?

STICKS AND STRIKES.

Pis. He says he is gospel-sure we have some smell or some spell to our bait beyond the natural, — seeing that he hath fished here the two last days all through without a fin! And little marvel, for his tackle is a German hook like a meat-hook,

and a line like a clothes-line, wherewith, if he entice a fish, he throws it clean over his head. But, look again to your cork!

Pic. Pish! — 't is only a very young perch.

Pis. Nay, — a Pope or Ruff. Some naturalists opine, forsooth, that on being hooked, this same fish is seized with a sort of fit or spasm, which gives him the lockjaw. But he bites far too boldly to be troubled with such weak nerves. But, say they, when he is hooked he shuts up his mouth, which is contrary to the practice of fishes in the like case. And truly, when he hath once gotten the bait, instead of gaping like an idiot, or a chub, or a child with a hot morsel of pudding, he doth indeed shut up his mouth, as much as to say, "What I have got, I mean to keep;" and so locks up his jaws, and holds on like a bulldog. But for a fit from fright, — not he! Just look at his face, full front, how determined and desperate is his physiognomy! How fiercely he stares with his big black eyes, — for his temper is up as well as back-fin! Verily, if he resemble a Pope at all, it is Pope Leo and not Pope Innocent.

Pic. Ay, truly, it is part and parcel of Popery: but it makes a pretty object in the landscape!

Pis. What object?

Pic. The little Popish chapel yonder, on the crest of the mountain. O my friend, I thank thee most heartily for bringing me to angle in so fair a scene. How serene it is! — and how much more silent for the presence of that ancient ruin, where so much riot hath been aforetime! How largely doth an old castle, that hath made a noise in history, enhance the present peace! Should we feel half so still or so solitary if there had never been those Knights Hospitallers, dwelling aloft, with all the shoutings of warfare and revelry, but presently dumbfounded by Time? Where now is the bold German baron, with his long line of ancestry —

Pis. He 's gone, — a murrain on him! — line and all!

Pic. Eh! What?

Pis. The heaviest chuckle-headed fellow, with such a length of gut!

Pic. The bold German baron!

Pis. No, — a chub. a chub! But stop! I see it, — he 's entangled. If haply I can but leap on to that biggest stone —

Pic. How audibly the fishes are splashing and floundering in their disport! The sun is sinking beyond the Rhine. O my friend, look at the beautiful cool tone of that gray mountain; then the dark reflection of the village and its trees in the glowing water, — the feudal castle on the other hand, — half in shade, — and then these rocky stones in the foreground — But — grace be with us! — what hath chanced to you?

Pis. Chanced, — why I have fallen into the Lahn! And the while you were poetizing I have helped myself out again! Fie, what a watery figure I am!

A WATER KELPY.

Pic. Beautiful! Nay, stop, — pr'ythee do not stir, — pray, pray, pray, stay as you be!

Pis. What for?

Pic. For one mere single minute. There! Just so. With the low setting sun glowing behind, and all those little jets and liquid drops, each catching the golden light —

Pis. A plague on it! Am I standing here, dripping, for a water-color picture? Come, put up, put up, and let us back to our inn. I must beg of our civil host to befriend me with a dry suit, and to chain up the big dog!

Pic. It will be well. But wherefore dismiss the poor dog? He was very gentle and friendly to us as we came hither. Of all animals I do love a dog!

Pis. And so do I too — in my own proper plumes. But one day a poor piscatory friend of mine fell into this same river, and was so furnished with dry clothes by our host; but after snuffing awhile and growling about his legs, the big dog flew at our unlucky angler, and with much ado was hindered from stripping him of the borrowed garments.

Pic. What marvellous sagacity! How I should like to see it tried! It would be a study for a picture! — The staunch Hound springing at Conrad of Montserrat!

Pis. I' faith I thank you heartily. Come, let us be stirring. A frize on it! How the fishes are rising!

Pic. What dainty colors on those changeful clouds! Well, fare thee well, feudal Lahneck! with thy visions of Teutonic knights —

Pis. There must needs be trouts here!

Pic. — with helmeted heads, and gauntlets on their hands —

Pis. In the season, haply, even salmon swim up this river, from the Rhine.

Pic. — with an ancient minstrel before them, twanging melodiously on the harp! Nay, but stop — stop — stop!

Pis. What hath miscarried?

Pic. Nothing — but, an it please you to walk a little more slowly — to let us enjoy the scene. How the creeping shadows steal over the prospect, at every moment producing a new effect! Do look at those sportive swallows dipping into the sober-tinted wave, and producing a coruscation of burning light on ring and ripple! How soothing this stillness! How refreshing, after the noontide heat, this cool evening zephyr!

Pis. Ay, with a dry shirt, and unducked nether garments! But here is the ferry-boat; come, step in. Honest Charon, there is a goodly chub for thy supper, and pr'ythee thrust us speedily to the other side. Gentle, pretty country damsels, wherefore huddle so far away from me, like a flock of timid sheep? I am but a wet man, not a wicked one. Moreover, if you crowd so to one side of the boat — ah, say I told you so! —

[*The ferry-boat heels on one side, fills, and is swamped. Fortunately the river is low, and nobody is drowned.*

Pic. (*Looking round him, up to his neck in water.*) What a subject for a picture! What a singular effect!

TO PETER BAGSTER, ESQ.

My dear Peter, —

To prevent more funeral condolements and mistakes, as you may have heard some rumor of my illness, this is to say, I am alive and well. But I have had a very serious attack; so bad indeed, that I begin to think that my constitution cannot be so sapped and weak as I supposed; or how could it have held out, not only against the disorder itself, but the German doctoring of it, which, to my mind, was the most trying and dangerous of the two? But I shall save all the medicals for Truby when I get home to Kent. At any rate, to be candid, as an honest man ought to be, even at my own expense, the notion of my going off in a moment is quite settled, for if anything could bring on sudden death, eight-and-forty hours of pain and fever were quite sufficient for a warning. Whereby you may gather that I have changed my opinion about my case; so let the doctor crack his fingers and cry out that it was all through him and his advice to go up the river Rhine.

While I am on the subject, I ought to say that poor Kate has derived benefit as well as myself, and is a young girl for spirits compared to what she was; though mayhap she would not own to it herself, being at present in a terrible taking at what she calls a domestic misfortune, which has quite driven poor George out of her head. The same being the sudden conversion of her maid, Martha, into a papist, and such a zealous one, that she crosses her mistress as well as herself a hundred times in a day.

For my part, Peter, setting aside servants and the like, and considering only the poor and destitute orders, instead of blaming their ignorance and superstition for their being Roman Catholics, I almost wonder how they can be anything else. Having had the opportunity of studying the subject abroad by going into foreign churches and cathedrals, as well as the wretched dwellings of the lower people, it's my firm belief that their religion may be laid more to their poverty than to their ignorance. Suppose a poor old German woman, in a dark, dirty, cold room, without fire, without candle, and

even the chirp of a cricket, by way of company. She puts on her ragged cloak, totters fifty yards, and there she is in a comfortable, cheerful church, well warmed and lighted up like a general illumination. She sees priests in magnificent brocaded robes, great gold and silver candlesticks, and shrines and chapels shining with jewels, — mock or real is all one, — rubies, amethysts, topazes, emeralds, sapphires, and so forth; things which even some of her betters are apt to connect with the treasures of Heaven and the glories of the New Jerusalem. She hears a fine organ, finely played, and chosen singers, with voices like angels, chanting hymns in an unknown tongue. I mean no disrespect to the religion in saying it 's as good to her as the Italian Opera in London. Then she enjoys the smell of frankincense, and the sight of grand pictures, and statues, and carvings, and, above all, there is the Virgin Mary in royal robes, with a crown and pearls, and velvet, and ermine, like a Queen of this world, and the poor old woman in her tatters has as free access to her and as long audience as the greatest court lady in the land. Is it any wonder if such a poor creature goes by choice to a church, which along with the bodily comfort she wants at home, lets her share for a while in those pleasures of sight and hearing and so forth, for which she had senses given to her by the Almighty, as well as the rich and noble of the earth?

Now in England, old friend, we make the church as unattractive, to such a poor, ancient body, as we can. We stick her in a cold aisle, on a hard bench, and take no more pains to please her other senses. We bid her, forsooth, admire the plain, unadorned simplicity of the Protestant religion. But the lady in the hat and feathers has been to the Theatre, the Opera, Concerts, Exhibitions, and Balls, or Routs, six days of the week, and instead of any denial, may feel it a relief on the seventh to sit in a quiet church, and listen to its simple service. Not that I wish our temples to be turned into oratorios, or picture-galleries, or stages for showy spectacles, — all I want is fair-play for the lower classes. If such gratifications as the Catholic churches afford to them are out of character with our own Protestant places of worship, the poor people ought, in justice, to be allowed to enjoy them elsewhere. But instead of that, what do we do? We shut up our tombs and monuments; set a price on St. Paul's and the abbey; our saints

shake their heads at anything like a public ball or concert in humble life; and our magistrates put down the cheap theatres, as if Tom and Jerry, at a penny a head, was twelve times more immoral than Tom and Jerry at a shilling. To my notion, such a system is more likely to produce Catholics than Protestants; and, what is likelier still, to make the lower classes of no religion at all. It's just like learning, which no boy in the world would take to if you sent him to a school without a playground.

Frank, who has made acquaintance with a captain in the Prussian service, went off this morning by diligence to join the regiment on its march to Berlin. He ought to have left Coblentz in company, but was taken ill. He nearly lost his start by the coach, for when the time came, the German maid who ought to have waked him and prepared his breakfast,

"I BIDE MY TIME."

was snoring comfortably in her bed. But the Germans, both men and women, in such cases, are wonderfully phlegmatic. I have been told of a pig-driver who brought a porker across the Rhine, during a hard frost; the moment the porker got

out of the boat, he laid himself quietly down in the snow, and instead of rousing him, the fellow coolly lugged out his flint and steel, lighted his pipe, and patiently smoked over the pig till he chose to rise of his own accord. Kätchen had no pipe; but she had some other source of philosophy, for when told that her young master had almost lost his place, she only shrugged her shoulders; and when informed that he had quite lost his breakfast, she only shrugged them again.

I have some thoughts of going up the river Rhine, as far as Schaffhausen, to see the famous waterfall; but much will depend on the weather at Frank's return. This is singing rather a different tune to my former ditties; but I know, old friend, you will be well pleased that such warnings were fancies and not facts, with

Dear Peter, your old and faithful friend,

RICHARD ORCHARD.

TO GERARD BROOKE, ESQ.

MY DEAR GERARD, —

Now for some account of what Mrs. Headrigg would doubtless have called her military "experiences." The most eligible horse I could pick up was one which had carried an engineer officer at the grand manœuvres; which I purchased for about 15*l.*, — trappings and all. A Prussian military cloak, with a quiet blue collar instead of a red one, happened to match the saddle-cloth, as regulation, and made me so far complete. But, as the French say, the first step is all the difficulty; and when I ought to have stepped out of Coblentz with my friend the captain and his 10th company, I was lying in my bed with a blister on my chest, whilst my nag went without me, like the "chief mourner" at a dragoon's funeral. The captain left me the route, in case I should be able to join, which at last I effected. My uncle proposed posting, but, being no disciple of Zimmermann, I preferred the Eilwagen, — and, thanks to the insouciance of our German maid, who lay *dreaming* of making my breakfast, I was literally "sent empty away."

Starting on a fine fresh morning, and ascending the breezy hills in the rear of Ehrenbreitstein, it was not long ere I began to feel the cravings so keenly described by the hunger-bitten heroes of Spanish romance. Scenery went for nothing: I could see no prospect but that of a *déjeûner*, which Schreiber's Guide promised me at the end of the stage. German travelling is proverbially "dooms slow," but, compared with my *fast*, it seemed slower than usual; but there is no inducing a royal postilion, for the king is universal coach-owner, to go any quicker to suit his "insides." It appeared an age ere we arrived at Ems, which like literal M's, seemed to my fancy to stand for Mocha and Muffins. At last, we stopped at the door of some hotel, ample enough to furnish a public dinner. "How long do we stay here?" "Ten minutes, sir." "Good: a roll and a cup of coffee." And to save time, the refreshments were paid for beforehand. Good, again. But five long minutes elapsed, then six, then seven, and, at the eighth, came the roll and the cup of coffee, boiling hot, — with a jug of boiling-hot milk; — there ought to have been a boiling-hot cup and a red-hot spoon. The roll might be pocketed, —but the coffee could not well be poured in after it, *à la* Grimaldi. In the mean time, the posthorn kept blowing, but without making the beverage any cooler: pshaw! — the trick was palpable and provoking, and a few warm words might have fallen naturally from a scalded tongue. But the contrast between the paltriness of the fraud and the magnificent saloon in which it was perpetrated, had something in it so ludicrous that I got into the coupé again in tolerable good-humor. I have since heard that such tricks upon travellers are so common, as to have been made the foundation of a German farce; and, truly, to a flying visitor they are but fly-bites which he gets rid of with a cursory d—n and a blast of the horn; but, as Markham says, when cheating and extortion come home to you as a resident, and become part of your fixtures, you have occasion to read, on week-days as well as Sundays, in the book of Job.

Turning my back on the inhospitable hôtel (de Russie?) I beheld my beloved Lahn, and could not help exclaiming, "O ye Naiads, can the scalding, parboiling springs uprising in the very middle of your native stream, be so repulsive to you, as the presence in this pretty valley — meant for silence, solitude,

and sweet thoughts — of pride, pomp, vanity, the frenzy of gambling, and all the hotter passions of human nature?"

As for health, if there ever was such a goddess resident at Ems, she must have long since been scared away by the infraction of the sanitary rules. For instance, you are not to eat fruit; which, by the practice at the Speisesaals, seems interpreted into a gluttonous license to eat everything else, in any possible quantity. You are to keep your mind calm and unruffled, — towards which, you are supplied with public and private gaming-tables; you are not to worry yourself with business, — but invited to make a business of pleasure at everlasting assemblies and balls. The whole thing is a profitable hoax on pretended temperance principles. The very preparation for taking the waters (vide Schreiber) ought to prevent your having any occasion for them, — namely, exercise, plain diet, abstinence from hot wines, or stimulative drinks, — early rising and bedding, and command of your passions; in short, when you are fit to go to Ems, you need not leave Piccadilly. The rules pompously given out for your regimen at any of the great German watering-places are, in the main, quite as applicable to Norton Folgate or Bullock Smithy. If, — "there is much virtue in that if," — if a man could dismiss all thoughts of business that are bothering, all ideas of pleasure but what are innocent, — if he could forget that he has a head except for pleasant thoughts, or a stomach for wholesome things, — if he would not over-walk, over-ride, over-watch, over-sleep, over-eat, over-drink, over-work, or over-play himself, to my fancy he would be a fool to leave the blessed spot, wherever he might be, for any watering-place but Paradise and the River of Life.

On quitting the Lahn, the beauty of the scenery dwindles like a flower for want of *watering*, and you enter on a lumpy-bumpy-humpy country, which is the more uninteresting as, in getting over this "ground-swell," you do it at a walk. German horses object to go up hill at any other pace; and German postilions prevent their trotting or galloping down, — by which hearse-like progress we at last looked down on the slated roofs of Langen Schwalbach or "Swallow's Brook." Whereby hangs, an't please you, a swallow tale.

THE FLOWER AND THE WEED.

A LEGEND OF SCHWALBACH.

"YES," said Mr. Samuel Brown, gently closing the book he had just been reading, and looking up cheerfully at the ceiling, — "yes, I will go to Germany!"

Mr. Samuel Brown was an Englishman, middle-aged, and a bachelor; not that the last was his own fault, for he had tried as often to change his state, and had made as many offers, as any man of his years. But he was unlucky. His rejected addresses had gone through nearly as numerous editions as the pleasant work under the same title; his heart and hand had been declined so frequently, that, like the eels under another painful operation, he had become quite used to it. It was even whispered amongst his friends, that he had advertised in the *Herald* for a matrimonial partner, but without success. As he was well to do in the world, the obstacle, most probably, was his person; which, to tell the truth, was as plain and commonplace as his name. Be that as it may, he was beginning in despair to make up his mind to a housekeeper and a life of celibacy, when all at once his hopes were revived by the perusal of certain book of travels.

"Yes," said Mr. Samuel Brown, again opening the volume wherein he had kept the place with his forefinger, "I will certainly go to Germany!" and once more he read aloud the delightful paragraph, which seemed to him better than the best passage in the Pleasures of Hope. It ran thus: —

"*It is this, said one of the ladies, which makes the society of foreigners so much too agreeable to us. A mouth uncontaminated by a pipe may win with words, which, if scented with tobacco, would be listened to with very different emotions.*" *

"So much TOO agreeable," repeated Mr. Samuel Brown, briskly rubbing his hands with satisfaction, — "an uncontaminated mouth; why, I never smoked a pipe in my life, not even a cigar! Yes, I *will* go to Germany!"

A single man, without encumbrance, is moved as easily as an empty hand-barrow. On the Saturday, Mr. Samuel Brown

* Mrs. Trollope's Western Germany.

locked up his chambers in the Adelphi, procured a passport from Mr. May, got it countersigned by Baron Bülow, engaged a berth in the Batavier, sailed on Sunday, and in thirty hours landed at Rotterdam. The very next morning he started up the Rhine for Nimeguen, thence to Cologne; and, again, by the first boat to Coblentz. To most persons the greater part of this water progress is somewhat wearisome; but to our hero it was very delightful, and chiefly so from a circumstance that is apt to disgust other travellers, — the perpetual smoking. But Mr. Brown enjoyed it; and with expanded nostrils greedily inhaled the reeky vapor, as a hungry beggar snuffs up the fumes of roast meat. If anything vexed him, it was to see a pipe standing idle in a corner of the cabin; but he had not

"LA BELLE VUE."

often tha annoyance. If anything pleased him, it was to see a jolly German, with an ample tobacco-bag gayly embroidered, hung at his buttonhole, puffing away lustily at his meerschaum. But his ecstacy was at its height when, on entering at night the

Speisesaal of the Grand Hôtel de Belle Vue, he found above a score of cloud-compelling Prussians smoking themselves and each other, till they could scarcely see or be seen.

The seventh day found Mr. Samuel Brown established at Schwalbach, — a selection he had prudently made to avoid any rivalship from his countrymen. In fact, he was the only Englishman in the place. It was the height of the season, and the hotels and lodging-houses were full of guests, old and young, sick and well, gay and sober, gentle and simple. What was more to the point, there were shoals of single females, beautiful Fräuleins, German houris, all ready of course to listen to a foreigner so much too agreeable, and with lips never contaminated by a pipe. The only difficulty was, amongst so many, to make a choice. But our Samuel resolved not to be rash. To ask was to have, and he might as well have the best. Accordingly, he frequented the promenades and the rooms, regularly haunted the Weinbrunnen, the Stahlbrunnen, and the Pauline; and dined, in succession, at all the public tables. In the mean time, he could not help noticing, with inward triumph, how little chance the natives had of gaining the hearts of their fair countrywomen. A few, indeed, merely whiffed at a cigar, but nine tenths of them sucked, unweaned, at that "instrument of torture," a pipe. He saw officers, tall, handsome men, with mustaches to drive any civilian to despair, — but they had all served at the battle of Rauchen, — and in the Allée often verified the description by Mr. Brown's favorite authoress: —

"*The ladies throw their bonnets aside, leaving their faces no other protection but their beautiful and abundant hair. The gentlemen, many of them military, sit near, if a chair can be found; or if not, stand behind them like courteous cavaliers as they are; excepting (O horror of horrors!) they turn aside from the lovely group, and smoke!*"

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Samuel Brown, quoting to himself, — "*to expose these delicate sweet-looking females to the real suffering which the vicinity of breath infected by tobacco occasions, is positive cruelty!*" It was his topmost pleasure to watch such offenders; and when the operation was over, — when the tobacco-bag was bulging out one coat-pocket, and the end of the tube was projecting like a tail from the other, with what gusto used he to walk round and round the unconscious

German, sniffing the stale abomination in his clothes, in his person, in his hair! Better to him was that vapid odor than all the spicy scents of Araby the Blest: eau de Cologne, otto of roses, jasmin, millefleurs, verbena, nothing came near it. As a baffled fox-hunter once cursed the sweetest of Flora's gifts as "those stinking vi'lets," so did our wife-hunter choose to consider one of the nastiest smells in nature as the very daintiest of perfumes!

At length Mr. Samuel Brown made his election. The Fräulein Von Nasenbeck was of good family, young and pretty (a blonde), with a neat figure, and some twenty thousands of dollars at her own disposal. Why, with such advantages, she had never married, would have been a mystery, if Samuel's favorite book, which he always carried in his pocket, had not hinted a sufficient reason. "*In the same country, where the enthusiasm of sentiment is carried to the highest pitch, and cherished with the fondest reverence, the young men scruple not to approach the woman they love with sighs, which make her turn her head aside, not to hide the blush of happiness, but the loathing of involuntary disgust.*"

"Of course that's it," soliloquized the exulting Samuel, "but *my* lips have not been sophisticated with tobacco, and she will listen to volumes from me, when she would not hear a single syllable from one of your smoke-jacks!" The difficulty was to get introduced; but even this was accomplished by dint of perseverance; and, fortune still favoring him, one day he found himself tête-à-tête with his Love-Elect. Such an opportunity was not to be lost; so, thrusting one hand in his pocket, as if to derive inspiration from his book, and gently laying the other on his bosom, he heaved a deep sigh, and then began, partly quoting from memory, in the following words: "It's a pity, my dear miss, it's really a pity to witness *so glaring a defect in a people so admirable in other respects.*"

"It is how?" said the puzzled Fräulein.

"I allude," said Samuel, pointing to a group of Germans, "to your young countrymen. *To behold their youthful faces one moment beaming with the finest expression, and the next stultified by that look of ineffable stupidity produced by smoking, is really too vexatious!*"

"Ach!" ejaculated the fair Fräulein, with a slight shrug of her beautiful shoulders.

"Oh!" exclaimed Samuel in a passionate tone, pressing his right hand on his heart, and looking with all the tenderness he could assume at the young lady, — "Oh! that indeed is a face *whose delicacy is better fitted to receive the gales of Eden, than the fumes of tobacco!*"

"Did you never smoke yourself?" asked the Fräulein, in her pretty broken English.

"NEVER!" said Samuel, with as much solemn earnestness as if he had been disclaiming a murder. "Never! — and so help me God! I never will!"

The Fräulein dropped the cloth she was embroidering, and stared at the speaker till her light blue eyes seemed to dilate to twice their natural size. But she did not utter a word.

"No!" resumed Samuel, with increasing energy; "this mouth was never contaminated with pipe-clay, and never shall be! Never will I fumigate the woman I love with sighs that make her turn her head right round with disgust!"

"Do you tink to smoke is so bad?" inquired the Fräulein, with all the innocent simplicity of a child.

"Bad!" echoed Samuel. "I think it a vile, abominable, filthy, dirty practice! — Don't you?"

"I never tink of de matter at all, one way or anoder," replied the placid Fräulein.

"But you consider it a hateful, loathsome, nasty habit?"

"Habit? O no! For de Germans to smoke is so natural as to eat, as to drink, as to sleep!"

"At least," said Samuel, now getting desperately alarmed, "you would not allow a smoker to approach very near your person; for instance, to whisper to you, much less to — to — to embrace you, or offer you a salute?"

"Why for not?" inquired the lovely Fräulein, with unusual vivacity. "I have been so accustomed to since I was borned. When I was one leetle child — a bibi — mine dear fader did smoke whiles he holded me on his two knees. Mine dear broder did take his pipe from out his mouth to give me one kiss. Mine cousin, Albrecht, — do you see dis piece of work I am making?" and she held up the embroidered cloth; "dis shall be one tobacco-bag for mine good cousin!"

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Samuel, his voice quivering with agitation, — "born in smoke! nursed in smoke! bred in smoke!"

"It is all so, everywhere," said the quiet Fräulein.

"Once more!" cried the trembling Samuel. "Excuse me, but if I may ask, would you bestow your hand — your heart — your lovely person, on — on — on — on a fellow that smoked?"

THE BATTLE OF RAUCHEN.

"I am verlobt," murmured the pretty Fräulein, blushing and casting down her light blue eyes. "That means to say I am one half married, to my cousin Albrecht."

"Betrothed, I suppose," muttered the disappointed Samuel. "And — and other German young ladies?" he asked in a croaking voice, — "are they of the same opinions? — the same tolerant opinions as to smoking?"

"Ja wohl! — yes, certainly, — so I believe."

Poor Samuel could bear no more. Taking a hurried leave of the adorable Fräulein, he jumped up from his chair, dashed along the Allée, climbed the hill, plunged into the woods, and never halted till he was stopped by the stream. Then taking a hasty glance around to make sure that he was alone, he plucked

the fatal book from his pocket, and repeated aloud the following passage: —

"*Could these young men be fully aware of the effect this habit produces on their charming countrywomen, I am greatly tempted to believe that it would soon get out of fashion.*"

The next moment the leaf he had been reading from was plucked out, torn into a hundred fragments and scattered to the winds. Another, and another, and another, followed, till the whole volume was completely gutted; and then, with an oath too dreadful to be repeated, he tossed the empty cover into the Schwalbach!

In five days afterwards, Mr. Samuel Brown was back in his old chambers in the Adelphi, and in five more he had engaged a housekeeper and set in for an old bachelor.

At Schwalbach I dined with a solitary companion, who was carried into the room, like a child, and seated at the table. By his physiognomy he was a Jew, and in spite of his helpless, crippled condition, so good-humored and so cheerful, that I felt a blush of self-reproach and shame to think that, with good health and the use of all my limbs, I could be accessible to spleen or impatience. Ere re-entering the coach, which by rights should carry no outside passengers, I saw our merry Cripple carried up a ladder and deposited in a low chair of peculiar construction, which was fastened on the roof, and not a few jokes were bandied between him and the spectators on his unusual elevation. As soon as he was secured, the little, fat postilion raised his horn with its huge tassels to his lips, and after blowing till his red face turned purple and the whites of his eyes to pink, there came out of the tube a squeak so thin, so poor, and so pig-like, that I involuntarily looked round for the Schwein General, his huge whip, and its victim. Few persons would believe, on hearsay, from such an instrument, that the Germans are a musical people, or that there is a royal prize or pool of a silver watch, or the like, for the performer who "plays the best trump." To hear a postilion taking advantage of the long Rhine Bridge, where, by law, he must walk his horses, to play a solo on this impracticable instrument to the *mocking* echoes from the neighboring moun-

tains, you not only think that he must be a crazy Fanatico in music, but that his trumpet is *cracked* too.

Our postilion, however, whatever his merits on the horn, was a good, kind-hearted fellow, and paid great attention to his paralyzed passenger, repeatedly turning round in the saddle to point out to him what was worthy of notice on the road: at last, with a very justifiable pride in his country, he fairly pulled up on the summit of a hill called the Hohe Wurzel, which I presume to translate the Turnip Top, — commanding a superb view over the Rheingau, in all the glory of its autumnal coloring, and, like other beauties, greatly enhanced by its meandering blue veins, the Rhine and the Maine. I will only say of the view, that five minutes of it justified the whole tediousness of the journey. It was still glowing in my mind's eye when we entered Wiesbaden, where we suddenly passed under an archway, like those that admit you into the yard of some of our London inns. I was struck, on turning into the gateway, by the very hilarious faces of the bystanders; and finding, on alighting, a similar circle of grinning men, women, and boys, with their eyes cast upwards to the roof of the coach, I looked in the same direction, and saw our merry Cripple laughing, as heartily as any of them, and re-adjusting himself in his lofty chair. It appeared that his good friend the Postilion, unaccustomed to outside passengers, and doubly engaged in guiding his vehicle into the town, and blowing a flourish on his horn, had totally forgotten his lame charge on the roof, who only saved himself from destruction in the archway by an extraordinary activity in prostration! We left the *patient* Patient at Wiesbaden, most probably to make trial of the baths; and he had so won my heart by his sweet, cheerful resignation, that I could not help wishing an angel might come down and trouble the waters, like those of Bethesda, for his sake.

The mere glimpse I had of Wiesbaden produced in me a feeling the reverse of love at first sight. It looked to my taste, too, like an inland Brighton; and I was not sorry to get away from it by even an uninteresting road, lined with fruit-trees on each side. It was dusk when I arrived at Frankfort; so, having supped, I booked myself onward, by the night coach. The Prince of Thurm and Taxis, a sort of Postmaster-general, has here his head-quarters, and nothing could be

better than his travelling regulations, if they were only enforced. Thus by one article it is forbidden to smoke in the public vehicles, without the consent of the whole company, whereas, instead of regularly publishing the banns between himself and his pipe, I never yet knew a German proceed even so far as the first time of asking. Imagine, then, the discomfort of sitting all night with both windows up, and five smoking, or smoked fellow-travellers in an un-Rumfordized Eilwagen! Nothing, indeed, seems so obnoxious to German lungs as the pure ether, and I can quite believe the story of a Prussian doctor, who recommended to a consumptive countryman to smoke Virginian tobacco instead of the native sort, just as an English physician in the like case would advise a change of air.

I suppose it was the effect of the narcotic, but though I certainly breakfasted bodily at Saalmünster, my mind did not properly wake up till we arrived at Fulda, an ecclesiastical city, with a bishop's palace, a cathedral, and a great many beggars. The old religious establishments, like our old Poor Laws, indubitably relieved a great number of mendicants, but made quite as many more, — as witness, Fulda and Cologne. One little beggar had planted himself with his flute by the road-side, and, with a complimentary anticipation of English charity and loyalty, was blowing with all his might at "God Save the King."

And now for a little episode. One of our wheelers chose to run restive, if such a phrase may be applied to standing as stock-still as if you had said "Burr-r-r-r-r-r!" to him; which, by the way, is a full stop to any horse in Germany. The postilion could make nothing of him, for the Germans are peculiarly and praiseworthily tender of their cattle; so out jumped the conducteur, a little, florid, punchy man, and first taking a run backward, made a rush at the obstinate horse, at the same time roaring like a bear. That failing, he tried all the noises of which the human organs are capable; he hooted at the obstinate beast; he howled, growled, hissed, screamed, and grunted at him. He danced at him, anticked at him, shook his fist and his head, and made faces at him. Then he talked to him, and chirped to him. But the horse was not to be bullied or cajoled. So the little man, losing patience, made a kick at him; but owing to the shortness of his own legs, came

a foot short. Finally, he stood and looked at the brute, which unexpectedly answered; for when he had looked long enough, the horse began to move of his own accord. But the conducteur bore the matter in mind. The next stage, having a steep ascent to face, we had six horses to our team, and several persons alighted to walk up the hill; amongst the rest a Russian Baron and the conducteur. The latter, with an obstinate brute in his head, went straight up to the hedge, knife in hand, to cut a cudgel against the next stoppage, — but whether, wearing no blinkers, the six horses saw the operation, or whether, the German being a horse-language, they overheard and understood his threatenings, — before the little man could cut his stick, the animals cut theirs, and took the heavy Eilwagen up the hill at a gallop. Luckily they stopped near the top of the ascent, and allowed the Russian to run up, "thawed and dissolved into a dew," followed by the panting, puffing conducteur, but without his unnecessary bludgeon.

On reaching the crest of the hill, we had a fine view, across a woody ravine, of the castle of Wartburg; and, then, descending to the left, came under banks of such a ruddy soil, that I could not help exclaiming mentally, "Heaven shield us from the Vehm Gericht!" a secret tribunal, whose jurisdiction, you know, extended over the "Red Earth." Excuse the haberdashery phrases, but it was really maroon-colored, trimmed with the richest dark-green velvet turfs. In a short time we entered Eisenach, one of the most clean-looking and quiet of towns; yet it was a poor scholar of its free school, who had begged from door to door for his maintenance, that was doomed to out-bellow the Pope's bulls, and out-preach the thunders of the Vatican! From Eisenach, passing some of the neatest, cleanest, and cosiest brick-built cottages I have ever seen out of England, we rattled into Gotha, which verily seemed the German for Gandercleugh! It was market-day, and the whole town was in a hiss and a scream with St. Michael's poultry. Everybody was buying or selling, or trying to buy or sell, a goose. Here was a living snow-white bargain being thrust into a basket; yonder was another being carried off by the legs; a third housewife was satisfying herself and a flapping gray gander of his weight avoirdupois, by hanging him by the neck. Saxon peasant-girls were thronging in from all quarters, with baskets, like

our old mail-coaches, at their backs; in which dickey one or two long-necked anserine passengers were sitting and looking about them like other travellers in a strange place. The

BIRDS OF A FEATHER FLOCK TOGETHER.

females were generally fair, fresh-colored, and good-looking; and the variety of their head-gear, in caps, toques, and tur-

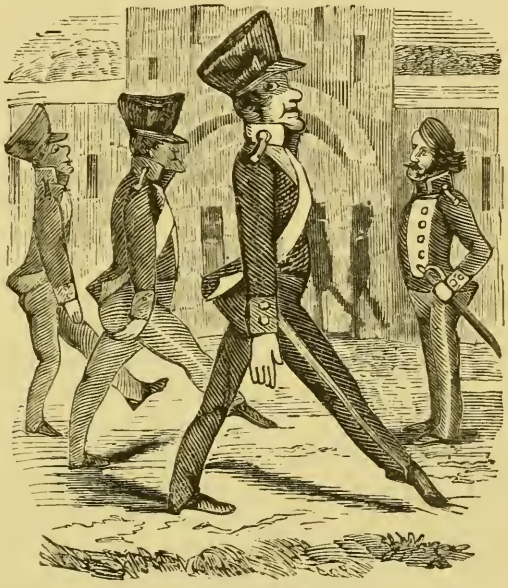
bans, was as pleasant as picturesque. Some of them were quite Oriental; and even a plain straw bonnet was made characteristic, by a large black cockade on each side.

I dined at Gotha, at a table-d'hôte. Just before the soup, a young Saxon girl came in, and modestly and silently placed a little bunch of flowers beside each plate. It seemed to me the prettiest mode of begging in the world; nevertheless, one ugly fellow churlishly threw the humble bouquet on the floor; an act the more repulsive, as great kindness to children is an amiable trait in the German character. How I wished to lay before him the chapter of Sterne and the Mendicant Monk!

A circumstance which occurred here caused me some speculation. Mine host, during the dinner, was at great pains to converse with me in my own language, but with little success. In the mean time the guests successively departed, save one, who, directly we were tête-a-tête, addressed me, to my surprise, in very good English. The same evening, another gentleman who had allowed me to stammer away to him in very bad German, was no sooner seated snugly by me in the coupé of the diligence than he opened in good Lindley Murray sentences, and we discoursed for some hours on London society and literature. Perhaps the police had on them a fit of "fly-catching," as subsequently we were detained for two hours by a very rigorous examination of passports. From some informality, my own was refused the visé; but I took the matter as the German doctor treated my uncle's symptoms, — "Has he any appetite?" None at all. "*Bon!* — Does he sleep?" Not a wink. "*Bon!* — Has he any pain?" A good deal. "*Bon!*" again. So I said *Bon*, too; and beg to recommend it to travellers as a very serviceable word on most occasions. Thenceforward, however, my conversable companion fought very shy of me; for he had been a refugee in England on account of his opinions, and had only just made submission, and been reconciled to the Prussian government. For my own part, I did not hear a single word on politics, from Erfurt to Halle, but a great many on the famous hoax of Sir John Herschel's discovery of Lunar Angels; a subject which, like any other, with plenty of moonshine in it, took amazingly with the speculative Germans.

On alighting at Halle, I found my friend the Captain at the coach-door, who speedily introduced me at the regimental head-quarters. The officers welcomed me with great warmth and friendliness; and I soon found myself seated beside a jovial bowl of Cardinale, and for the first time in my life in

an agreeable mess. On inquiry, I was quartered, where many a sheep and bullock had been, in Butcher Street, — where for sixpence, in a very decent bed, I had five hours of remarkably cheap, deep sleep. At four the next morning I rose, by trumpet-call; breakfasted, mounted, and between the tail of the 9th and the head of the 10th company of the 19th Infantry Regiment, was crossing part of that immense plain which



THE FIRST OF MARCH.

surrounds Leipzig. Ere we had gone far, one of our longest-legged lieutenants suddenly ran out of the road and brought captive a boy with a tinful of hot sausages. In a few minutes, his whole stock in hand was purchased off and paid for at his own price; and I was simple enough to be rejoicing in the poor fellow's lucky hit, and to take the glistening in his eyes for tears of joy, when all at once he burst into a roar of grief and blubbering, and sobbed out that he wished, he did, instead of a tinful of his commodity, he had brought a cartload! —

"Man never is, but always to be, blest."

If one could suspect nature of being so unnatural, the vast

flat we were traversing seemed intentionally laid out for nations to fight out their quarrels in; some idea of the extent of the plain may be formed from the fact, that at the great battle of Leipzig in 1813 the cannon fired on one wing could not be heard at the other. As we passed through the villages, my civilian's round hat caused some curiosity and speculation amongst the natives, all practically acquainted with what was the correct costume. One man called out, "There goes the doctor!" but from a certain gravity of countenance and the absence of mustaches, the majority set me down as the chaplain. At all events, so much of the military character was attributed to me, that the toll-keepers forbore to make any demand, and allowed me to decide that disputed problem whether cavalry can successfully cope with the *'pike*. The foot marched on merrily, occasionally singing, some fifty or so in chorus, in excellent time and tune; and about noon, at the little town of Brenha, near Bitterfeld, the regiment halted, — dismiss, — and in ten minutes not a soldier was visible in the streets. They were all dining or enjoying a sleep. Not being fatigued, I amused myself with a volume presented to the Captain by a clergyman at whose house he was quartered in Nassau. The worthy pastor had, no doubt, served in his youth, and, with a lingering affection for the "sogering" (a pattern rubbed in with gunpowder is not easily rubbed out again), had made a collection of German war-songs. The following, of which I give a literal translation, may, I believe, be attributed to his own pen. It smacks of the very spirit of Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim, and seems written with the point of a bayonet on the parchment of a drum!

LOVE LANGUAGE OF A MERRY YOUNG SOLDIER.

"*Ach, Gretchen, mein täubchen.*"

O Gretel, my Dove, my heart's Trumpet,
My Cannon, my Big Drum, and also my Musket,
O hear me, my mild little Dove,
In your still little room.

Your portrait, my Gretel, is always on guard,
Is always attentive to Love's parol and watchword;
Your picture is always going the rounds,
My Gretel, I call at every hour!

My heart's Knapsack is always full of you;
My looks, they are quartered with you;
And when I bite off the top-end of a cartridge,
Then I think that I give you a kiss.

You alone are my Word of Command and orders,
Yea, my Right-face, Left-face, Brown Tommy, and wine,
And at the word of command "Shoulder Arms!"
Then I think you say "Take me in your arms."

Your eyes sparkle like a Battery,
Yea, they wound like Bombs and Grenades;
As black as Gunpowder is your hair,
Your hand as white as Parading breeches!

Yes, you are the Match and I am the Cannon;
Have pity, my love, and give quarter,
And give the word of command "Wheel round
Into my heart's Barrack Yard."

In the evening I joined a party of officers, and played whisk, and then more cheap, deep sleep, — I fear it will cause a run upon the place to quote my bill; but dinner, supper, bed, and breakfast, seven groschen!!!

Trumpet at four. Rose and dressed in the dark; my own fault entirely, for giving the Captain a little bottle of cayenne-pepper, wherein his servant, unacquainted with the red condiment, groped with his matches for half an hour in the vain hope of an instantaneous light. After a longish walk, arrived at Kremnitz, a village near Grafenhainchen, where I found my dinner waiting for me at a country inn: the Captain quartered at Burg Kremnitz, three or four hundred yards distant. I soon had an invitation to the château. The baron was absent, but his major-domo or castellan treated us with great hospitality. It was a large country-house, with a farm attached to it: the first living object I met being a pig afflicted, poor fellow, with rheumatism, which I am apt to have myself, only I do not walk about on three legs, with my head stuck on one side. There was something in the plan and aspect of the whole place that vividly reminded me of mansions familiar to me in Scotland, and the impression was confirmed by the appearance of the castellan and land steward, who looked quite Scotch enough to have figured in a picture of Wilkie's. It

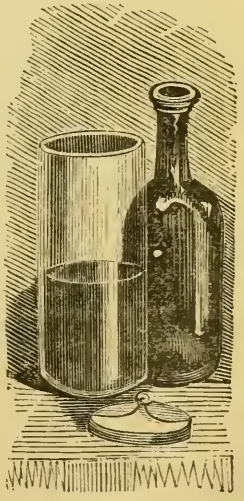
seemed to me as if even their unintelligible language was only a broader Scotch than I was accustomed to. But the illusion was dispelled by another personage quite foreign to the picture, and I lost some of my pity for the stiff-necked pig in looking at a female who had voluntarily fixed her head in almost as irksome a position. In honor of the strange guests, she had donned a large Elizabethan ruff, which, being

A SHE RUFFIAN.

fastened behind to the back of her cap, forbade her to look to right or left, without a corresponding wheel of the whole body. As she wore this pillory during the two days of our visit, it must have been a tolerable sacrifice of comfort to appearance. We supped on poultry, carp, and jack, and drank a very fair wine, produced on the estate. The next day being a rest, we devoted to fishing; and having had but indifferent success at the mill, the castellan, after a shrewd inspection of our flimsy-looking tackle, gave us leave to fish in a piece of water in the garden. But his face very comically lengthened between wonder and anxiety, as he saw jack after jack hoisted out of his preserve, and was evidently relieved when we gave over the sport: indeed, he told us, half in earnest, that if we came again, he should set a guard over the ponds. He then went to fish himself, in a wooden box or lock, through which passed a small running stream; in this receptacle, having little

room for exercise, the huge carp thrive and fatten like pigs in a sty. As a sample of an ill-wind, the land steward told us of a gale that blew down no less than forty thousand trees on the estate, — stopped all the roads in the vicinity, which took fourteen days in clearing; and the whole of the wreck is not yet removed! More deep, cheap sleep, and a bill. What a difference between the charges of the bywaymen and the highwaymen of Germany! — amounting to "almost nothing." The villagers here very generally returned to the private soldiers the five groschen per day allowed by the king, and gave them a glass of schnaps into the bargain.

At four o'clock, blown out of bed again; breakfasted, and stumbled through the dark towards a certain spot, where, by dint of flint and steel, the soldiers of the 10th company were sparkling like so many glow-worms. This early starting was generally necessary to enable us to join the main body on the high road. About noon we crossed the Elbe, by a thousand feet of wooden bridge, and entered Wittenberg. A friend of the Captain's here met us, and by his invitation we dined with the officers of the garrison at the Casino: the same courteous gentleman kindly undertook to show me what was best worth seeing in the place. Of course my first local association was with Hamlet, whom Shakespeare most skilfully and happily sent to school at Wittenberg, — for the prince-philosopher, musing and metaphysical, living more in thought than in action, is far more of a German than a Dane. I suspect that Hamlet is, for this very reason, a favorite in Germany. My next thoughts settled upon Luther, to whom, perhaps, Wittenberg owed the jovial size of the very article I had been drinking from, a right Lutheran beer-glass, at least a foot high, with a glass cover.



In the market-place, under a cast-iron Gothic canopy, stands a metal statue of the Great Reformer, with a motto I heartily wish some of the reformed would adopt, instead of dandling and whining over Protestantism, as if it had been a sickly, ricketty bantling from its birth.

"If it be God's work, it will stand ;
If it be man's, it will fall."

The statue itself represents a sturdy, brawny friar, with a two-story chin, and a neck and throat like a bull's. To the reader of Rabelais there cannot be a truer effigy of his jolly fighting, toping, praying Friar John ; a personage I have little doubt was intended by the author for Luther. Motteux suggests as much in his preface, but abandons the idea for a more favorite theory. Rabelais and Luther, both born in the same year, were equally anti-Catholic in their hearts, and attacked the abuses of Popery precisely according to their national temperaments, — the witty Frenchman, with banter, raillery, and persiflage ; the German, with all the honest, dogged earnestness of his countrymen. Just turn to the memoirs of Luther, compiled from his own letters, and compare the man with Friar John, the warm advocate of marriage, in his counsel to Panurge, and described as "an honest heart, plain, resolute, good fellow ; he travels, he labors, he defends the oppressed, comforts the afflicted, helps the needy, and keeps the close of the abbey."

Luther's residence in Wittenberg is now a theological college, much given, I was told, to mysticism.

In the evening, accompanied by Lieut. Von J., we drove for an hour through deep sand to our quarters, passing by the way a well, miraculously discovered by Luther when he was thirsty, by a scratch on the ground with his staff: a miracle akin to that at the marriage at Cana, in Galilee, would have been more characteristic. At Prühlitz, a very little village, the Captain found his appointed lodging, in a room used as the church ; my own dormitory was the ball-room. To my infinite surprise, I found in it a four-post bedstead! However, by way of making it un-English, the bed was made at an angle of about thirty degrees, so that I enjoyed all night much the same exercise and amusement in slipping down and climbing up again as are afforded by what are called Russian Mountains.

Our next day's march was across country, often through deep sand, and over such a desolate "blasted heath" that at every ascent I expected to see some forlorn sea-coast. We halted at the general rendezvous and breakfasted, *à la champêtre*, in the Mark of Brandenburg. No wonder the Mark-

graves fought so stoutly for a better territory! To judge by the sketches produced by the officers, there had been but sorry quartering over-night. One officer had such a tumble-down hut assigned to him, that his very dog put his tail between his legs and howled at it: a second had slept in a pigeon-house, and was obliged to have the birds driven out before he could dress in the morning; and our friend Von C., by some mistake, was billeted on the whole wide world! Our march lasted eight hours, with a grand parade, as a rehersal, for Potzdam, by the way; but the country being thinly peopled, and the villages few and far between, the actual walk was enormously added to by digressions on either side of the main road. Thus having arrived at a vast heath, the tenth and eleventh companies were recommended to the accommodations of a village at an hour's distance, — whilst the unlucky twelfth had to go to another as much beyond. So we

MRS. SCHULTHEISS.

started on our own steeple-chase, and at last marched into Nichol, through a gazing population of married women in red toques, single women in black ones, and benedicts and bachelors in sheep-skin pelisses with the wool inwards. Our host, a sort of Dorfmeister, or village mayor, was in a robe of the same fashion. The mayoress had a round head, round fore-

head, round chin, two round cheeks as red as Dutch apples, a round bust, that seemed enclosed in a bolster, and a round body in a superfluity of blue petticoat. The captain of the eleventh called very politely to see how I was off for quarters, before he visited his own, and in a short time after his departure I saw him walking up and down outside like a chafing lion: having been billeted by our host to sleep in the same room with a man, his wife, and their seven children. Unluckily there were no more lodgings to let in the place, and the captain was fain to occupy a shake-down on the forms in the village schoolroom.

"WE ARE SEVEN!"

I doubt if Captain Cook's first appearance amongst the Sandwiches caused more curiosity than mine did amongst the Nicholites, a party of whom kept watch in front of the house, and stared at me through the window as if they had actually been sheep all through, instead of only in their skins. However, I contrived to give them the slip towards evening, and

took a walk in the village, where I witnessed a sight akin to some so admirably described by the Blower of the Bubbles. Possibly some Schwein General had dismissed his army at the outskirts, but one long-legged pig after another came cantering or trotting into the village, and went with military regularity to his own quarters. If the door of the yard or garden was open, in he went; if not, he stood and grunted, and at last whined for admittance. For there is a sense of "no place like home" even in a pig. Number one, at whose gate he waited, was only a mean hovel, whereas number two was comparatively "a cottage of gentility," and the yard door stood invitingly open; but piggy stood true to the humbler tenement. Better bred swine I have certainly seen in England, but none so well taught. I almost thought the

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Prussian system of universal education had been extended to the lower animals. After the pigs came the geese, and behaved in the same orderly way.

On leaving Nichol I had a hearty shake of the hand from our host and hostess, with a hope I had been satisfied with

my entertainment and the charges for it. If I had not, I must have been an Elwes. On the point of starting, his worship begged to avail himself of my extended knowledge as a traveller, to set him at rest as to a word he had read or heard of, namely, Flanders, — "whether they were a sort of money, like Florins?" So I briefly explained to him a matter which, as travellers seldom visit such an out-of-the-world village, had perhaps puzzled its worthy chief magistrate for the last twenty years.

From the specimen I had seen, during the last march, of the country of the Mark, it seemed rather surprising how such a territory as the present kingdom had accumulated round such a nucleus. But has Prussia done growing? In the various petty states I had previously passed through, each had its peculiar money, its public liveries, and its striped boundary posts of its proper colors. But at the same time they had all embraced the Prussian commercial system; in some cases even enforced by Prussian douaniers; they were all traversed by royal mails, bearing the arms of Frederick William, and his coinage was current throughout. In short, a process of amalgamation is quietly going on, founded, it is quite possible, with ulterior views, for the Black Eagle has never shown any disinclination to become a Roc.

Another march, with another grand rehearsal by the way, brought us to Belitz, a garrison town, into which I had the honor of helping to lead the regiment. The truth is, in attempting "to go ahead" to the post-office, my horse refused to pass the big drum, and the road narrowing over a little wooden bridge, I had no alternative but to charge through a crowd of children of all ages, or ride behind the band, cheek by jowl with the major in command for the day. My humanity preferred the last, at the expense, I suspect, of a grand breach of military etiquette. Quarters at Schlunkendorf, a village to the left, at a miller's, whose parlor-floor, by its undulations, plainly reminded us that it was a house built upon the sand. The moment, indeed, you stepped abroad, you were in sand up to the ankles, and some two hundred yards distant stood the mill, in an Arabian waste, as remote from corn as the traditionary mill of Buccleugh.

Here ended my marching; for next day being a rest, and the country being so unattractive, — moreover, not having

been regularly sworn to the colors, I deserted, and made the best of my way to Potzdam. I should be grossly ungrateful not to mention the uniform urbanity and friendliness of all the officers with whom I came in contact, — howbeit we were seldom on speaking terms (some who had even "been to Paris" did not speak French), — nay, a large proportion being Poles, I could not always call my best friends by their names.

Of the men they commanded, common justice bids me say that not a single complaint was made against them, nor a punishment inflicted throughout the route. It is true, that in Prussia, where every mother's son and husband must be a soldier, and every man's father or brother was, is, or will be, in the army, a kindliness and fellow-feeling will naturally prevail between the troops and those on whom they are quartered; but independent of this consideration, the good conduct of the men seemed in a great degree to be the result of their temperament and disposition. They bore their long and fatiguing marches with exemplary patience; none the less that every step brought them nearer to their homes in Poland and Silesia. One poor fellow, who had not been under the domestic roof during nineteen years, was agitated by very conceivable feelings, and quite touched me by his recurring apprehensions that "he should not know his own good mother from any other woman!"

The fusileer who had acted *pro tempore* as my servant, with a manly frankness offered me his hand at parting, and respectfully expressed his good wishes for my future health and prosperity. Of course I gave him a solid acknowledgment of his services; but took especial care not to bid him "drink my health," having witnessed a whimsical proof of the force of discipline. The Captain, then living at Ehrenbreitstein, one day made his servant a present of a dollar, at the same time saying, metaphorically, "There's a bottle of wine for you." The soldier, however, took the words as a literal command, — saluted, wheeled, marched off straight to the nearest wine-house, and in double quick time drank off a bottle, at a dollar, — which, as he was of particularly temperate habits, took unusual effect, and sent home the obedient soldier to his astonished master as blind and staggering as Drunken Barnaby!

Thus ended my practical connection with the gallant Nineteenth. But I shall often recall my chance quarters, — my provident morning foragings against a *jour maigre*, — when a *search*ing wind might have found a roll of bread-and-butter in one pocket, and mayhap a brace of cold pigeons in the other, — the cheerful rendezvous, — the friendly greetings, — and the picnic by the road-side: — I shall often hear in fancy the national "Am Rhein! Am Rhein!" chorussed by a hundred voices, — the exciting charge, beaten at the steep hill, or deep ground, — and the spirit-stirring bugle, ringing amidst the vast pine woods of Germany!

Neither shall I forget the people at whose tables I had eaten, in whose dwellings I had lodged. Perhaps the force of blood had something to do with the matter, however distant the relationship, but my liking inclined particularly to the Saxons. Yet were the others good creatures to remember. Even in the desolate country I had lately passed through, the absence of all loveliness in the scenery had been atoned for by this moral beauty. Nature, scarcely kinder than a step-mother, had allotted to them a sterile soil and a harsh climate, — the pecuniary dust was as much too scarce as other sorts of dirt were over plentiful, — spoons were often deficient, — occasionally even knives and forks, — and at times their household wants were of a very primitive character, — but the people were kind, honest, hearty, humble, well-disposed, anxious to please, and easily pleased in return. Their best cheer and accommodations were offered with pleasant looks and civil words, and I cannot recall a single instance of churlishness or cupidity.

As to Potzdam, — it vividly reminded me of that city in the Arabian Nights, whereof the inhabitants were all turned into marble: at least, I am sure, that on entering it I saw far more statues than living figures. On my left, in the Palace garden, was a Neptune, with his suite, without even the apology of a pond; farther off, a white figure, and a Prussian sentry, jointly mounting guard over a couple of cannon; on my right a dome, surmounted by a flying Mercury. But the grand muster was on the top of the Palace, where a whole row of figures occupied the parapet, like a large family at a fire waiting for the ladders. To my taste the effect is execrable. Silence, stillness, and solitude are the attributes of a statue. Except

where engaged in the same action, like Laocoön and his sons, I never care to see even two together. And why should they be forced into each other's company, poor things! blind, deaf, and dumb as they are, and incapable of the pleasures of society?

Possibly, in the absence of living generations, the great Frederick, like Deucalion, peopled his city with stones *ad interim;* for you cannot walk through its handsome streets, so silent, and with so little stir of life, without feeling that it is a city built for posterity. Of course, I visited its shows; and first the Royal Palace, in which, next to the literary traces of Frederick, I was most interested by a portrait over a door of Napoleon when consul, in which methought I traced the expression of an originally kind nature, and which the devotion and attachment he inspired in those immediately about him seemed to justify. But power is a frightful ossifier, and in many other instances has made a *Bony part* of the human heart. Sans Souci pleased me little; and the conceit of a statue of Justice, so placed in the garden that Frederick at his writing-table "might always have justice in view," pleased me still less. His four-footed favorites lie near the figure; but whether the dogs were brought to Justice, or Justice went to the dogs, is not upon record. In short, Sans Souci inspired me with an appropriate feeling; for I left it without caring for it, and disappointed by even the famous statue of the Queen. The spirit of the place had infected it too. With much sweetness, and some beauty in the countenance, the face was so placid, the limbs so round, with such a Sans-Souci-ism in the crossed legs, — an attitude a lady only adopts when most particularly at her ease, — that, instead of any remembrance of the wrongs and sufferings of the heart-broken and royal Louisa, my only sentiment was of regret that so amiable, fair, and gentle a being had been called so prematurely (if, indeed, she were dead, and not merely asleep) from the enjoyment of youth, health, and happiness. The New Palace I shall like better when it is a very old one. You will think me fastidious, perhaps; but I saw nothing *very* extraordinary in the Peacock Island; nor yet in the Prince Royal's country-seat, except the boldness of attempting, in such a soil and such a climate, to imitate, or rather to parody — with pumpkins *pro* melons — an Italian villa.

The Garrison Church is hung with sculptured helmets, flags, and military trophies, appropriate enough for an Arsenal, but hardly fit "visible and outward signs of an inward and spiritual grace." The interior is well furnished, too, with captured flags, and eagles, and graven lists of slain warriors; but it contains one very striking Ratification of Peace. Frederick the Great, and his most rumbustical royal father, who could never live together in the same house, are here tranquilly sleeping side by side under one roof! Somehow, I could not help thinking of the Grasshopper of the Royal Exchange coming to lie with the Dragon of Bow Church!

The King reviewed the 19th, on its arrival, in front of the Old Palace. He stooped a little under his years; and, remembering his age, I could not help wishing that he would make a solemn gift to his people of their long overdue Constitution. No monarch has been so practically taught the vicissitudes and uncertainty of human affairs; and his experience ought to urge him, as far as possible, to "make assurance doubly sure, and take a bond of fate." The benefits he has conferred on his subjects he ought to secure to them, by placing them in their own keeping; whereas, should he delay such an act of common prudence and common justice till too late, the world may reasonably infer that he was less anxious to perpetuate a system said to be marked by profound wisdom and paternal benevolence, than to transmit his absolute authority unimpaired to his successor.

There have been so many journals, ledgers, and waste-books written on Germany, that a description of the Prussian capital would relish as flat and stale as a Berlin fresh oyster. I shall, therefore, get over the ground a little quicker than a Droski, which is a peculiar vehicle, with a peculiar horse, with a peculiar pace. The truth is, that, contrary to the principle of our trotting-matches, he is backed, at twenty groschen an hour, to go as few miles as possible in sixty minutes. In consequence, with as much apparent action as the second hand, he goes no faster than the short hand of the dial. The other day, a butcher hired a Droski, to take him to a distant part of the city, for which he was charged twenty groschen by the driver, who appealed to his watch at the same time, owning that it perhaps went a little too fast. "In that case, then," replied the butcher. "I'll thank you, my friend, the next time

you drive me, to put your watch in the shafts, and your horse in your pocket."

OPEN TO OBJECTION.

A judicious valet-de-place would first take a stranger in Berlin to the Old Bridge, whereon stands the bronze Equestrian Statue of the Great Elector. Of which statue, by the way, it is told that the Jews, with their peculiar turn for speculation, offered to cover the court-yard of the Old Palace with dollars, in exchange for the verdigris on the figure; but, perhaps, fearing that they would scrape down the Great Elector into a little one, the bargain was declined. A judicious guide, I say, would place a stranger on the aforesaid Bridge, and then ask the gentleman which of the two Berlins he pleased to wish to see; for, in reality, there are two of them, the Old and the New. Knowing your taste, Gerard, I should take

you across an elegant iron-bridge, to show you the beautiful front of the Museum; but I should be careful of taking you within it, lest we should not come out again, for it contains an almost matchless collection of the early Flemish School of Painting, — such Van Eycks and Hemlincks! — to say nothing of a Titian's Daughter, not merely herself but the whole picture such an eye-bewitching *brunette*, that it still haunts me! Perhaps, in turning round to have another look at the façade of the Museum, you will run against an immense utensil, scooped out of a rock of granite; and, if you ask me what is its history, all I can say is, I believe it was the wash-hand basin of the Giant in the Castle of Otranto.

That modest-looking house, too small for the great stone hemlets stuck along its front, is the private residence of the Soldier-King, who thence sees a little to the right his Arsenal, and to the left his Guard-house. The horseshoe, nailed up at one of the first-floor windows, is not, as you might suppose, for luck, but in commemoration of being cast up through that very window at his Majesty, — not by a two-legged regicide, but by an officer's charger, — with what design, even Monsieur Rochow, and all his police, could never unriddle.

I have a ticket of admission for you to the Arsenal; — but stop! — look up at those two-and-twenty hideous colossal masks, representing the human face in all the various convulsions and agonies of a violent death! Was there ever devised a series of decorations, remembering the place, in such bad taste, — nay, to speak mildly, in such unchristian, inhuman feeling? Why, Jack Ketch, out of respect to our flesh-and-blood sympathies, draws a cap over the face of his victims to hide their last writhings, — and what is War, disguise it as we may under all its "pride, pomp, and circumstance," but a great wholesale executioner? Its horrors would be unendurable but for the dazzling Bengal Light called Glory that we cast on its deluge of blood and tears, — but for the gorgeous flags we wave, like veils before its grim and ferocious features, and the triumphant clangor of martial music with which we drown its shrieks and groans. But here we are disgustingly reminded of what we would willingly forget, — that a Battle is a Butchery. Faugh! the place smells of the shambles! As yet we are only in the inner court, but we will go no farther. Those frightful masks shockingly illustrate that

"War's a brain-spattering, windpipe-splitting art;" and who would care to see its murderous tools, however well-polished or tastefully arranged?

A cool walk under the fragrant Lindens is quite necessary to sweeten such associations. We will admire the Brandenburg Gate as much as you please; but the street, wide and long and handsome as it is, does not satisfy me. The houses want character, — in short, as a picture, Prout could make nothing of it. But look — off with your hat! — no, not to that white-headed good old General, — but to yonder carriage. It is not the king's, but contains a personage so in love with Absolutism, that one cannot help wishing him such a pure Despotism as was enjoyed by Alexander Selkirk: —

> "I am monarch of all I survey,
> My right there is none to dispute;
> Not a creature objects to my sway,
> I am Lord of the fowl and the brute!"

The persons of all ranks thronging up those steps are going to the Exhibition, and if you went with them you would see some Historical pictures, by German artists, well worthy of your admiration. In landscape they are not so strong: their views are deficient in what the moon wants, an atmosphere: to be sure the painters never saw one for the smoke; and, between ourselves, they have as little eye for color as nose for smells. Finally, instead of a catalogue raisonné, or consulting Dr. Waagen, you may go to any pipe-shop to know which are the best, or at any rate the most popular pictures, by the miniature copies on the bowls. Painting is fashionable in Berlin; and has both royal and plebeian patrons. Look at the shutter, or flap, over that victualling-cellar (akin to our London Shades) with a loaf, a bottle of beer, a glass, a cheese, and a dish of oysters, all painted to the still-life! My heart leaps at it; — and O, would that I could make my voice reach to England, and ring throughout its metropolis! Come hither, I would cry, all ye still-life portrait-daubers, — ye would-be painters and would-not-be glaziers, — ye Unfine Artists,

> "Come hither, come hither, come hither!"

for here are Unfine Arts for you and Unfine Patrons! Here you may get bread and cheese for painting them; and beer

and wine by drawing them. You need not speak German. Ye shall make *signs* for sausages, and they shall be put in your plates. Come hither! In England you are nobodies and nothings to nobodies, — but here you shall be all Van Eycks and Hemlincks; at least you shall paint, as they did, on shutters. Impartial hangers shall hang your works upon hinges, and not too high up, but full in the public gaze, in a good light; and when that is gone, they shall show you "fiery off indeed" with the lamplight and candle. Instead of neglect and omissions, here you shall have plentiful commissions. You shall take off hats, brush at boots and coats, and do perukes in oil; and whereas in England you would scarcely get one face to copy, you shall here take the portraits of a score of mugs!

One sight more, and we will finish our stroll. It is the Fish-market. Look at those great oval tubs, like the cooling-tubs in a brewery. They contain the living fish. What monstrous jack and carp! — and species strange to us, — and one grown almost out of knowledge — prodigious bream! You may look at them, but beware what you say of them, to that old woman, who sits near them in an immense shiny black bonnet, very like a common coal-scuttle; for if you provoke her, no scold, on the banks of Thames, can be more fluently abusive and vulgarly sarcastic! Strange it is, and worthy of philosophical investigation; but so surely as horse-dealing and dishonesty go together, so do fish-fagging and vituperative eloquence. It would seem as if the powers of speech, denied to her mute commodity, were added to the natural gifts of the female dealer therein: however, from Billingsgate to Berlin, every fishmonger in petticoats is as rough-tongued as a buffalo!

But farewell to the capital of Prussia. A letter of recall from my uncle has just come to hand; and I am booked again by the Eilwagen. Considering the distance, you will own that I have had a miraculously cheap ride hither, when I tell you that, besides paying no turnpikes, I have disposed of my nag, at twenty shillings' loss, to a timid invalid, recommended to take horse-exercise. I honestly warranted the animal sound, quiet, and free from vice: and have no doubt it will carry the old gentleman very pleasantly, provided he is not too particular as to the way he goes; for I shrewdly suspect,

wherever soldiers may be marching, my late horse will be sure to follow in the same direction.

I have bought some black iron Berlin-ware for Emily, and with love to you both, am,

My dear Gerard,

Yours ever truly,

FRANK SOMERVILLE.

EXTRACTS

FROM A LETTER TO GERARD BROOKE, ESQ.

THIS is simply to announce my safe return to the banks of the Rhine. The rest of the family party met me at Mayence, and we returned together to Coblentz, quite enchanted with the scenery of one of the finest portions of the renowned river. The alleged reason for my recall was the lateness of the season; but I rather suspect my worthy uncle is impatient to relate his observations and adventures to his old friends Bagshaw and the Doctor, — as my aunt is eager to impart her wanderings to Miss Wilmot. Like other travellers, they are longing to publish, — and no doubt will talk quartos and folios when they return to Woodlands.

The changes I found in the family on my return were almost as strange as those which so astonished Rip Van Winkle on awaking from his supernatural sleep. My uncle was literally a new man. His warnings had had warning, and gone off for good; and he has now no more idea of dying than a man of twice his age: a paradox in sound, but a philosophical truth. My aunt, instead of perpetually reminding us that she is a disconsolate widow, has almost forgotten it herself; and it is only on a dull and very wet day that we hear of "poor George." Even Martha is altered for the better; for she is reconciled to her mistress, to herself, and to her old religion. The truth is, that her zeal in the new one was so hot, that, like a fire with the blower on, it soon burnt itself out. Her mistress says, the re-conversion was much hastened by a very long procession, on a very warm day, which Martha

accompanied, and returned dusty, dry, famished, and foot-sore, and rather sorry, no doubt, that she had ever given up her seat under the Rev. Mr. Groger.

* * * * *

You will be glad to hear that poor Markham so has won my uncle's esteem, that the latter promises, between himself and Bagster, to take his affairs in hand and set them to rights. Markham, of course, is delighted; and the change in his own prospects makes him take much pleasanter views both of men and things.

* * * * *

In short, Gerard, if you or any of your friends ever suffer from hypochondriasis, weak nerves, melancholy, morbid sensibility, or mere ennui, let me advise you, and them, as you value your lives, health, and spirits, your bodies and your minds, to do as we have done, and go UP THE RHINE.

ROMANCES AND EXTRAVAGANZAS.

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS ABROAD.

AN EXTRAVAGANZA.

CHAPTER I.

"She tawght 'hem to sew and marke,
All manner of sylkyn werke,
Of her they were ful fayne."
ROMANCE OF EMARE.

A SCHOOLMISTRESS ought not to travel —

No, sir!

No, madam — except on the map. There, indeed, she may skip from a blue continent to a green one — cross a pink isthmus — traverse a Red, Black, or Yellow Sea — land in a purple island, or roam in an orange desert, without danger or indecorum. There she may ascend dotted rivers, sojourn at capital cities, scale alps, and wade through bogs, without soiling her shoe, rumpling her satin, or showing her ankle. But as to practical travelling, — real journeying and voyaging, — O, never, never, never!

How, sir! Would you deny to a Preceptress all the excursive pleasures of locomotion?

By no means, miss. In the summer holidays, when the days are long, and the evenings are light, there is no objection to a little trip by the railway, — say to Weybridge or Slough, — provided always —

Well, sir?

That she goes by a special train, and in a first-class carriage.

Ridiculous!

Nay, madam, — consider her pretensions. She is little short of a divinity! — Diana, without the hunting! — a modernized Minerva! — the Representative of Womanhood

in all its purity! — Eve, in full dress, with a finished education! — a Model of Morality! — a Pattern of Propriety! — the Fugle-woman of her Sex! As such she must be perfect. No medium performance — no ordinary good-going, like that of an eight-day clock or a Dutch dial — will suffice for the character. She must be as correct as a prize chronometer. She must be her own Prospectus personified. Spotless in reputation, immaculate in her dress, regular in her habits, refined in her manners, elegant in her carriage, nice in her taste, faultless in her phraseology, and in her mind like — like —

Pray what, sir?

Why, like your own chimney-ornament, madam, — a pure crystal fountain, sipped by little doves of alabaster.

A sweet pretty comparison! Well, go on, sir!

Now, look at travelling. At the best, it is a rambling, scrambling, shift-making, strange-bedding, irregular-mealing, foreign-habiting, helter-skelter, higgledy-piggledy sort of process. At the very least, a female must expect to be rumpled and dusted; perhaps draggled, drenched, torn, and rough-casted, — and if not bodily capsized or thrown a summerset, she is likely to have her straitest-laced prejudices upset, and some of her most orthodox opinions turned topsyturvy. An accident of little moment to other women, but to a schoolmistress productive of a professional lameness for life. Then she is certain to be stared at, jabbered at, maybe jeered at, and poked, pushed, and hauled at, by curious or officious foreigners, — to be accosted by perfect and imperfect strangers, — in short, she is liable to be revolted in her taste, shocked in her religious principles, disturbed in her temper, disordered in her dress, and deranged in her decorum. But you shall hear the sentiments of a Schoolmistress on the subject.

O, a made-up letter!

No, miss, — a genuine epistle, upon my literary honor. Just look at the writing, — the real copy-book running-hand, — not a *t* uncrossed, — not an *i* undotted, — not an illegitimate flourish of a letter, but each *j* and *g* and *y* turning up its tail like the pug dogs, after one regular established pattern. And pray observe her capitals. No sprawling K with a kicking leg, — no troublesome W making a long arm across its neighbor, and especially no great vulgar D unnecessarily

sticking out its stomach. Her H, you see, seems to have stood in the stocks, her I to have worn a back-board, and even her S is hardly allowed to be crooked!

CHAPTER II.

"PHOO! phoo! it's all banter," exclaims the Courteous Reader.

Banter be hanged! replies the Courteous Writer. But possibly, my good sir, you have never seen that incomparable schoolmistress, Miss Crane, for a Miss she was, is, and would be, even if Campbell's Last Man were to offer to her for the preservation of the species. One sight of her were, indeed, as good as a thousand, seeing that nightly she retires into some kind of mould, like a jelly shape, and turns out again in the morning the same identical face and figure, the same correct, ceremonious creature, and in the same costume to a crinkle. But no, — you never can have seen that She-Mentor, stiff as starch, formal as a Dutch hedge, sensitive as a Daguerreotype, and so tall, thin, and upright, that, supposing the Tree of Knowledge to have been a poplar, she was the very Dryad to have fitted it! Otherwise, remembering that unique image, all fancy and frost-work, — so incrusted with crisp and brittle particularities, — so bedecked allegorically with the primrose of prudence, the daisy of decorum, the violet of modesty, and the lily of purity, you would confess at once that such a Schoolmistress was as unfit to travel — *unpacked* — as a Dresden China figure!

Excuse me, sir, but is there actually such a real personage?

Real! Are there real Natives — Real Blessings to Mothers — Real Del Monte shares, and Real Water at the Adelphi? Only call her * * * * * instead of Crane, and she is a living, breathing, flesh and blood, skin and bone individual! Why, there are dozens, scores, hundreds of her Ex-Pupils, now grown women, who will instantly recognize their old Governess in the form with which, mixing up Grace and Gracefulness, she daily prefaced their rice-milk, batter-puddings, or raspberry-bolsters. As thus: —

"For what we are going to receive — elbows, elbows! — the Lord make us — backs in and shoulders down — truly thankful — and no chattering — amen."

CHAPTER III.

"But the letter, sir, the letter —"

"O, I do so long," exclaims one who would be a stout young woman if she did not wear a pinafore, — "O, I do so long to hear how a governess writes home!"

"The professional epistle," adds a tall, thin Instructress, genteelly in at the elbows, but shabbily out at the fingers' ends; for she has only twenty pounds per annum, with five quarters in arrear.

"The schoolmistress's letter," cries a stumpy Teacher, — only a helper, but looking as important as if she were an educational coachwoman, with a team of her own, some five-and-twenty skittish young animals, without blinkers, to keep straight in the road of propriety.

"The letter, sir," chimes in a half-boarder, looking, indeed, as if she had only half-dined for the last half-year.

"Come, the letter you promised us from that paragon, Miss Crane."

That 's true. Mother of the Muses, forgive me! I had forgotten my promise as utterly as if it had never been made. If any one had furnished the matter with a file and a rope-ladder, it could not have escaped more clearly from my remembrance. A loose tooth could not more completely have gone out of my head. A greased eel could not more thoroughly have slipped my memory. But here is the letter, sealed with pale blue wax, and a device of the Schoolmistress's own invention, — namely, a note of interrogation (?) with the appropriate motto of "An answer required." And in token of its authenticity, pray observe that the cover is duly stamped, except that of the foreign postmark only the three last letters are legible, and yet even from these one may *swear* that the missive has come from Holland; yes, as certainly as if it smelt of Dutch cheese, pickle-herrings, and Schie * * * ! But hark to Governess!

"My dear Miss Parfitt, —

"Under the protection of a superintending Providence we have arrived safely at this place, which as you know is a seaport in the Dutch dominions — chief city Amsterdam.

"For your amusement and improvement I did hope to compose a journal of our continental progress, with such references to Guthrie and the School Atlas as might enable you to trace our course on the map of Europe. But unexpected vicissitudes of mind and body have totally incapacitated me for the pleasing task. Some social evening hereafter I may entertain our little juvenile circle with my locomotive miseries and disagreeables; but at present my nerves and feelings are too discomposed for the correct flow of an epistolary correspondence. Indeed, from the Tower-stair to Rotterdam I have been in one universal tremor and perpetual blush. Such shocking scenes and positions, that make one ask twenty times a day, is this decorum? — can this be morals? But I must not anticipate. Suffice it, that, as regards foreign, travelling it is my painful conviction, founded on personal experience, that a woman of delicacy or refinement cannot go out of England without going out of herself!

"The very first step from an open boat up a windy shipside is an alarm to modesty, exposed as one is to the officious but odious attentions of the Tritons of the Thames. Nor is the steamboat itself a sphere for the preservation of self-respect. If there is any feature on which a British female prides herself, it is a correct and lady-like carriage. In that particular I quite coincide with Mrs. Chapone, Mrs. Hannah More, and other writers on the subject. But how, let me ask, — how is a dignified deportment to be maintained when one has to skip and straddle over cables, ropes, and other nautical *hors d'œuvres*, — to scramble up and down impracticable stairs, and to clamber into inaccessible beds? Not to name the sudden losing one's centre of gravity, and falling in all sorts of unstudied attitudes on a sloppy and slippery deck. An accident that I may say reduces the elegant and the awkward female to the same level. You will be concerned, therefore, to learn that poor Miss Ruth had a fall, and in an unbecoming posture particularly distressing, — namely, by losing her footing on the cabin flight, and coming down with a destructive launch into the steward's pantry.

"For my own part, it has never happened to me within my remembrance to make a false step, or to miss a stair: there is a certain guarded carriage that preserves one from such sprawling *dénouemens;* but of course what the bard calls the 'poetry

of motion' is not to be preserved amidst the extempore rollings of an ungovernable ship. Indeed, within the last twenty-four hours, I have had to perform feats of agility more fit for a monkey than one of my own sex and species. Par example: getting down from a bed as high as copybook-board, and, what really is awful, with the sensation of groping about with your feet and legs for a floor that seems to have no earthly existence. I may add, the cabin-door left ajar, and exposing you to the gaze of an obtrusive cabin-boy, as he is called, but quite big enough for a man. O, *je ne jamais!*

"As to the Mer Maladie, delicacy forbids the details; but as Miss Ruth says, it is the height of human degradation; and to add to the climax of our letting down, we had to give way to the most humiliating impulses in the presence of several of the rising generation, — dreadfully rude little girls who had too evidently enjoyed a bad bringing up.

"To tell the truth, your poor Governess was shockingly indisposed. Not that I had indulged my appetite at dinner, being too much disgusted with a public meal in promiscuous society, and, as might be expected, elbows on table, eating with knives, and even picking teeth with forks! And then no grace, which assuredly ought to be said both before and after, whether we are to retain the blessings or not. But a dinner at sea and a school dinner, where we have even our regular beef and batter days, are two very different things. Then to allude to indiscriminate conversation, a great part of which is in a foreign language, and accordingly places one in the cruel position of hearing, without understanding a word of, the most libertine and atheistical sentiments. Indeed, I fear I have too often been smiling complacently, not to say engagingly, when I ought rather to have been flashing with virtuous indignation, or even administering the utmost severity of moral reproof. I did endeavor, in one instance, to rebuke indelicacy; but unfortunately from standing near the funnel, was smutty all the while I was talking, and, as school experience confirms, it is impossible to command respect with a black on one's nose.

"Another of our cardinal virtues, personal cleanliness, is totally impracticable on ship-board; but without particularizing, I will only name a general sense of grubbiness; and as to dress, a rumpled and tumbled *tout ensemble*, strongly indicative of the low and vulgar pastime of rolling down Green-

wich-hill! And then, in such a costume to land in Holland, where the natives get up linen with a perfection and purity, as Miss Ruth says, quite worthy of the primeval ages! *That* surely is bad enough, — but to have one's trunks rummaged like a suspected menial, — to see all the little secrets of the toilet, and all the mysteries of a female wardrobe, exposed to the searching gaze of a male official, — O shocking! shocking!

"In short, my dear, it is my candid impression, as regards foreign travelling, that, except for a masculine tallyhoying female, of the Di Vernon genus, it is hardly adapted to our sex. Of this at least I am certain, that none but a born romp and hoyden, or a girl accustomed to those new-fangled pulley-hauley exercises, the Calisthenics, is fitted for the boisterous evolutions of a sea-voyage. And yet there are creatures calling themselves women, not to say ladies, who will undertake such long marine passages as to Bombay in Asia, or New York in the New World! Consult Arrowsmith for the geographical degrees.

"Affection, however, demands the sacrifice of my own personal feelings, as my Reverend Parent and my Sister are still inclined to prosecute a Continental tour. I forgot to tell you, that during the voyage Miss Ruth endeavored to *parlez français* with some of the foreign ladies, but as they did not understand her, they must all have been Germans.

"My paper warns to conclude. I rely on your superintending vigilance for the preservation of domestic order in my absence. The horticultural department I need not recommend to your care, knowing your innate partiality for the offspring of Flora; and the dusting of the fragile ornaments in the drawing-room, you will assuredly not trust to any hands but your own. Blinds down of course — the front-gate locked regularly at 5 P. M., — and I must particularly beg of your musical *penchant*, a total abstinence on Sundays from the piano-forte. And now adieu. The Reverend T. C. desires his compliments to you, and Miss Ruth adds her kind regards, with which believe me,

"My dear Miss Parfitt,

"Your affectionate Friend and Preceptress,

"PRISCILLA CRANE.

"P. S. I have just overheard a lady describing, with strange levity, an adventure that befell her at Cologne. A foreign postman invading her sleeping-apartment, and not only delivering a letter to her on her pillow, but actually staying to receive his money, and to give her the change! And she laughed and called him her *Bed Post!* Fi donc! Fi donc!"

CHAPTER IV.

Well, — there is the letter —

"And a very proper letter, too," remarks a retired Seminarian, Mrs. Grove House, a faded, demure-looking old lady, with a set face so like wax, that any strong emotion would have cracked it to pieces. And never, except on a doll, was there a face with such a miniature set of features, or so crowned with a chaplet of little string-colored curls.

"A proper letter! — what, with all that fuss about delicacy and decorum!"

Yes, miss. At least proper for the character. A schoolmistress is a prude by profession. She is bound on her reputation to detect improprieties, even as he is the best lawyer who discovers the most flaws. It is her cue, where she cannot find an indecorum, to imagine it; just as a paid spy is compelled, in a dearth of high treason, to invent a conspiracy. In fact, it was our very Miss Crane who poked out an objection, of which no other woman would have dreamt, to those little button-mushrooms called Pages. She would not keep one, she said, for his weight in gold.

"But they are all the rage," said Lady A.

"Everybody has one," said Mrs. B.

"They are so showy!" said Mrs. C.

"And so interesting!" lisped Miss D.

"And so useful," suggested Miss E.

"I would rather part with half my servants," declared Lady A., "than with my handsome Cherubino!"

"Not a doubt of it," replied Miss Crane, with a gesture of the most profound acquiescence. "But if *I* were a married woman, I would not have such a boy about me for the world, — no, not for the whole terrestrial globe. A page is unquestionably very *à la mode*, and very dashing, and very pretty,

and may be very useful, — but to have a youth about one, so beautifully dressed, and so indulged, not to say pampered, and yet not exactly treated as one of the family, — I should certainly expect that everybody would take him —"

"For what, pray, what?"

"Why, for *a natural son in disguise.*"

CHAPTER V.

But to return to the Tour.

It is a statistical fact, that since 1814 an unknown number of persons, bearing an indefinite proportion to the gross total of the population of the British empire, have been more or less "abroad." Not politically, or metaphysically, or figuratively, but literally out of the kingdom, or as it is called, in foreign parts.

In fact, no sooner was the continent *opened* to us by the Peace, than there was a general rush towards the mainland. An alarmist, like old Croaker, might have fancied that some of our disaffected Merthyr Tydvil miners or underminers were scuttling the island, so many of the natives scuttled out of it. The outlandish secretaries who sign passports, had hardly leisure to take snuff.

It was good, however, for trade. Carpet-bags and portmanteaus rose one hundred per cent. All sorts of guide-books and journey works went off like wildfire, and even Sir Humphrey Davy's "Consolations in Travel" was in strange request. Servants, who had "no objection to go abroad" were snapped up like fortunes, — and as to hard-riding "curriers," there was nothing like leather.

It resembled a geographical panic, — and of all the country and branch banks in Christendom, never was there such a run as on the banks of the Rhine. You would have thought that they were going to break all to smash, — of course making away beforehand with their splendid furniture, unrivalled pictures, and capital cellar of wines! However, off flew our countrymen and countrywomen, like migrating swallows, but at the wrong time of year; or rather like shoals of salmon, striving up, up, up against the stream, except to spawn Tours and Reminiscences, hard and soft, instead of roe. And would

that they were going up, up, up still, — for when they came down again, Ods, Jobs, and patient Grizels! how they did *bore* and *Germanize* us, like so many flutes.

It was impossible to go into society without meeting units, tens, hundreds, thousands, of Rhenish tourists, — travellers in Ditchland, and in Deutchland. People who had seen Nimagen and Nim-Again, — who had been at Cologne, and at Koëln, and at Colon, — at Cob-Longs and Coblence, — at Swang Gwar and at Saint Go-er, — at Bonn, at Bone, and at Bong!

Then the airs they gave themselves over the untravelled! How they bothered them with Bergs, puzzled them with Bads, deafened them with Dorfs, worried them with Heims, and pelted them with Steins! How they looked down upon them, as if from Ehrenbreitstein, because they had not eaten a German sausage in Germany, sour-krout in its own country, and drunk seltzer-water at the fountain-head! What a donkey they deemed him who had not been to Assmanshauser, — what a cockney who had not seen a Rat's Castle besides the one in St. Giles's! He was, as it were, in the kitchen of society, for to go "up the Rhine" was to go up stairs!

Now this very humiliation was felt by Miss Crane; and the more that in her establishment for Young Ladies she was the Professor of Geography, and the Use of the Globes. Moreover, several of her pupils had made the trip with their parents, during the vacations, and treated the travelling part of the business so lightly, that in a rash hour the Schoolmistress determined to go abroad. Her junior sister, Miss Ruth, gladly acceded to the scheme, and so did their only remaining parent, a little, sickly, querulous man, always in black, being some sort of dissenting minister, as the "young ladies" knew to their cost, for they had always to mark his new shirts in cross-stitch, with the Reverend T. C. and the number — the "Reverend" at full length.

Accordingly, as soon as the Midsummer holidays set in, there was packed — in I don't know how many trunks, bags, and cap-boxes — I don't know what luggage, except that for each of the party there was a silver spoon, a knife and fork, and six towels.

"And pray, sir, how far did your Schoolmistress mean to go?"

To Gotha, madam. Not because Bonaparte slept there on his flight from Leipsic, nor yet from any sentimental recollections of Goethe, — not to see the palace of Friedenstein and its museum, — nor to purchase an "Almanach de Gotha, — nor even because His Royal Highness Prince Albert, of Saxe Gotha, was the Husband Elect of our Gracious Queen.

"Then what for, in the name of patience?"

Why, because the Berlin wool was dyed there, and so she could get what color and shades she pleased.

CHAPTER VI.

"Now of all things," cries a Needlewoman, — one of those to whom Parry alludes in his comic song of "Berlin Wool," — "I should like to know what pattern the Schoolmistress meant to work!"

And so would say any one, — for no doubt it would have been a pattern for the whole sex. All I know is, that she once worked a hearth-rug, with a yellow animal, couchant, on a green ground, that was intended for a panther in a jungle: and, to do justice to the performance, it was really not so very unlike a carroty-cat in a bed of spinach. But the face was a dead failure. It was not in the gentlewomanly nature, nor indeed consistent with the professional principles of Miss Crane, to let a wild, rude, ungovernable creature go out of her hands; and accordingly the feline physiognomy came from her fingers as round, and mild, and innocent as that of a Baby. In vain she added whiskers to give ferocity, — 't was a Baby still; and though she put a circle of fiery red around each staring ball, still it was a mild, innocent Baby, — but with very sore eyes.

And besides the hearth-rug, she embroidered a chair-cushion, for a seat devoted to her respectable parent, — a pretty, ornithological design, — so that when the Reverend T. C. wanted to sit, there was ready for him a little bird's-nest, with a batch of speckled eggs.

And moreover, besides the chair-bottom — But, in short, between ourselves, there was so much *Fancy* work done at Lebanon House, that there was no time for any *real*.

CHAPTER VII.

THERE are two Newingtons, Butts, and Stoke: but the last has the advantage of a little village-green, on the north side of which stands a large brick-built, substantial mansion, in the comfortable old Elizabethan livery, maroon-color, picked out with white. It was anciently the residence of a noble family, whose crest, a deer's head, carved in stone, formerly ornamented each pillar of the front gate: but some later proprietor has removed the aristocratical emblems, and substituted two great white balls, that look like petrified Dutch cheeses, or the ghosts of the Celestial and Terrestrial Globes. The house, nevertheless, would still seem venerable enough, but that over the old panelled door, as if taking advantage of the fanlight, there sit, night and day, two very modern plaster of of Paris little boys, reading and writing with all their might. Girls, however, would be more appropriate; for, just under the first-floor windows, a large board intimates, in tarnished gold letters, that the mansion is "Lebanon House, Establishment for Young Ladies. By the Misses Crane." Why it should be called Lebanon House appears a mystery, seeing that the building stands not on a mountain, but in a flat; but the truth is, that the name was bestowed in allusion to a remarkably fine Cedar, which traditionally stood in the fore court, though long since cut down as a tree, and cut up in lead pencils.

The front gate is carefully locked, the hour being later than 5 P. M., and the blinds are all down, — but if any one could peep through the short Venetians next the door, on the right hand, into the Music Parlor, he would see Miss Parfitt herself stealthily playing on the grand piano (for it is Sunday), but with no more sound than belongs to that tuneful whisper commonly called "the ghost of a whistle." But let us pull the bell.

"Sally, are the ladies at home?"

"Lawk, sir! — why, have n't you heard? Miss Crane and Miss Ruth are a-pleasuring on a Tower up the Rind, — and the Reverend Mr. C. is enjoying hisself in Germany along with them."

* * * * *

Alas, poor Sally! Alas for poor, short-sighted human nature!

"Why, in the name of all that's anonymous, what is the matter?"

Lies! lies! lies! But it is impossible for Truth, the pure Truth, to exist, save with Omnipresence and Omniscience. As for mere mortals, they must daily vent falsehoods in spite of themselves. Thus, at the very moment while Sally was telling us — but let Truth herself correct the errata.

For "The Reverend Mr. C. enjoying himself in Germany —"

Read, "*Writhing with spasms in a miserable Prussian inn.*"

For, "Miss Crane and Miss Ruth a-pleasuring on a tour up the Rhine —"

Read, "*Wishing themselves home again with all their hearts and souls.*"

CHAPTER VIII.

It was a grievous case!

After all the troubles of the Reverend T. C. by sea and land, — his perplexities with the foreign coins at Rotterdam, — with the passports at Nimeguen, — with the Douane at Arnheim, — and with the Speïse-Karte at Cologne —

To be taken ill, poor gentleman, with his old spasms, in such a place as the road between Todberg and Grabheim, six good miles at least from each, and not a decent inn at either! And in such weather, too, — unfit for anything with the semblance of humanity to be abroad, —a night in which a Christian farmer would hardly have left out his scarecrow!

The groans of the sufferer were pitiable, — but what could be done for his relief? on a blank, desolate common, without a house in sight, — no, not a hut! His afflicted daughters could only try to soothe him with words, vain words, — assuasive perhaps of mental pains, but as to any discourse arresting a physical ache, — you might as well take a pin to pin a bull with. Besides, the poor women wanted comforting themselves. Gracious heaven! Think of two single females, with a sick, perhaps an expiring parent, — shut up in a hired coach, on a

stormy night, in a foreign land, — ay, in one of its dreariest places. The sympathy of a third party, even a stranger, would have been some support to them; but all they could get by their most earnest appeals to the driver was a couple of unintelligible syllables.

If they had only possessed a cordial, — a flask of *eau de vie!* Such a thing had indeed been proposed and prepared, but alas! Miss Crane had wilfully left it behind. To think of Propriety producing such a travelling accompaniment as a brandy-bottle was out of the question. You might as well have looked for claret from a pitcher-plant!

In the mean time the sick man continued to sigh and moan, — his two girls could feel him twisting about between them.

"O, my poor, dear papa!" murmured Miss Crane, for she did not "father" him even in that extremity. Then she groped again despairingly in her bag for the smelling-bottle, but only found instead of it an article she had brought along with her, heaven knows why, into Germany, — the French mark!

"O — ah — ugh! —hah!" grumbled the sufferer. "Am I — to — die — on — the road!"

"Is he to die on the road!" repeated Miss Crane through the front window to the coachman, but with the same result as before; namely, two words in the unknown tongue.

"Ruth, what is *yar vole?*"

Ruth shook her head in the dark.

"If he would only drive faster!" exclaimed Miss Crane, and again she talked through the front window. "My good man —" (*Gefallig?*) "Ruth, what's gefallish?" But Miss Ruth was as much in the dark as ever. "Do, do, do make haste to somewhere —" (*Ja wohl!*) That phlegmatic driver would drive her crazy!

Poor Miss Crane! Poor Miss Ruth! Poor Reverend T. C.! My heart bleeds for them, — and yet they must remain perhaps for a full hour to come in that miserable condition. But no — hark! — that guttural sound which like a charm arrests every horse in Germany as soon as uttered, — "Burr-r-r-r-r!"

The coach stops; and looking out on her own side through the rain, Miss Crane perceives a low, dingy door, over which by help of a lamp she discovers a white board, with some

great black fowl painted on it, and a word underneath that to her English eyes suggests a difficulty in procuring fresh eggs. Whereas the Adler, instead of addling, hatches brood after brood every year, till the number is quite wonderful, of little red and black eagles.

However, the royal bird receives the distressed travellers under its wing; but my pen, though a steel one, shrinks from the labor of scrambling and hoisting them from the Lohn Kutch into the Gast Haus. In plump, there they are, — in the best inn's best room, yet not a whit preferable to the last chamber that lodged the "great Villiers." But hark, they whisper, —

Gracious powers! Ruth! }
Gracious powers! Priscilla! } What a wretched hole!

CHAPTER IX.

I TAKE it for granted that no English traveller would willingly lay up — unless particularly *inn-disposed* — at an inn. Still less at a German one; and least of all at a Prussian public-house, in a rather private Prussian village. To be far from well, and far from well lodged, — to be ill, and ill attended, — to be poorly, and poorly fed, — to be in a bad way, and a bad bed. But let us pull up, with ideal reins, an imaginary nag, at such an outlandish hostelrie, and take a peep at its "Entertainment for Man and Horse."

Bur-r-r-r-r-rrrr!

The nag stops as if charmed, — and as cool as a cucumber, — at least till it is peppered, — for your German is so tender of his beast that he would hardly allow his greyhound to *turn a hair* —

Now then, for a shout; and remember that in Kleinewinkel, it will serve just as well to cry "Boxkeeper!" as "Ostler!" but look, there is some one coming from the inn-door.

'T is Katchen herself — with her bare head, her bright blue gown, her scarlet apron — and a huge rye-loaf under her left arm. Her right hand grasps a knife. How plump and pleasant she looks! and how kindly she smiles at everybody, including the horse! But see — she stops, and shifts the position of the loaf. She presses it — as if to sweeten its sourness — against her soft, palpitating bosom, the very hemi-

sphere that holds her maiden heart. And now she begins to cut — or rather haggle — for the knife is blunt, and the bread is hard; but she works with good-will, and still hugging the loaf closer and closer to her comely self, at last severs a liberal slice from the mass. Nor is she content to merely give it to her client, but holds it out with her own hand to be eaten, till the last morsel is taken from among her ruddy fingers by the lips —— of a sweet little chubby urchin? — no — of our big, bony, iron-gray post-horse!

Now, then, Courteous Reader, let us step into the Stube, or Traveller's Room; and survey the fare and the accommodation prepared for us bipeds. Look at that bare floor, — and that dreary stove, — and those smoky, dingy walls, — and for a night's lodging, yonder wooden trough, — far less desirable than a shake-down of clean straw.

Then for the victualling, pray taste that Pythagorean soup, — and that drowned beef, — and the rotten pickled-cabbage, — and those terrible hog-cartridges, — and that lump of white soap, flavored with caraways, *alias* ewe-milk cheese —

And now just sip that Essigberger, sharp and sour enough to provoke the "dura ilia Messorum" into an Iliac Passion — and the terebinthine Krug Bier! Would you not rather dine at the cheapest ordinary at one, with all its niceties and nasties, plain cooked in a London cellar? And for a night's rest would you not sooner seek a bed in the Bedford Nursery? So much for the "Entertainment for Man and Horse," — a clear proof, ay, as clear as the author's own proof, with the date under his own hand —

Of what, sir?

Why, that Dean Swift's visit to Germany — if ever he did visit Germany — must have been prior to his inditing the Fourth Voyage of Captain Lemuel Gulliver, — namely, to the Land of the Houyhnhnms and the Yahoos, where the horses were better boarded and lodged than mankind.

CHAPTER X.

To return to the afflicted trio — the horrified Miss Crane, the desolate Ruth, and the writhing Reverend T. C. — in the small, sordid, smoky, dark, dingy, dirty, musty, fusty, dusty best

room at the Adler. The most miserable "party in a parlor — "

"'T was their own faults!" exclaims a shadowy personage, with peculiarly hard features, — and yet not harder than they need to be, considering against how many things, and how violently, she sets her face. But when did prejudice ever look prepossessing? Never — since the French wore shoes *à la Dryade!*

"'T was their own faults," she cries, "for going abroad. Why could n't they stay comfortably at home, at Laburnam House?"

"Lebanon, ma'am."

"Well, Lebanon. Or they might have gone up the Wye, or up the Thames. I hate the Rhine. What business had they in Prussia? And of course they went through Holland. I hate flats!"

"Nevertheless, madam, I have visited each of those countries, and have found much to admire in both. For example — "

"O, pray don't! I hate to hear you say so. I hate everybody who does n't hate everything foreign."

"Possibly, madam, you have never been abroad?"

"O yes! I once went over to Calais — and have hated myself ever since. I hate the Continent!"

"For what reason, madam?"

"Pshaw! I hate to give reasons. I hate the Continent — because it 's so large."

"Then you would, perhaps, like one of the Hebrides?"

"No — I hate the Scotch. But what has that to do with your Schoolmistress abroad? — I hate governesses — and her Reverend sick father with his ridiculous spasms — I hate Dissenters — They 're not High Church."

"Nay, my dear madam, you are getting a little uncharitable."

"Charity! I hate its name. It 's a mere shield thrown over hateful people. How are we to love those we like properly, if we don't hate the others? As the Corsair says,

'My very love to thee is hate to them.'

But I hate Byron."

"As a man, ma'am, or as an author?"

"Both. But I hate all authors — except Dr. Johnson."

"True — he liked 'a good hater.'"

"Well, sir, and if he did! He was quite in the right, and I hate that Lord Chesterfield for quizzing him. But he was only a Lord among wits. O, how I hate the aristocracy!"

"You do, madam!"

"Yes — they have such prejudices. And then they're so fond of going abroad. Nothing but going to Paris, Rome, Naples, Old Jerusalem, and New York — I hate the Americans — don't you?"

"Why, really, madam, your superior discernment and nice taste may discover national bad qualities that escape less vigilant observers."

"Phoo, phoo — I hate flummery. You know as well as I do what an American is called — and if there's one name I hate more than another, it's Jonathan. But to go back to Germany, and those that go there. Talk of Pilgrims of the Rhine! — I hate that Bulwer. Yes, they set out, indeed, like Pilgrim's Progress, and see Lions and Beautiful Houses, and want Interpreters, and spy at Delectable Mountains — but there it ends; for what with queer caps and outlandish blowses — I hate smock-frocks — they come back hardly like Christians. There's my own husband, Mr. P. — I quite hate to see him!"

"Indeed!"

"Yes — I hate to cast my eyes on him. He has n't had his hair cut these twelve months — I hate long hair — and when he shaves he leaves two little black tails on his upper lip, and another on his chin, as if he was real ermine."

"A moustache, madam, is in fashion."

"Yes, and a beard, too, like a Rabbi — but I hate Jews. And then Mr. P. has learnt to smoke — I hate smoke — I hate tobacco — and I hate to be called a Frow — and to be spun round and round till I am sick as a dog — for I hate waltzing. Then don't he stink the whole house with decayed cabbage for his sour crout — I hate German cookery — and will have oiled melted butter because they can't help it abroad? — and there's nothing so hateful as oiled butter. What next? Why, he won't drink my home-made wine — at least if I don't call it Hock, or Rude-something, and give it him in a green glass. I hate such nonsense. As for con-

versing, whatever we begin upon, if it 's Harfordshire, he 's sure to get at last to the tiptop of Herring-Brightshine — I hate such rambling. But that 's not half so hateful as his Monomanium."

"His what, madam?"

"Why his hankering so after suicide (I *do* hate Charlotte and Werter), that one can't indulge in the least tiff but he threatens to blow out his brains!"

"Seriously?"

"Seriously, sir. I hate joking. And then there are his horrid noises; for since he was in Germany he fancies that everybody must be musical — I hate such wholesale notions — and so sings all day long, without a good note in his voice. So much for Foreign Touring! But pray go on, sir, with the story of your Schoolmistress Abroad. I hate suspense."

CHAPTER XI.

Now the exclamation of Miss Crane — "Gracious heavens, Ruth, what a wretched hole!" — was not a single horse-power too strong for the occasion. Her first glance round the squalid room at the Adler convinced her that, whatever might be the geographical distance on the map, she was morally two hundred and thirty-seven thousand miles from Home. That is to say, it was about as distant as the Earth from the Moon. And truly had she been transferred, no matter how, to that Planet, with its no-atmosphere, she could not have been more out of her element. In fact, she felt for some moments as if she must sink on the floor, — just as some delicate flower, transplanted into a strange soil, gives way in every green fibre, and droops to the mould in a vegetable fainting-fit, from which only time and the watering-pot can recover it.

Her younger sister, Miss Ruth, was somewhat less disconcerted. She had by her position the greater share in the active duties at Lebanon House: and, under ordinary circumstances, would not have been utterly at a loss what to do for the comfort or relief of her parent. But in every direction in which her instinct and habits would have prompted her to look, the materials she sought for were deficient. There was no easy-chair — no fire to wheel it to — no cushion to shake up — no cupboard to go to — no female friend to consult — no

Miss Parfitt — no Cook — no John to send for the doctor. No English — no French — nothing but that dreadful "Gefallig" or "Ja Wohl" — and the equally incomprehensible "Gnädige Frau!"

As for the Reverend T. C., he sat twisting about on his hard wooden chair, groaning, and making ugly faces, as much from peevishness and impatience as from pain, and indeed sometimes plainly levelled his grimaces at the simple Germans, who stood round, staring at him, it must be confessed, as unceremoniously as if he had been only a great fish, gasping and wriggling on dry land.

In the mean time, his bewildered daughters held him one by the right hand, the other by the left, and earnestly watched his changing countenance, unconsciously imitating some of its most violent contortions. It did no good, of course: but what else was to be done? In fact, they were as much puzzled with their patient as a certain worthy tradesman, when a poor shattered creature on a shutter was carried into his Floorcloth Manufactory by mistake for the Hospital. The only thing that occurred to either of the females was to oppose every motion he made, — for fear it should be wrong, and accordingly whenever he attempted to lean towards the right side, they invariably bent him as much to the left.

"Der herr," said the German coachman, turning towards Miss Priscilla, with his pipe hanging from his teeth, and venting a puff of smoke that made her recoil three steps backward, — "Der herr ist sehr krank."

The last word had occurred so frequently, on the organ of the Schoolmistress, that it had acquired in her mind some important significance.

"Ruth, what is krank?"

"How should I know," retorted Ruth, with an asperity apt to accompany intense excitement and perplexity. "In English, it's a thing that helps to pull the bell. But look at papa — do help to support him — you're good for nothing."

"I am, indeed," murmured poor Miss Priscilla, with a gentle shake of her head, and a low, slow sigh of acquiescence. Alas! as she ran over the catalogue of her accomplishments, the more she remembered what she *could* do for her sick parent, the more helpless and useless she appeared. For instance, she could have embroidered him a nightcap —

Or netted him a silk purse, —
Or plaited him a guard-chain, —
Or cut him out a watch-paper, —
Or ornamented his braces with bead-work, —
Or embroidered his waistcoat, —
Or worked him a pair of slippers, —
Or open-worked his pocket-handkerchief.

She could even — if such an operation would have been comforting or salutary — have rough-casted him with shell-work, —

Or coated him with red or black seals, —
Or incrusted him with blue alum, —
Or stuck him all over with colored wafers, —
Or festooned him —

But alas! alas! alas! what would it have availed her poor dear papa in the spasmodics, if she had even festooned him, from top to toe, with little rice-paper roses!

CHAPTER XII.

"Mercy on me!"

[N. B. Not on Me, the Author, but on a little, dwarfish "smooth-legged Bantam" of a woman, with a sharp nose, a shrewish mouth, and a pair of very active, black eyes, — and withal as brisk and bustling in her movements as any Partlet with ten chicks of her own, and six adopted ones from another hen.]

"Mercy on me! Why the poor gentleman would die while them lumpish foreigners and his two great, helpless daughters were looking on! As for that Miss Priscilla, — she 's like a born idiot. Fancy-work him, indeed! I 've no patience — as if with all her Berlin wools and patterns, she could fancy-work him into a picture of health. Why did n't she think of something comforting for his inside, instead of embellishing his out — something as would agree, in lieu of filagree, with his case? A little good hot brandy-and-water with a grate of ginger, or some nice red-wine negus with nutmeg and toast — and then get him to bed, and send off for the doctor. I 'll warrant, if I 'd been there, I 'd have unspasmed him in no time. I 'd have whipped off his shoes and stockings, and had his poor feet in hot water afore he knew where he was."

"There can be no doubt, ma'am, of the warmth of your humanity."

"Warmth! it's everything. I'd have just given him a touch of the warming-pan, and then smothered him in blankets. Stick him all over with little roses! stuff and nonsense — stick him into his grave at once! Miss Crane? Miss Goose, rather. A poor, helpless Sawney! I wonder what women come into the world for if it isn't to be good nusses. For my part, if he had been my sick father, I'd have had him on his legs again in a jiffy, — and then he might have got crusty with blue alum or whatever else he preferred."

"But, madam — "

"Such perfect apathy! Needlework and embroidery, forsooth!"

"But, madam — "

"To have a dying parent before her eyes, — and think of nothing but trimming his jacket!"

"But — "

"A pretty Schoolmistress, truly, to set such an example to the rising generation! As if she could n't have warmed him a soft flanning! or given him a few Lavender Drops, or even got down a little real Turkey or calcined Henry."

"Of course, madam, — or a little Moxon. And in regard to Conchology."

"Conk what?"

"Or as to Chronology. Could you have supplied the Patient with a few prominent dates?"

"Dates! what, those stony things — for a spasmodic stomach!"

"Are you really at home in Arrowsmith?"

"You mean Arrow-root."

"Are you an adept in Butler's Exercises?"

"What, drawing o' corks?"

"Could you critically examine him in his parts of speech — the rudiments of his native tongue?"

"To be sure I could. And if it was white and furry, there's fever."

"Are you acquainted, madam, with Lindley Murray?"

"Why no — I can't say I am. My own medical man is Mr. Prodgers."

"In short, could you prepare a mind for refined, intellectual

intercourse in future life, with a strict attention to religious duties?"

"Prepare his mind — religious duties? — Phoo, phoo! he warn't come to that!"

"Excuse me, I mean to ask, ma'am, whether you consider yourself competent to instruct Young Ladies in all those usual branches of knowledge and female accomplishments —"

"Me! What me keep a 'Cademy! Why, I've hardly had any edecation myself, but was accomplished in three quarters and a bit over. Lor' bless you, sir! I should be as much at sea, as a finishing-off Governess, as a bear in a boat!"

Exactly, madam. And just as helpless, useless, and powerless as you would be in a schoolroom, even so helpless, useless, and powerless was Miss Crane whenever she happened to be out of one. Yea, as utterly flabbergasted when out of her own element, as a Jelly Fish on Brighton beach!

CHAPTER XIII.

Relief at last! .

It was honest Hans the hired Coachman, with a glass of something in his hand, which after a nod towards the Invalid, to signify the destination of the dose, he held out to Miss Priscilla, at the same time uttering certain gutturals, as if asking her approval of the prescription.

"Ruth — what is Snaps?"

"Take it and smell it," replied Miss Ruth, still with some asperity, as if annoyed at the imbecility of her senior: but secretly worried by her own deficiency in the tongues. The truth is, that the native who taught French with the Parisian accent at Lebanon House, the Italian Mistress in the Prospectus, and Miss Ruth who professed English Grammar and Poetry, were all one and the same person: not to name a lady, not so distinctly put forward, who was supposed to know a little of the language which is spoken at Berlin. Hence her annoyance.

"I think," said Miss Priscilla, holding the wine-glass at a discreet distance from her nose, and rather prudishly sniffing the liquor, "it appears to me that it is some sort of foreign G."

So saying, she prepared to return the dram to the kindly

Kutscher, but her professional delicacy instinctively shrinking from too intimate contact with the hand of the strange man, she contrived to let go of the glass a second or two before he got hold of it, and the Schnapps fell, with a crash, to the ground.

The introduction of the cordial had, however, served to direct the mind of Miss Ruth to the propriety of procuring some refreshment for the sufferer. He certainly ought to have something, she said, for he was getting quite faint. What the something ought to be was a question of more difficulty, — but the scholastic memory of Miss Priscilla at last supplied a suggestion.

"What do you think, Ruth, of a little hoarhound tea?"

"Well, ask for it," replied Miss Ruth, not indeed from any faith in the efficacy of the article, but because it was as likely to be obtained for the asking for — in English — as anything else. And truly, when Miss Crane made the experiment, the Germans, one and all, man and woman, shook their heads at the remedy, but seemed unanimously to recommend a certain something else.

"Ruth — what is forstend nix?"

But Ruth was silent.

"They all appear to think very highly of it, however," continued Miss Priscilla, "and I should like to know where to find it."

"It will be in the kitchen, if anywhere," said Miss Ruth, while the invalid — whether from a fresh access of pain, or only at the tantalizing nature of the discussion — gave a low groan.

"My poor dear papa! He will sink — he will perish from exhaustion!" exclaimed the terrified Miss Priscilla; and with a desperate resolution, quite foreign to her nature, she volunteered on the forlorn hope, and snatching up a candle, made her way without thinking of the impropriety into the strange kitchen. The Housewife and her maid slowly followed the Schoolmistress, and whether from national phlegm or intense curiosity, or both together, offered neither help nor hinderance to the foreign lady, but stood by, and looked on at her operations.

And here be it noted, in order to properly estimate the difficulties which lay in her path, that the Governess had no dis-

tinct recollection of having ever been in a kitchen in the course of her life. It was a Terra Incognita — a place of which she literally knew less than of Japan. Indeed, the laws, customs, ceremonies, mysteries, and utensils of the kitchen were more strange to her than those of the Chinese. For aught she knew the Cook herself was the dresser; and a rolling-pin might have a head at one end and a sharp point at the other. The Jack, according to Natural History, was a fish. The flour-tub, as Botany suggested, might contain an Orange-tree, and the range might be that of the Barometer. As to the culinary works, in which almost every female dabbles, she had never dipped into one of them, and knew no more how to boil an egg than if she had been the Hen that laid it, or the Cock that cackled over it. Still a natural turn for the art, backed by a good bright fire, might have surmounted her rawness.

But Miss Crane was none of those natural geniuses in the art who can extemporize Flint Broth — and toss up something out of nothing at the shortest notice. It is doubtful if, with the whole Midsummer holidays before her, she could successfully have undertaken a pancake — or have got up even a hasty-pudding without a quarter's notice. For once, however, she was impelled by the painful exigency of the hour to test her ability, and finding certain ingredients to her hand, and subjecting them to the best or simplest process that occurred to her, in due time she returned, cup in hand, to the sick-room, and proffered to her poor dear papa the result of her first maiden effort in cookery.

"What is it?" asked Ruth, naturally curious, as well as anxious as to the nature of so novel an experiment.

"Pah! puh! poof — phew! chut!" spluttered the Reverend T. C., unceremoniously getting rid of the first spoonful of the mixture. It 's paste — common paste!"

CHAPTER XIV.

Poor Miss Crane!

The failure of her first little culinary experiment reduced her again to despair. If there be not already a Statue of Disappointment, she would have served for its model. It

would have melted an Iron Master to have seen her with her eyes fixed intently on the unfortunate cup of paste, as if asking herself, mentally, was it possible that what she had prepared with such pains for the refreshment of a sick parent, was only fit for what? —Why, for the false tin stomach of a healthy bill-sticker!

Dearly as she rated her professional accomplishments and acquirements, I verily believe that at that cruel moment she would have given up all her consummate skill in Fancy Work, to have known how to make a basin of gruel! Proud as she was of her embroidery, she would have exchanged her cunning in it for that of the plainest cook, — for oh! of what avail her Tent Stitch, Chain Stitch, German Stitch, or Satin Stitch, to relieve or soothe a suffering father, afflicted with back-stitch, front-stitch, side-stitch, and cross-stitch into the bargain?

Nay, of what use was her soldier knowledge? — for example, in History, Geography, Botany, Conchology, Geology, and Astronomy? Of what effect was it that she knew the scientific names for coal and slate, — or what comfort that she could tell him how many stars there are in Cassiopeia's Chair whilst he was twisting with agony on a hard wooden one?

"It 's no use *talking!*" exclaimed Miss Ruth, *after a long silence*, "we must have medical advice!"

But how to obtain it? To call in even an apothecary, one must call in his own language, and the two sisters between them did not possess German enough, High or Low, to call for a Doctor's boy. The hint, however was not lost on the Reverend T. C., who with a perversity not unusual, seemed to think that he could diminish his own sufferings by inflicting pain on those about him. Accordingly, he no sooner overheard the wish for a Doctor, than with renewed moanings and contortions he muttered the name of a drug that he felt sure would relieve him. But the physic was as difficult to procure as the physician. In vain Miss Ruth turned in succession to the Host, the Hostess, the Maid, the Waiter, and Hans the Coachman, and to each, separately, repeated the word "Rubub." The Host, the Hostess, the Maid, the Waiter, and Hans the Coachman, only shook their heads in concert, and uttered in chorus the old "forstend nicht."

"O, I *do* wish," exclaimed Miss Crane, with a tone and a

gesture of the keenest self-reproach, — "how I *do* wish that I had brought Buchan's Domestic Medicine abroad with me, instead of Thomson's Seasons!"

"And of what use would that have been without the medicine chest?" asked Miss Ruth; "for I don't pretend to write prescriptions in German."

"That's very true," said Miss Crane, with a long, deep sigh — whilst the sick man, from pain or wilfulness, Heaven alone knew which — gave a groan, so terrific that it startled even the phlegmatic Germans.

"My papa — my poor dear papa!" shrieked the agitated governess; and with some confused notions of a fainting-fit — for he had closed his eyes — and still conscious of a cup in her hand, though not of its contents, she chucked the paste — that twice unfortunate paste! — into the face of her beloved parent!

CHAPTER XV.

"And serve him right, too!" cries the little smart bantam-like woman, already introduced to the Courteous Reader. "An old good-for-nothing! to sham worse than he was, and play on the tender feelings of two affectionate daughters! I'd have pasted him myself if he had been fifty fathers! Not that I think a bit the better of that Miss Crane, who after all, did not do it on purpose. She's as great a gawky as ever. To think, with all her schooling, she could n't get a doctor fetched for the old gentleman!"

"But, my dear madam, she was ignorant of the language."

"Ignorant of fiddlesticks! How do the deaf and dumb people do? If she could n't talk to the Germans she might have made signs."

Impossible! Pray, remember that Miss Crane was a schoolmistress, and of the *ancien régime*, in whose code all face-making, posturing, and gesticulations were high crimes and misdemeanors. Many a little Miss Gubbins or Miss Wiggins she had punished with an extra task, if not with the rod itself, for nodding, winking, or talking with their fingers; and is it likely that she would personally have had recourse to signs and signals for which she had punished her pupils with such

severity? Do you think that with *her* rigid notions of propriety, and *her* figure, she would ever have stooped to what she would called buffoonery?

"Why to be sure, if you have n't high-colored her picture she is starched and frumpish enough, and only fit for a place among the wax-work!"

And besides, supposing physiognomical expression as well as gesticulation to be included in sign-making, this Silent Art requires study and practice, and a peculiar talent! Pray, did you ever see Grimaldi?

"What, Joey? Did I ever see Lonnon! Did I ever go to the Wells!"

O rare Joe Grimaldi! Great as was my admiration of the genius of that inimitable clown, never, never did it rise to its true pitch till I had been cast all abroad in a foreign country without any knowledge of its language! To the richness of his fun — to his wonderful agility — to his unique singing and his grotesque dancing, I perhaps had done ample justice, — but never, till I had broken down in fifty pantomimical attempts of my own — nay, in twice fifty experiments in dumb show — did I properly appreciate his extraordinary power of making himself understood without being on speaking terms with his company. His performance was never, like mine, an Acted Riddle. A living Telegraph, he never failed in conveying his intelligence, but signalled it with such distinctness, that his meaning was visible to the dullest capacity.

"And your own attempts in the line, sir?"

Utter failures. Often and often have I gone through as many physical manœuvres as the Englishman in "Rabelais," who argued by signs; but constantly without explaining my meaning, and consequently without obtaining my object. From all which, my dear madam, I have derived this moral, that he who visits a foreign country, without knowing the language, ought to be prepared beforehand either to act like a Clown, or to look like a Fool.

CHAPTER XVI.

It was a good-natured act of honest Hans the coachman — and especially after the treatment of his Schnapps — but see-

ing the Englishers at a dead lock, and partly guessing at the cause of their distress — he quietly went to the stable, saddled one of his own horses, and rode off in quest of a medical man. Luckily he soon met with the personage he wanted, whom with great satisfaction he ushered into the little, dim, dirty parlor at the Black Eagle, and introduced, as well as he could, to the Foreigners in Distress.

Now the Physician who regularly visited at Lebanon House, was, of course, one of the Old School; and in correctness of costume and professional formality was scarcely inferior to the immaculate lady who presided over that establishment. There was no mistaking him, like some modern practitioners, for a merchant or a man about town. He was as carefully made up as a prescription — and between the customary sables, and a Chesterfieldian courtesy, appeared as a Doctor of the old school always used to do — like a piece of sticking-plaster — black, polished, and healing.

Judge then of the horror and amazement of the Schoolmistress, when she saw before her a great clumsy-built M. D. enveloped in a huge gray cloak, with a cape that fell below his elbows, and his head covered with what she had always understood was a jockey-cap!

"Gracious Heaven! — why, he 's a horse-doctor!"

"Doctor? — ja wohl," said Hans, with a score of affirmative little nods; and then he added the professional grade of the party, which happened to be one of a most uncouth sound to an English ear.

"Ruth, what 's a medicine rat!"

"Lord knows," answered Miss Ruth, "the language is as barbarous as the people!"

In the mean time the Medicin Rath threw off his huge cloak, and displayed a costume equally at variance with Miss Crane's notions of the proper uniform of his order. No black coat, no black smalls, no black silk stockings, — why, any undertaker in London would have looked more like a doctor! His coat was a bright brown frock, his waistcoat as gay and variegated as her own favorite parterre of larkspurs, and his trousers of plum color! Of her own accord she would not have called him in to a juvenile chicken-pock or a nettlerash — and there he was to treat full grown spasms in an adult!

"Je suis medecin, monsieur, a votre service," said the

stranger, in French more guttural than nasal, and with a bow to the sick gentleman.

"Mais, docteur," hastily interposed Miss Ruth, "vous êtes un docteur à cheval."

This translation of "horse-doctor" being perfectly unintelligible to the German, he again addressed himself to his patient, and proceeded to feel his pulse.

"Papa is subject to spasms in his chest," explained Miss Crane.

"Pshaw — nonsense!" whined the Reverend T. C., "they 're in my stomach."

"They 're in his stomach," repeated Miss Crane, delicately laying her own hand, by way of explanation, on her sternum.

"Monsieur a mangé du diner?"

"Only a little beef," said Miss Crane, who "understood" French, but "did not speak it."

"Seulement un petit bœuf," translated Miss Ruth, who spoke French, but did not understand it.

"Oui — c'est une indigestion, sans doute," said the Doctor.

CHAPTER XVII.

Hark! —

"It 's shameful! abominable! atrocious! It 's a skit on all the schoolmistresses — a wicked libel on the whole profession!"

"But my dear Mrs. ——"

"Don't 'dear' *me*, sir! I consider myself personally insulted, "Manger un petty boof! As if a governess could n't speak better French than that! Why, it means eating a little bullock!"

"Precisely. *Bœuf*, singular, masculine, a bullock or ox."

"Ridiculous! And from one of the heads of a seminary! Why, sir, not to speak of myself or the teachers, I have a pupil at Prospect House, and only twelve years of age, who speaks French like a native."

"Of where, madam?"

"Of where, sir? — why of all France to be sure, and Paris in particular!"

"And with the true accent?"

"Yes, sir, with *all* the accents — sharp, grave, and circumbendibus — I should have said circumflex, but you have put me in a fluster. French! why it 's the corner-stone of female education. It 's universal, sir, from her ladyship down to her cook. We could neither dress ourselves nor our dinners without it! And that the Miss Cranes know French I am morally certain, for I have seen it in their Prospectus."

"No doubt of it, madam. But you are of course aware that there are two sorts — French French and English French — and which are as different in quality as the foreign cogniac and the British Brandy."

"I know nothing about ardent spirits, sir. And as to the French language, I am acquainted with only one sort, and that is what is taught at Prospect House — at three guineas a quarter."

"And do all your young ladies, ma'am, turn out such proficients in the language as the little prodigy you have just mentioned?"

"Proficient, sir? — they can't help it in my establishment. Let me see, — there 's Chambaud on Mondays — Wanostrocht on Wednesdays — Telemaque on Fridays, and the French mark every day in the week."

"Madam, I have no doubt of the excellence of your system. Nevertheless it is quite true that the younger Miss Crane made use of the very phrase which I have quoted. And what is more, when the doctor called on his patient the next morning, he was treated with quite as bad language. For example, when he inquired after her papa —

"Il est très mauvais," replied Miss Ruth with a desponding shake of her head. "Il a avalé son médécin, — et il n'est pas mieux."

CHAPTER XVIII.

To return to the sick-chamber.

Imagine the Rev. T. C. still sitting and moaning in his uneasy chair, the disconsolate Miss Crane helplessly watching the parental grimaces, and the perplexed Miss Ruth standing in a brown study, with her eyes intently fixed on a sort of overgrown child's crib, which occupied one dark corner of the dingy apartment.

"It's very well," she muttered to herself, "for a foreign doctor to say '*laissez le coucher*,' but where is he to *coucher?*" Not surely in that little crib of a thing, which will only add the cramp in his poor legs to the spasms in his poor stomach! The Mother of Invention was however at her elbow, to suggest an expedient, and in a trice the bedding was dragged from the bedstead and spread upon the floor. During this manœuvre Miss Crane, of course, only looked on: she had never in her life made a bed, even in the regular way, and the touzling of a shake-down on the bare boards was far too Margery Dawish an operation for her precise nature to be concerned in. Moreover, her thoughts were fully occupied by a question infallibly associated with a strange bed, namely, whether it had been aired. A speculation which had already occurred to her sister, but whose more practical mind was busy in contriving how to get at the warming-pan. But in vain she asked for it by name of every German, male or female, in the room, and as vainly she sought for the utensil in the inn kitchen, and quite as vainly might she have hunted for it throughout the village, seeing that no such article had ever been met with by the oldest inhabitant. As a last resource she caught up a walking-stick, and thrusting one end under the blanket, endeavored pantomimically to imitate a chambermaid in the act of warming a bed. But alas! she "took nothing by her motion," — the Germans only turned towards each other, and shrugging their shoulders and grinning, remarked in their own tongue, "What droll people they were, those Englishers!"

The sensitive imagination of Miss Crane had, in the interim, conjured up new and more delicate difficulties and necessities, amongst which the services of a chamberlain were not the least urgent. "Who was to put her papa to bed? Who was to undress him?" But from this perplexity she was unexpectedly delivered by that humble friend in need, honest Hans, who no sooner saw the bed free from the walking-stick, than without any bidding, and in spite of the resistance of the patient, he fairly stripped him to his shirt, and then taking him up in his arms, like a baby, deposited him, willy nilly, in the nest that had been prepared for him.

The females, during the first of these operations, retired to the kitchen, — but not without a certain order in their going.

Miss Crane went off simultaneously with the coat, — her sister with the waistcoat, and the hostess and her maid with the smallclothes and the shoes and stockings. And when, after a due and decent interval, the two governesses returned to the sick-chamber, — for both had resolved on sitting up with the invalid — lo! there lay the Reverend T. C., regularly littered down by the coachman with a truss of clean straw to eke out the bedding, — no longer writhing or moaning, — but between surprise and anger as still and silent as if his groans had been astonished away like the "hiccups!"

You may take a horse to the water, however, but you cannot make him drink, — and even thus, the sick man, though bedded perforce, refused obstinately to go to sleep.

"Et monsieur a bien dormi?" inquired the German doctor the next morning.

"Pas un —" began Miss Crane, but she ran aground for the next word, and was obliged to appeal to the linguist of Lebanon House.

"Ruth — what's a wink?"

"I don't know," replied Miss Ruth, who was absorbed in some active process. "Do it with your eye."

The idea of winking at a strange gentleman was, however, so obnoxious to all the schoolmistress's notions of propriety that she at once resigned the explanation to her sister, who accordingly informed the physician that her "pauvre père n'avoit pas dormi un morceau toute la nuit longue."

CHAPTER XIX.

"Stop, sir! Pray change the subject. By your leave we have had quite enough of bad French."

As you please, madam, — and as the greatest change I can devise, you shall now have a little bad English. Please, then, to lend your attention to Monsieur De Bourg, — the subject of his discourse ought, indeed, to be of some interest to you, namely, the education of your own sex in your own country.

"Well, sir, and what does he say of it?"

Listen, and you shall hear. Proceed, Monsieur.

"Sare, I shall tell you my impressions when I am come

first from Paris to London. De English Ladies, I say to myself, must be de most best educate women in de whole world. Dere is schools for dem every wheres, — in a hole and in a corner. Let me take some walks in de Fauxbourgs, and what do I see all round myself? When I look dis way I see on a white house's front a large bord wid some gilded letters, which say Seminary for Young Ladies. When I look dat way, at a big red house, I see anoder bord which say Establishment for Young Ladies by Miss Someones. And when I look up at a little house, at a little window, over a barber-shop, I read on a paper Ladies School. Den I see Prospect House, and Grove House, and de Manor House — so many I cannot call dem names, and also all schools for de young females. Day Schools besides. And in my walks, always I meet some Schools of Young Ladies, eight, nine, ten times in one day, making dere promenades, two and two and two. Den I come home to my lodging's door, and below the knocker I see one letter — I open it, and I find a Prospectus of a Lady School. By and bye I say to my landlady, where is your oldest of daughters, which used to bring to me my breakfast, and she tell me she is gone out a governess. Next she notice me I must quit my appartement. What for I say. What have I done? Do I not pay you all right like a weekly man of honour? O certainly, mounseer, she say, you are a gentleman quite, and no mistakes — but I wants my whole of my house to myself for to set it up for a Lady School. Noting but Lady Schools! — and de widow of de butcher have one more over de street. Bless my soul and my body, I say to myself, dere must be nobody born'd in London except leetle girls!"

CHAPTER XX.

There is a certain poor word in the English language which of late years has been exceedingly ill-used, — and it must be said, by those who ought to have known better.

To the disgrace of our colleges, the word in question was first perverted from its real significance at the very head-quarters of learning. The initiated, indeed, are aware of its local sense, — but who knows what cost and inconvenience the

duplicity of the term may have caused to the more ignorant members of the community? Just imagine, for instance, a plain, downright Englishman who calls a spade a spade — induced perhaps by the facilities of the railroads — making a summer holiday, and repairing to Cambridge or Oxford, may be with his whole family, to see he does not exactly know what — whether a Collection of Pictures, Wax-Work, Wild Beasts, Wild Indians, a Fat Ox, or a Fat Child, — but at any rate an "*Exhibition!*"

More recently the members of the faculty have taken it into their heads to misuse the unfortunate word, and by help of its misapplication, are continually promising to the ear what the druggists really perform to the eye — namely to "exhibit" their medicines. If the Doctors talked of hiding them, the phrase would be more germane to the act: for it would be difficult to conceal a little Pulv. Rhei — Magnes. sulphat. — or tinct. jalapæ, more effectually than by throwing it into a man's or woman's stomach. And pity it is that the term has not amongst medical men a more literal significance; for it is certain that in many diseases, and especially of the hypochondriac class — it is certain, I say, that if the practitioner actually made "a show" of his *materiel*, the patient would recover at the mere sight of the "Exhibition."

This was precisely the case with the Rev. T. C. Had he fallen into the hands of a Homœopathist with his infinitesimal doses, only fit to be exhibited like the infinitesimal insects through a solar microscope, his recovery would have been hopeless. But his better fortune provided otherwise. The German Medecin Rath, who prescribed for him, was in theory diametrically opposed to Hahnemann, and in his tactics he followed Napoleon, whose leading principle was to bring masses of all arms, horse, foot, and artillery, to bear on a given point. In accordance with this system, he therefore prescribed so liberally that the following articles were in a very short time comprised in his "Exhibition:" —

A series of powders, to be taken every two hours.
A set of draughts, to wash down the powders.
A box of pills.
A bag full of certain herbs for fomentations.
A large blister, to be put between the shoulders.
Twenty leeches, to be applied to the stomach.

As *Macheath* sings, "a terrible show!" — but the doctor, in common with his countrymen, entertained some rather exaggerated notions as to English habits, and our general addiction to high feeding and fast living, — an impression that materially aggravated the treatment.

"He *must* be a horse-doctor!" thought Miss Crane, as she looked over the above articles — at any rate she resolved — as if governed by the proportion of four legs to two — that her parent should only take one half of each dose that was ordered. But even these reduced quantities were too much for the Rev. T. C. The first instalment he swallowed, the second he smelt, and the third he merely looked at. To tell the truth, he was fast transforming from a Malade Imaginaire, into a Mâlade Malgré Lui. In short, the cure proceeded with the rapidity of a Hohenlohe miracle, — a result the doctor did not fail to attribute to the energy of his measures, at the same time resolving that the next English patient he might catch should be subjected to the same decisive treatment. Heaven keep the half, three quarters, and the whole lengths of my dear countrymen and countrywomen from his Exhibitions!

His third visit to the Englishers at the Adler was his last. He found the Convalescent in his travelling-dress, — Miss Ruth engaged in packing, — and the Schoolmistress writing the letter which was to prepare Miss Parfitt for the speedy return of the family party to Lebanon House. It was, of course, a busy time; and the Medecin Rath speedily took his fees and his leave.

There remained only the account to settle with the landlord of the Adler; and as English families rarely stopped at that wretched inn, the amount of the bill was quite as extraordinary. Never was there such a realization of the "large reckoning in a little room."

"Well, I must say," murmured the Schoolmistress, as the coach rumbled off towards home, "I do wish we had reached Gotha, that I might have got my shades of wool."

"Humph!" grunted the Rev. T. C., still sore from the recent disbursement. "They went out for wool, and they returned shorn."

"We went abroad for pleasure," grumbled Miss Ruth, "and have met with nothing but pain and trouble."

"And some instruction too," said Miss Crane, with even more than her usual gravity. "For my own part I have met with a lesson that has taught me my own unfitness for a Governess. For I cannot think that a style of education which has made me so helpless and useless as a daughter, can be the proper one for young females who are hereafter to become wives and mothers, a truth that every hour has impressed on me since I have been a Schoolmistress Abroad."

THE TOWER OF LAHNECK.

A ROMANCE.

Amongst the many castled crags on the banks of the Rhine, one of the most picturesque is the ruin of Lahneck, perched on a conical rock, close to that beautiful little river the Lahn. The castle itself is a venerable fragment, with one lofty tower rising far above the rest of the building, — a characteristic feature of a feudal stronghold, — being in fact the observatory of the Robber-Baron, whence he watched, not the motions of the heavenly bodies, but the movements of such earthly ones as might afford him a booty, or threaten him with an assault. And truly, Lahneck is said to have been the residence of an order of Teutonic Knights exactly matching in number the famous band of thieves in the Arabian Tale.

However, when the sun sets in a broad blaze behind the heights of Capellen, and the fine ruin of Stolzenfels on the opposite banks of the Rhine, its last rays always linger on the lofty tower of Lahneck. Many a time, while standing rod in hand on one or other of the brown rocks which, narrowing the channel of the river, form a small rapid, very favorable to the fisherman, — many a time have I watched the rich warm light burning beacon-like on the very summit of that solitary tower, whilst all the river lay beneath in deepest shadow, save the golden circles that marked where a fish rose to the surface, or the bright corruscations made by the screaming swallow as it sportively dipped its wing in the dusky water, like a gay friend breaking in on the cloudy reveries of a moody mind. And as these natural lights faded away, the artificial ones of the village of Lahnstein began to twinkle, — the glowing windows of Duquet's hospitable pavilion, especially, throwing across the stream a series of dancing reflections that shone the

brighter for the sombre shadows of a massy cluster of acacias in the tavern-garden. Then the myriads of chafers, taking to wing, filled the air with droning, — whilst the lovely fireflies with their fairy lamps began to flit across my homeward path, or hovered from osier to osier, along the calm waterside. But a truce to these personal reminiscences.

It was on a fine afternoon, towards the close of May, 1830, that two ladies began slowly to climb the winding path which leads through a wild shrubbery to the ruined Castle of Lahneck. They were unaccompanied by any person of the other sex; but such rambles are less perilous for unprotected females in that country than in our own, — and they had enjoyed several similar excursions without accident or offence. At any rate, to judge from their leisurely steps, and the cheerful tone of their voices, they apprehended no more danger than might accrue to a gauze or a ribbon from an overhanging branch or a stray bramble. The steepness of the ascent forced them occasionally to halt to take breath, but they stopped quite as frequently to gather the wild-flowers, and especially the sweet valley-lilies, there so abundant, — to look up at the time-stained ruin from a new point, or to comment on the beauties of the scenery.

The elder of the ladies spoke in English, to which her companion replied in the same language, but with a foreign accent, and occasional idioms, that belonged to another tongue. In fact, she was a native of Germany, whereas the other was one of those many thousands of British travellers whom the long peace, the steamboat, and the poetry of Byron had tempted to visit the "blue and arrowy" river. Both were young, handsome, and accomplished; but the Fraulein Von B. was unmarried; whilst Mrs. —— was a wife and a mother, and with her husband and her two children had occupied for some weeks a temporary home within the walls of Coblentz. It was in this city that a friendship had been formed between the German girl and the fair Islander, — the gentle pair who were now treading so freely and fearlessly under the walls of a castle where womanly beauty might formerly have ventured as safely as the doe near the den of the lion. But those days are happily gone by, — the dominion of brute force is over, — and the Wild Baron who doomed his victims to the treacherous abyss has dropped into an *Oubliette* as dark and as deep as his own.

At last the two ladies gained the summit of the mountain, and for some minutes stood still and silent, as if entranced by the beauty of the scene before them. There are elevations at which the mind loses breath as well as the body, — and pants too thickly with thought upon thought to find ready utterance. This was especially the case with the Englishwoman, whose cheek flushed, while her eyes glistened with tears; for the soul is touched by beauty as well as melted by kindness, and here nature was lavish of both, — at once charming, cheering, and refreshing her with a magnificent prospect, the brightest of sunshine, and the balmiest air. Her companion, in the mean time, was almost as taciturn, merely uttering the names of the places, — Ober-Lahnstein, Capellen, Stolzenfels, Nieder-Lahnstein, St. John's Church, — to which she successively pointed with her little white finger. Following its direction, the other lady slowly turned round, till her eyes rested on the castle itself, but she was too near to see the ruin to advantage, and her neck ached as she strained it to look up at the lofty tower which rose almost from her feet. Still she continued to gaze upward, till her indefinite thoughts grew into a wish that she could ascend to the top, and thence, as if suspended in air, enjoy an uninterrupted view of the whole horizon. It was with delight, therefore, that on turning an angle of the wall she discovered a low open arch which admitted her to the interior, where, after a little groping, she perceived a flight of stone steps, winding, as far as the eye could trace, up the massive walls.

The staircase, however, looked very dark, or rather dismal, after the bright sunshine she had just quitted, but the whim of the moment, the spirit of adventure and curiosity, induced her to proceed, although her companion, who was more phlegmatic, started several difficulties and doubts as to the practicability of the ascent. There were, however no obstacles to surmount beyond the gloom, some trifling heaps of rubbish, and the fatigue of mounting so many gigantic steps. But this weariness was richly repaid, whenever through an occasional loophole she caught a sample of the bright blue sky, and which like samples in general appeared of a far more intense and beautiful color than any she had ever seen in the whole piece. No, never had heaven seemed so heavenly, or earth so lovely, or water so clear and pure, as through those

narrow apertures — never had she seen any views so charming as those exquisite snatches of landscape, framed by the massive masonry into little cabinet pictures, of a few inches square — so small, indeed, that the two friends, pressed cheek to cheek, could only behold them with one eye apiece! The Englishwoman knew at least a dozen of such tableaux, to be seen through particular loopholes in certain angles of the walls of Coblentz — but these "pictures of the Lahneck gallery," as she termed them, transcended them all! Nevertheless it cost her a sigh to reflect how many forlorn captives, languishing perhaps within those very walls, had been confined to such glimpses of the world without — nay, whose every prospect on this side the grave had been framed in stone. But such thoughts soon pass away from the minds of the young, the healthy, and the happy, and the next moment the fair moralist was challenging the echoes to join with her in a favorite air. Now and then indeed the song abruptly stopped, or the voice quavered on a wrong note, as a fragment of mortar rattled down to the basement, or a disturbed bat rustled from its lurking-place, or the air breathed through a crevice with a sound so like the human sigh, as to revive her melancholy fancies. But these were transient terrors, and only gave rise to peals of light-hearted merriment, that were mocked by laughing voices from each angle of the walls.

At last the toilsome ascent was safely accomplished, and the two friends stood together on the top of the tower, drawing a long, delicious breath of the fresh, free air. For a time they were both dazzled to blindness by the sudden change from gloom to sunshine, as well as dizzy from the unaccustomed height; but these effects soon wore off, and the whole splendid panorama, — variegated with mountains, valleys, rocks, castles, chapels, spires, towns, villages, vineyards, cornfields, forests, and rivers, was revealed to the delighted sense. As the Englishwoman had anticipated, her eye could now travel unimpeded round the entire horizon, which it did again and again and again, while her lips kept repeating all the superlatives of admiration.

"It is mine Faderland," murmured the German girl, with a natural tone of triumph in the beauty of her native country. "Speak — did I not well to persuade you to remain here, by little bits, and little bits, instead of a stop at Horcheim?"

"You did, indeed, my dear Amanda. Such a noble prospect would well repay a much longer walk."

"Look!—see—dere is Rhense—and de Marxberg"—but the finger was pointed in vain, for the eyes it would have guided continued to look in the opposite direction across the Lahn.

"Is it possible, from here," inquired the Englishwoman, "to see Coblentz?"

Instead of answering this question, the German girl looked up archly in the speaker's face, and then smiling and nodding her head, said slily, "Ah, you do think of a somebody at home!"

"I was thinking of him, indeed," replied the other, "and regretting that he is not at this moment by my side to enjoy—"

She stopped short—for at that instant a tremendous peal, as of the nearest thunder, shook the tower to its very foundation. The German shrieked, and the ever-ready "Ach Gott!" burst from her quivering lips; but the Englishwoman neither stirred nor spoke, though her cheek turned of the hue of death. Some minds are much more apprehensive than others, and hers was unusually quick in its conclusions,—the thought passed from cause to consequence with the rapidity of the voltaic spark. Ere the sound had done rumbling, she knew the nature of the calamity as distinctly as if an evil spirit had whispered it in her ear. Nevertheless, an irresistible impulse, that dreadful attraction which draws us in spite of ourselves to look on what is horrible and approach to the very verge of danger, impelled her to seek the very sight she most feared to encounter. Her mind indeed recoiled, but her limbs, as by a volition superior to her own, dragged her to the brink of the abyss she had prophetically painted, where the reality presented itself with a startling resemblance to the ideal picture.

Yes, *there* yawned that dark chasm, unfathomable by the human eye, a great gulf fixed—perhaps eternally fixed—between herself and the earth, with all it contained of most dear and precious to the heart of a wife and a mother. Three—only the three uppermost steps of the gigantic staircase still remained in their place, and even these as she gazed at them suddenly plunged into the dreary void; and after an interval which indicated the frightful depth they had to

plumb, reached the bottom with a crash that was followed by a roll of hollow echoes from the subterranean vaults!

As the sound ceased, the Englishwoman turned away, with a gasp and a visible shudder, from the horrid chasm. It was with the utmost difficulty that she had mastered a mechanical inclination to throw herself after the falling mass — an impulse very commonly induced by the unexpected descent of a large body from our own level. But what had she gained? Perhaps but a more lingering and horrible fate — a little more time to break her heart in — so many more wretched hours to lament for her lost treasures — her cheerful home — her married felicity — her maternal joys, and to look with unavailing yearnings towards Coblentz. But that sunny landscape had become intolerable; and she hastily closed her eyes and covered her face with her hands. Alas! she only beheld the more vividly the household images, and dear familiar faces that distractingly associated the happiness of the past with the misery of the present — for out of the very sweetness of her life came intenser bitterness, and from its brightest phases an extremer darkness, even as the smiling valley beneath her had changed into that of the Shadow of Death! The Destroyer had indeed assumed almost a visible presence, and like a poor trembling bird, conscious of the stooping falcon, the devoted victim sank down and cowered on the hard, cold, rugged roof of the fatal Tower!

The German girl, in the mean while, had thrown herself on her knees, and with her neck at full stretch over the low parapet, looked eagerly from east to west for succor, — but from the mill up the stream to the ferry down below, and along the road on either side of the river, she could not descry a living object. Yes — no — yes — there was one on the mountain itself, moving among the brushwood, and even approaching the castle; closer he came, — and closer yet, to the very base of the Tower. But his search, whatever it was, tended earthwards, for he never looked up.

"Here! — come! — gleich! — quick!" and the agitated speaker hurriedly beckoned to her companion in misfortune, — "we must make a cry both togeder, and so loud as we can," and setting the example she raised her voice to its utmost pitch; but the air was so rarefied that the sound seemed feeble even to herself.

At any rate it did not reach the figure below, — nor would a far louder alarm, for that figure was little Kranz, the deaf and dumb boy of Lahnstein, who was gathering bunches of the valley-lilies for sale to the company at the inn. Accordingly, after a desultory ramble round the ruins, he descended to the road, and slowly proceeded along the water-side towards the ferry, where he disappeared.

"Lieber Gott!" exclaimed the poor girl; "it is too far to make one hear!"

So saying, she sprang to her feet, and with her white handkerchief kept waving signals of distress, till from sheer exhaustion her arms refused their office. But not one of those pleasure-parties so frequent on fine summer days in that favorite valley had visited the spot. There was a Kirch-Weih at Neundorf, down the Rhine, and the holiday-makers had all proceeded with their characteristic uniformity in that direction.

"Dere is nobody at all," said the German, dropping her arms and head in utter despondence, — "not one to see us!"

"And if there were," added a hollow voice, "what human help could avail us at this dreadful height?"

The truth of this reflection was awfully apparent; but who when life is at stake can resign hope, or its last, tearful contingency, though frail as a spider's thread encumbered with dew-drops?

The German, in spite of her misgivings, resumed her watch; till after a long, weary, dreary hour, a solitary figure issued from a hut a little lower down on the opposite side of the Lahn, and stepping into a boat propelled it to the middle of the stream. It was one of the poor fishermen who rented the water, and rowing directly to the rapid, he made a cast or two with his net, immediately within the reflection of the castle. But he was too distant to hear the cry that appealed to him, and too much absorbed in the success or failure of his peculiar lottery to look aloft. Like the deaf and dumb boy, he passed on, but in the opposite direction, and gradually disappeared.

"It will never be seen!" ejaculated the German girl, again dropping her arm — a doubtful prophecy, however, for immediately afterwards the Rhenish steamboat crossed the mouth of the lesser river, and probably more than one telescope was

pointed to the romantic ruin of Lahneck. But the distance was great, and even had it been less, the waving of a white handkerchief would have been taken for a merry or a friendly salute.

In the mean time the steamboat passed out of sight behind the high ground; but the long streamer of smoke was still visible, like a day-meteor, swiftly flying along, and in a direction that made the Englishwoman stretch out her arms after the fleeting vapor as if it had been a thing sensible to human supplication.

"It is gone also!" exclaimed her partner in misery. "And in a short while my liebe mütter will see it come to Coblentz!"

The Englishwoman groaned.

"It is *my* blame," continued the other, in an agony of self-reproach; "it was my blame to come so wide — not one can tell where. Nobody shall seek at Lahneck — dey will think we are dropped into de Rhine. Yes — we must die both! We must die of famishment — and de cornfields, and de vines is all round one!"

And thus hour passed after hour, still watching promises that budded and blossomed and withered — and still flowered again and again without fruition — till the shades of evening began to fall, and the prospect became in every sense darker and darker.

Barge after barge had floated down the river, but the steersman had been intent on keeping his craft in the middle of the current in the most difficult part of his navigation — the miller had passed along the road at the base of the mountain, but his thoughts were fixed on the home within his view — the female peasant drove her cows from the pasture — the truant children returned to the village, and the fisherman drifting down the stream, again landed, and after hanging his nets up to dry between the trees on the opposite meadows, re-entered his hut. But none saw the signal, none heard the cry, or if they did it was supposed to be the shrill squeak of the bat. There was even company at the inn, for the windows of Duquet's pavilion began to sparkle, but the enjoyments of the party had stopped short of the romantic and the picturesque — they were quaffing Rhein wein, and eating thick, sour cream, sweetened with sugar, and flavored with cinnamon.

"It is hard, mine friend," sobbed the German, "not one thinks but for themselves."

"It is unjust," might have retorted the wife and mother, "for *I* think of my husband and children, and *they* think of me."

Why else did her sobs so disturb the tranquil air, or wherefore did she paint her beloved Edward and her two fair-haired boys with their faces so distorted by grief? The present and the future — for time is nothing in such visions — were almost simultaneously before her, and the happy home of one moment was transfigured at the next instant into the house of mourning. The contrast was agonizing but unspeakable — one of those stupendous woes which stupefy the soul, as when the body is not pierced with a single wound, but mortally crushed. She was not merely stricken, but stunned.

"Mein Gott!" exclaimed the German girl, after a vain experiment on the passiveness of her companion, "why do you not speak something — what shall we do?"

"Nothing," answered a shuddering whisper, "except — die!"

A long pause ensued, during which the German girl more than once approached and looked down the pitch black orifice which had opened to the fallen stairs. Perhaps it looked less gloomy than by daylight in the full blaze of the sun, — perhaps she had read and adopted a melancholy, morbid tone of feeling too common to German works, when they treat of a voluntary death, or perhaps the Diabolical Prompter was himself at hand with the desperate suggestion, fatal alike to body and to soul, — but the wretched creature drew nearer and nearer to the dangerous verge.

Her purpose, however, was checked. Although the air was perfectly still, she heard a sudden rustle amongst the ivy on that side of the Tower, which, even while it made her start, had whispered a new hope in her ear. Was it possible that her signals had been observed — that her cries had been heard? And again the sound was audible, followed by a loud, harsh cry, and a large Owl, like a bird of ill omen, as it is, fluttered slowly over the heads of the devoted pair, and again it shrieked and flapped round them, as if to involve them in a magical circle, and then with a third and shriller screech sailed away like an Evil Spirit, in the direction of the Black Forest.

Nor was that boding fowl without its sinister influence on human destiny. The disappointment it caused to the victim was mortal. It was the drop that overbrimmed her cup.

"No," she muttered, "dere is no more hopes. For myself I will not starve up here, — I know my best friend, and will cast my troubles on the bosom of my mother earth."

Absorbed in her own grief the Englishwoman did not at first comprehend the import of these words; but all at once their meaning dawned on her with a dreadful significance. It was, however, too late. Her eye caught a glimpse of the skirt of a garment, her ear detected a momentary flutter, — and she was alone on that terrible tower!

* * * * *

And did she too perish? Alas! ask the peasants and the fishermen who daily worked for their bread in that valley or on its river; ask the ferryman who hourly passed to and fro, and the bargeman, who made the stream his thoroughfare, and they will tell you, one and all, that they heard nothing and saw nothing, for Labor looks downward and forward, and round about, but not upward. Nay, ask the angler himself, who withdrew his fly from the circling eddies of the rapids to look at the last beams of sunshine glowing on the lofty ruin, — and he answers that he never saw living creature on its summit, except once, when the crow and the raven were hovering about the building, and a screaming eagle, although it had no nest there, was perched on the Tower of Lahneck.

NOTE. — This story — which some hardy critic affirmed was "an old Legend of the Rhine, to be found in any Guide-book" — was suggested by the recital of two ladies, who attempted to ascend to the top of the Tower of Lahneck, but were deterred by the shaking of the stone stairs. They both consider, to this day, that they narrowly escaped a fate akin to the catastrophe of poor Amy Robsart; and have visible shudderings when they hear, or read, of old Rhenish castles and *oubliettes*.

A SEA-TOTALLER.

THE SHORT PLEDGE.

"I 'LL tell you what it is," said the President of the Social Glassites, at the same time mixing a fresh tumbler of grog, — rather stiffer than the last, — for the subject of Temperance and Tea-totalism had turned up, and he could not discuss it with dry lips, — "I 'll tell you what it is: Temperance is all very well, provided it 's indulged in with moderation, and without injury to your health or business; but when it sets a man spouting, and swaggering, and flag-carrying, and tea-gardening,

and dressing himself up like a play-actor, why he might as well have his mind unsobered with anything else."

"That's very true," said the Vice-President, — a gentleman with a remarkably red nose.

"I have seen many Teatotal Processions," continued the President, "and I don't hesitate to say, that every man and woman amongst them was more or less intoxicated — "

"Eh, what?" asked a member, hastily removing his cigar.

"Yes, intoxicated, I say, with pride and vanity — what with the bands of music, and the banners, and the ribbons, and maybe one of their top-sawyers, with his white wand, swaggering along at their head, and looking quite convinced that because he has n't made a Beast of himself he must be a Beauty. Instead of which, to my mind, there can't be a more pitiful sight than a great hulking fellow all covered with medals and orders, like a Lord Nelson, for only taking care of his own precious health, and trying to live long in the land; and particularly if he's got a short neck and a full habit. Why the Royal Humane Society might just as well make a procession of the people who don't drink water to excess, instead of those objects that do, and with ribbons and medals round their necks, for being their own life-preservers!"

"That's very true," said the Vice. "I've seen a Master Grand of a Teatotaller with as many ornaments about him as a foreign prince!"

"Why I once stopped my own grog," continued the President, "for twelve months together, of my own accord, because I was a little wheezy; and yet never stuck even a snip of ribbon at my buttonhole. But that's modest merit, — whereas a regular Temperance fellow would have put on a broad blue sash, as if he was a Knight of the Bath, and had drunk the bath all up instead of swimming in it."

"That's very true," repeated the Vice.

"Temperance is, no doubt, a virtue," said the President; "but is not the only one; though, to judge by some of their Tracts and Speeches, you would think that because a Totaller drinks Adam's ale he is as innocent as our first Parents in Paradise, which, begging their pardons, is altogether an error, and no mistake. Sin and strong drink are not born relations; though they often come together. The first murderer in the world was a water-drinker, and when he killed his poor brother, was as sober as a judge."

"If that arn't true," exclaimed the red-nosed Vice, "I'll be pounded!"

"It was intemperance, however," said the President; "because why? it was indulging in ardent passions and fermented feelings, agin which, in my humble opinion, we ought to take Long and Short Pledges, as much as agin spirituous liquors. Not to mention the strong things that come out of people's mouths, and are quite as deleterious as any that go into them — for example, profane swearing, and lying, and slandering, and foul language, and which, not to name names, are dealt in by parties who would not even look at Fine Old Pineapple Rum, or Cream of the Valley."

"That's correct, anyhow," said the Vice; and he replenished his tumbler.

"To be sure, Temperance has done wonders in Ireland," continued the President, "and to my mind, little short of a miracle — namely, repealing the Old Union of Whiskey-and-Water, — and which would have seemed a much tougher job than O'Connell's. However, Father Matthew has accomplished it, and instead of a Parliament in College Green we are likely to see a far stranger sight, and that's a whole County of Cork without a bottle to it."

"Humph!" ejaculated the Vice, and took a liberal draught of his mixture. "But they 'll take to party spirit in loo."

"Like enough," said the President; "for when once we get accustomed to strong stimuluses, we find it hard to go without 'em; and they do say, that many of those parties who have left off liquors, have taken to opium. But the greatest danger with new converts and *prostelytes*, is of their rushing into another extreme — and that reminds me of a story to the point."

"Now then," said the member with the cigar.

"It was last September," said the President, "when I owned the Rose in June, and a sweet pretty craft she was. I had bought a lot of lines and a trawling net along with her; and besides cruising for pleasure, we used now and then to cast about for a bit of fresh fish for my missus, or by way of present to a friend. Well, one day, just below Gravesend, we had fished all the morning, but without any luck at all, except one poor little skate that lay on the deck, making faces at us like a dying Christian, first pouting out its lips, and then

drawing them in again with a long suck of its breath, for all the world like a fellow-creature with a stitch in the side, or a spasm in his chest. The next haul we got nothing but lots of mud, a bit of sea-weed, a lump of coal, a rotten bung, and an old shoe. However, the third time the net felt heavy enough for a porpus, and sure enough on hauling it up to the top of the water, we saw some very large fish a-flopping about in it, quite as big as a grampus, only nothing like the species. Well, we pulled and hauled, Jack and I — (you remember Jack) — till we got the creature aboard over the bulwarks, and there it rolled on the deck, such a Sea Monster as never was seen afore nor since. It was full six feet long, with a round head like a man's, but bald, — though it had a beard and whiskers of sandy-colored hair. We could not see the face, by reason of the creature always hiding it with its paws, which were like a man's hands, only with a sort of web between the fingers. All the upper part of the body was of a flesh or salmon color down to the middle, where the skin became first bluer, and then greener and greener, as well as more rough and scaly, till the body forked off into two distinct fish's tails.

"'I'll tell you what, master,' says Jack Rogers, after taking a good look at the monster, and poking it about a bit with a handspike, 'I'm blest if it is n't a Cock Mermaid!'"

"No doubt of it," said the Vice.

"To tell the truth," said the President, "I had the same thought in my head, but was afraid to name it, because such animals have been reckoned fabulous. However, there it was on the deck, as large as life, and a certain fortune to the owner, as an article for exhibition; and I won't deny that I began in my own mind a rough guess at the sum total of all the inhabitants of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, at a shilling a head. Jack, too, seemed in a brown study, maybe settling what share, in right and justice, he ought to have of the profits, or perhaps wondering, and puzzled to make head or tail of the question, whether the creature was properly a beast or a fish. As for myself, I felt a little flustered, as you may suppose, not only by the strangeness of the phenomenon, but at the prospect of such a prodigious fortune. In point of fact, I was all in a tremor, like a steam-vessel with high-pressure engines, and accordingly sent Jack down below for my brandy-bottle out of the locker, just to steady my nerves.

'Here's to us both,' says I, nodding and winking at Jack, 'and to the Cock Mermaid into the bargain; for unless I'm mistaken, it'll prove a gold-fish in the end.' I was rather premature: for the noise of pulling out the cork made the creature look round, which was the first time we had caught a fair look at its face. When lo and behold! Jack no sooner clapped his eyes on the features, than he sings out again:

"'I'm blest,' says he — for I did n't allow swearing — 'I'm blest if it is n't Bob Bunce!'

"Well, the Merman gave a nod, as much as to say, 'You're right, I'm him;' and then scrambling up into a sitting posture, with his back agin the companion, made a sign to me for the bottle. So I handed him the flask, which he took a sup of through the net; but the liquor went against his fishified nature, and pulling a very wry face, he spirted it all out again, and gave me back the bottle. To my mind that settled the matter about his being a rational creature. It was *moral* impossible, though he might have an outside resemblance, like the apes and monkeys, to the human species. But I was premature again; for, after rolling about a bit, he took me all aback with an odd sort of a voice coming out of his mouth, which was as round as the hole of a flute.

"'Here,' says he, 'lend us a hand to get out of the net.'

"'It's Bob Bunce, sure enough,' cries Jack; 'that's his voice, I'll take my davit, howsomever he 's got transmogrified.'

"And with that he stooped down and helped the creature, whatever it was, out of the net, and then popped him up on his two tails against the mast.

"'And now,' says he, 'if you're a Cock Mermaid, as master thinks, you may hold your tongue; but if so be you 're Bob Bunce, as I suspects,' (and if Jack always used the solemn tone he did at that minute he'd make a first-rate popular preacher), 'why then don't renounce your godfathers and godmothers in your baptism, and your Christian religion, but say so at once like a man.'

"'I *ham* Bob Bunce, then,' said the creature, with a very strong emphasis, 'or rayther I *were*,' and along with the last word two great tears as big as swanshot sprang out of his pale blue eyes, and rolled down his flabby cheeks. 'Yes, I were Bob Bunce, and known by sight to every man, woman, and child in Deptford.'

"'That's true any how,' said Jack; 'cause why? You were so often a reeling drunk about the streets.'

"'There is no denying it,' said Bob, 'and plenty of contrary evidence if I did. But it warn't the strong liquors that ruined me, but quite the reverse; for you see, sir,' addressing me, 'one day after a drunken fit a she-teatotaller got hold of me while I was sick and sorry, and prevailed on me to join a temperance club, and take the long pledge, which I did.'

"'And now,' says she, 'you 're nabb'd, and after that every drop of liquor you take will flare up agin you hereafter like blazes, and make a snap-dragon on you in the tother world.'

"'Well, being low and narvous, that scarified me at once into water-drinking, and I was fool enough to think, that the more water I drunk the more sober I should be; whereby at last I reached the pint of taking above two or three gallons a-day. For all that I got no stronger or better, as the speeches and tracks had promised, but rather weaker and weaker; and instead of a fair complexion, began turning bluish and greenish, besides my body being covered, as they say, with gooseskin, and my legs of a scaly character. As for walking, I staggered worse than ever, through gettin' knockneed and splay-footed, which was the beginnin' of their transmogrification. The long and the short is, sir, though I did n't know it, that along o' so much water, I 'd been drinkin' myself amphibbus.'

"'Well, that sounds like philosophy,' says Jack: 'but then, Bob, how come ye into the river?'

"'Ah!' says Bob, shaking his head, 'that 's the sinful part o' the story. But between mortification, and the fear of being showed up for a mermaid, I resolved to put an end to myself, and so crawled down arter dark to Cole's wharf and flung myself into the river. But instead of drownding as I expected, the water that came into my mouth seemed to go out agin at my ears, and I found I could swim about and rise to the top or dive to the bottom as nat'ral as a fish. That gave me time to repent and reflect, and the consequence is, I 've lived a wet life for above a week, and am almost reconciled to the same, only I don't take quite kindly yet to the raw dabs and flounders, and so was making my way down to the oyster-beds in the Medway, when your net come and ketch'd me up.'

"'But you would n't spend your days in the ocean, would you, Bob?' asked Jack, in a sort of coaxing tone that was meant to be very agreeable. 'As to hoysters, you may have 'em on dry land, real natives, and ready opened for you, and what 's more, pepper'd and vinegar'd, which you can't in the Medway. And in respect to walking, why, me and master would engage to purvide you with a carriage.'

"'A wan, you mean,' said the other, with a piercing look at Jack, and then another at me, that made me wince. 'A wan — and Bartlemy Fair — but I 'll die first!'

"And rising upright on his double tail, before we could lay hands on him, he threw a somerset over the bulwark, and disappeared."

"And was that the last of him?" said the Vice.

"It was, gentlemen," replied the President. "For Bunce, or Bounce, or Tea-totaller, or Sea-totaller, we never set eyes on him again."

"Well, that 's a warning anyhow," said the Vice, again helping himself from the bottle. "I 've heard political people talk of swamping the constitution, but never knew before that it was done with pump-water."

"Nor I neither," said the member with the cigar.

"Why you see," said the President, "Temperance is a very praiseworthy object to a proper extent; but a thing may be carried too far, as Sinbad said to the Old Man of the Sea. No doubt water-drinking is very wholesome while it 's indulged in with moderation, but when you come to take it to excess, why you may equally make a beast of yourself, like poor Bob Bunce, and be unable to *keep your legs*."

THE FATAL BATH.

It is seldom that medical men are of accord in their theories: the differences of doctors have, indeed, passed into a proverb; but if there be any one point on which their opinions entirely harmonize, it is on the propriety of bathing with an empty stomach. The famous Doctor Krankengraber, in his most famous book, called "Immersion deeply Considered," forbids, under all kinds of corporeal pains and penalties, the use of the cold bath, after the midday meal. "Take it," he says emphatically, "as you value your life, health, and consequent peace, comfort, and happiness, by all means before, before, before dinner." It is a high authority to set up against; and yet if the pen were my professional implement instead of the sword, — could I write treatises as eloquently as the learned Esculapian, — I would cry to the ends of the earth, Bathe, as you love yourself, or love any one else, — as you love the precious meal itself, — bathe *after, after, after* dinner! Let the candid reader decide between us.

It is now nearly twenty years since I met the lovely and fascinating Christina F——, now, alas! Christina Von G——, at our Casino Ball. I had only the happiness of dancing one waltz with her — but what a waltz it was! It never left off! She had completely turned my head — not one turn from right to left, or otherwise; but she had set it spinning forever! Like the har-

HE-DIP-US, — TYRANNUS.

monious everlasting revolutions of the planets, was that dance with its music in my memory. All the rest of the night, or at least the few hours of morning slumber allowed me by my military duties, that ineffable whirl, with the same bright angel for my partner, went on in a dream.

Every one who happened, like myself, to be abroad in Coblentz, on the first of May, 1835, must recollect the remarkable whirlwind of that date, and its memorable effects. I saw it come down the Moselle, twirling round a jackdaw or two, some hides of leather, linen, and other articles caught up in its vortex; and then, passing over the Rhine towards Thal-Ehren-

breitstein, where I was then quartered, it disappeared in the direction of Ems. But it left its mysterious influence behind. After gazing for a moment at the place where it had vanished, all of a sudden, striking up a popular air in a whistle, a countryman caught hold of a woman who happened to stand near him, and compelled her, with gentle violence, to revolve with him in the national dance. The hint took. A second pair began to turn — a third — the infection spread — each caught hold of a neighbor, male or female, — till in the space of a few minutes, soldiers, officers, civilians, carmen, market-women, ladies, maid-servants, barge-masters, peasants, old or young, were all spinning. There was not an individual to be seen, on either bank, or on the bridge, but was engaged in the universal waltz !

Alas ! the lovely Christina was to me as that tornado ! She not only made me whirl myself, but everything else to whirl round me. My thoughts flowed in circles ; I could never project them in a straight line to any given point. I was a human humming-top, always humming that one dear air by Zirkel that I had danced to. My brain became dizzy and giddy, the earth reeled beneath me, the sky spun round above me. In short, I was eddying in endless circles in that Maelstrom of Passion called Love.

The discovery of my state was no sooner made than I strove to collect my senses, and soberly review the past, in order to estimate my chance of eventual bliss. I recalled the affable smile, the frank hand, the tender glance, of Christina ; and especially her ready " Ja ! ja ! " to everything I said. I remembered the gracious expressions of her mother, with whom I had also danced, even to the use of the affectionate " thou," as though I were her son elect. I thought of the benevolent smile of her father, as I touched glasses with him ; — and, above all, I knew that I possessed more than that minimum of revenue, without which officers of the Prussian army are forbidden to become Benedicts. Everything was in my favor. Hope herself assumed the face and figure of Christina, and, consenting to dance with me, I began spinning again worse than ever. We waltzed now by wholesale, — Christina, myself, her mother and father, all her relations, and all mine, in one great family circle !

In the mean time my military duties were not fulfilled in

the best manner for hastening my promotion; I became the standing joke of the standing army, at least of such part of it as garrisoned Coblentz. When the band struck up on the parade I began to revolve. I gave the word of command "Waltz!" instead of "Wheel!" On another occasion, when Captain Stumbké, at his rejoining the regiment, approached to embrace me, I seized him by the waist and actually turned him round in presence of the whole battalion! Never was such a delirium! But it was too sweet to last. One morning the telegraph on Ehrenbreitstein, with its arms all abroad, began to make signals; which my fond fancy merely converted into an invitation to the other telegraph on the top of the Palace, to come and waltz with it: there was, however, a darker purport in its motions. Our battalion was ordered to Posen!

I had danced into delight, and was now doomed to march out of it. On consideration, I determined to break my mind to Christina before I went; but no opportunity offered, and with my heart broken instead of my mind, I turned my back to Coblentz and the treasure it contained. My waltzing was over. One good turn deserves another, but, in doubt whether that good turn would ever come, I went on, without a single spin, to our journey's end.

I found the Polish city the same that I had left it; but every trace of gayety was gone. I still went, it is true, to balls where waltzes, gallopes, and mazurkas were danced; but I went in boots up to my knees. I had made a vow never to waltz again; and was keeping it better than vows are generally observed, when an event occurred that set me spinning again as fast as ever! — It was Christina herself, who entered the ball-room in the train of Princess L * * * * *! I could have eaten my long boots without sauce! At any rate I wished them successively on the legs of every ugly villain that danced with her. To go the whole length of a confession, I almost wished her a mild sprained ankle herself! It went against me to look on; and as fast as the giddy pair whirled one way, as swiftly in mere contrariness I seemed to spin with a reverse motion. Formerly I was a happy humming-top; — I was now a whipping-top, lashed by the unsparing hand of jealousy till I reeled again! Possibly I should have ended, like certain rotary fireworks, with an explosion, — at all events I should have flown off to my quarters, when a few

gracious words from the Princess converted the centrifugal into a centripetal impulse. It was an invitation to a dinner and ball on the succeeding Sunday, at which my former partner would be present. Christina herself condescended to express pleasure in the prospect of meeting me there; and when I ventured to solicit her promise, engaged herself to dance with me, as I fancied, with slight blush. Gracious heavens! how I spun! — or else I had become conscious of the earth's revolution! I whirled home without feeling my long boots, or the legs that were in them, — I was a spirit, — something ethereal — a zephyr waltzing with a zephyr, in a gentle whirlwind, that carried us up, spirally, even into the seventh heaven! Again Christina and Hope were one and the same person. I went to bed, and dreamt that having offered in a waltz, and been accepted in a waltz, we waltzed off to the altar together.

Never were six such long days invented as ushered in the blessed Sunday. However, they were so tedious that they wore themselves out at last; and exactly as the clock struck three, — lovers are never late, — I found myself at the Chateau, or rather in its Park, in which, having come too early, I preferred to amuse myself till the company arrived. I should have been in time if my horse had walked; but he had galloped: — I seemed destined to prove in my own person that in much haste there is little speed.

The weather was warm, and I was still warmer; my face, as I looked at it in a secluded lake to which I had sauntered, was as hot and flushed as if I had just waltzed with a bear. I looked at my watch, and then at the water, blue as the sky itself, and studded with snow-white lilies; — the very reeds bowed invitingly, and seemed to whisper, "Pray, walk in!" It was irresistible. In a trice, I was stripped, and luxuriating in the cool element. After lingering a little at the brim to enjoy an air-bath, I struck out towards the middle, now diving like a wild duck, and then springing like a trout, or sailing away after a prize lily. 'T was delicious! — Lovely nameless Naiad! — thanks for that refreshing embrace! Thanks for the present of those white porcelain lily-cups! Thanks for the vocal melody of thy reeds! A thousand thanks for that liquid, azure heaven! — but oh! — a thousand thousand, billions, trillions, quadrillions, quintillions, decillions of thanks

backwards — yea, hot, fervent, earnest, and bitter maledictions for all the rest!

"The Leech was sent, but not in mercy there!"

A BARE POSSIBILITY.

The first step I made out of the water disclosed my fate! Sharp as is the bite of the blut-egel, on land, when we are, perhaps, nervously expecting it, I had never noticed it in swimming; partly from a certain chilly numbness, partly from the constant muscular exertion, and partly from the frequent pricking of the broken reeds. A glance sufficed. There they were, a set of cuppers on each calf! As yet I could scarcely have lost a thimbleful of the vital fluid; but I felt as faint, as sick, and as ready to fall full length on the ground, as if I had lost quarts of it.

The first dinner-bell sounded. It was no time to be nice, and I tore off one or two of the bloodsuckers by force; but the flow of gore that followed proved to me that I had better have left them alone. Then I tried to shake them off by dan-

cing, and had they been each a tarantula, they could not have bitten me into more frantic capering. But they held on like sailors in a storm. I looked at my legs and raved! I thought of Christina and groaned! In the folly of desperation I gnashed my teeth at the leeches, and shook my fist at them, and

A FINISHED DRAWING.

then, trying my very useless powers of persuasion, I apostrophized them, "Suck, suck, suck, ye vipers! — suck! suck! suck! suck!" But the vipers were in no such hurry as mine; — they pumped on quite composedly, and seemed only intent on filling out every wrinkle of their skins, in order that I might admire the detestably beautiful pattern down their abominable backs! I all but blasphemed! I cursed the weather, the water, the lilies, the leeches, — and then my own self for going in, — and still more for coming out. I never thought of the cramp, or I should have cursed it too for not seizing me in the middle of the lake!

The second bell sounded — like a death-bell: — and there was

I, as effectually pinioned and fastened to the spot by a few paltry vermin, as Gulliver by the Lilliputians. Methought I beheld my empty chair on one side of Christina, and on the other, a hatefully well-made fellow, with an odious handsome face, and a disgustingly sweet voice and manner, endeavoring to make amends for my absence. I stormed, raved, tore my hair, and even wept for vexation. In the paroxysm of my despair, I prayed for wooden legs!

Hitherto the sounds from the Chateau had nothing personal in their character; but now they pointedly addressed themselves to me. First I heard the clang of a gong; then the flourish of a hunting-horn; next the recall upon the bugle; and, finally, a general shout, in which my distempered fancy seemed to detect the clear, sweet voice of Christina above all the rest! I wonder, with water so handy, I did not commit suicide. But a sort of resignation, very different from the

"I WISH I COULD SELL OUT!"

marble Resignation which typified Count Pfefferheim leaning over his departed lady, had taken possession of me. It was grim and gloomy — I had resolved to try patience, a catholicon plaster, efficacious in every possible case, with the sole drawback, that nobody can get it to stick on. For my own part, I soon gave up the remedy. I happened to remember the trouble I endured, when I really wanted leeches, to make

them bite, and I could emulate Job no longer. I wished — in such ecstasies we do not look before we leap in wishing — that I had been affected with Hydrophobia, ere that fatal bath — that I had been turned into a serpent at Schlangenbad, or boiled to rags in the Kockbrunnen at Wiesbaden.

At last the clangor ceased; but in lieu of it, I heard the servants running about and beating the wood for me, and calling me by name. If I had been wise I should have answered; — but I was now worked up to the frenzy fit of nervousness; I felt my situation, except in my own eyes, sufficiently ludicrous; — and I dreaded lest some mischievous wag, or perhaps rival, should delight to exhibit me in a ridiculous light to Christina. In truth, I should have been, if discovered, a laughable figure enough. To save time eventually, I had dressed myself so far as I could — conceive, then, a gentleman, in full uniform above, even to his cocked hat, but below, perfectly bare legged, with three leeches hanging to one limb, and four to the other! I should think no criminal ever felt more anxious of concealment than I did as I took refuge amongst the tallest reeds!

To pass the time, I had no better amusement than to watch the leeches, how they swelled and filled, and, finally, rolled off, gorged with my precious blood, a pailful of which I would rather have shed for my country at any convenient time and place! And Christina — what could she think of my absence? Why, she could only look upon me, as I looked on my leeches, with aversion and disgust, — whilst her infernal neighbor, the Colonel, in the splendid uniform of the Royal Guard, for such I painted him, became every moment more agreeable. Of the next five minutes I have no mental record; my impression is, that I was stark, staring, raving, rampant mad!

At length the last of my tormentors fell off, — and when he touched the ground, as I had served all his fellows, I weaned him with a stone from ever sucking again. It was a poor revenge, for, after death, they bequeathed to me a new misery. The blood would not cease flowing, even though I plucked all the nap off one side of my hat to apply to the wounds. I forgot how it would look afterwards stripped of its felt. I was famished besides — but my cruellest hunger was in my heart. O Christina! It seemed an age, ere at last I dared to creep gingerly into my white Kerseymeres! My watch marked it to have been but three hours!

I returned to the Chateau at the pace of a hearse; fearing

to put one foot before the other, and looking sharply every other step at my legs. As for the anticipated celestial waltz — I seemed doomed to make one of that dreary corps of long-visaged gentlemen who prefer to look on. I arrived, however, stainless, spotless, — only I was obliged to keep one side of my hat to myself. An attempt was made to rally me on my absence; but my excuse of having lost myself in the forest passed off very currently; and a tray was ordered for my refreshment. But I was unable to eat a morsel; I could only fill a glass of wine to pledge Christina, who had not shown any sign of resentment; on the contrary, she appeared to commiserate my wanderings in the wild woods. In the mean time the ball began. As I entered the room, in a blaze of light, I *fancied* that every eye was directed towards my legs: my head swam, and for a minute I seemed waltzing with the whole assembly at once! Christina looked twice reproachfully towards me, ere with the air of a matrimonial martyr saluting his destined bride, I went up and claimed her hand. The music struck up; we began to waltz, at least *she* did, turning me round with her, as though she had been practising the dance for the first time, with a lay-figure. Stiffly and coldly as I moved, methought I felt the circulation in every vein and artery becoming more and more rapid from even such gentle exercise. At last the whirl ceased, and we sat down again side by side. How I wished for the despised long boots up to the knees, in which I might have chatted at my ease! It was impossible. I never opened my lips except to say yes and no, in the wrong place; sometimes where I should have answered I was mute. One little stain of the slightest possible tinge of crimson, which on eye but my own would have detected, absorbed my whole soul. I was suffering the unspeakable tortures of the murderer, conscious that his secret blood-guiltiness was on the eve of coming to light!

The gentle Christina, after the first waltz, in consideration, perhaps, of my supposed long ramble in the forest, had expressed her intention of not dancing any more during the evening: a little stir now made me look, and — the fiends seize him! — a tall, handsome Colonel, in the splendid dress uniform of the Royal Guard, exactly such a figure as my jealous fancy had formerly depicted, was leading her out to dance! The music played a waltz. They turned, they spun, they flew round, in each other's arms — giving me a turn also till my very soul

became sick and dizzy! My eyes grew dim, — I could no longer see — but I heard her frequent "ja! ja! ja!" and her light laugh!

I wish Doctor Krankengraber could have seen the plight I was in at that moment, merely through bathing, according to his detestable rule. O, that he could have felt my burning temples, my throbbing pulse, my palpitating heart! Had that floor before me been a pond, I verily believe I should have practically illustrated his "Immersion deeply Considered" with my pockets full of stones. I once or twice endeavored to catch the eye of Christina, but in vain. I addressed her, and she looked as coldly on me as one of our kachel-ofens* on a born Englishman!

I would fain have sought an explanation; but this haughty treatment sealed my lips. I no longer attributed her estrangement to any other cause than the imputed fickleness of the sex. Muttering something to the Princess about indisposition I left her ball, without blessing it, and flew home. Three days later I was again at her Chateau, determined to decide my fate. Christina had quitted Posen! In two short months afterwards the Berlin Gazette informed me that she was married to a Colonel of the Royal Guard.

I never beheld her again: but a she-cousin of mine, who was her bosom friend and confidant, in after years, thought proper, amongst other matters of feminine curiosity, to inquire on what grounds her unfortunate kinsman had been repelled. The answer she did me the favor to extract, and kindly sent it to me, by way of a correction, and a guide, probably, should I ever dream of addressing a lady again. The reader is welcome to partake of the document: it runs thus: —

"You ask me, dearest Bettine, why I did not like your cousin Albrecht? Under the seal of our sisterly confidence, I will frankly confess to you that it was through no fault of mine. I will even own to something like a preference, up to that memorable evening at the Princess L.'s. I had there determined to watch him narrowly, to observe every light and shade of his character — and you know the result. Did you ever hear of the young Count Schönborn; and the egregious personal vanity which brought him to his fate? Suspected of correspondence with the revolted Poles, he disappeared, and, according to the custom with deserters, a vilely daubed effigy,

* A German stove, cased with white tiles.

with his name at full length under it, was suspended on the public gallows. He was still skulking in disguise at Berlin, and might doubtless have effected his escape — but shocked at the libellous picture that professed to represent him, he was actually arrested one morning, at the first dawn of light, brush and palate in hand, painting up the odious portrait to something more resembling the personal attractions of the original! And now for our Albrecht. Conceive him sitting languishingly — a Narcissus without his pond — seeing nothing, admiring nothing, but his own certainly well-turned legs! Fancy him stretching them, crossing them, ogling them in all possible attitudes, — taking back and front views of them, and along the outer or inner side. Imagine him coquetting with them, carelessly dropping a handkerchief over them, as if to veil their beauties; sliding his enamored hand down them by turns, — and then, with great reluctance brought to dance on them, if dancing it might be called, so languidly, as if he feared to wear out the dear delicate limbs by the exertion. Suppose him afterwards, relapsing into his former self-contemplation, so exclusively, as to neglect the common politeness of an answer even to a question from a lady — and a lady to whom he professed to show particular attention. And now, dearest and best Bettine, you have my secret. It is very well to marry a man with handsome legs, but one would not choose to have them always running in his head."

PALEY'S PHILOSOPHY.

THE CHARACTER.

"I would give ten thousand pounds for a character."
COLONEL CHARTRES.

"IF you please, Ma'am," said Betty, wiping her steaming arms on her apron as she entered the room, — "if you please, Ma'am, here's the lady for the character."

Mrs. Dowdum immediately jumped up from her chair, and with a little run, no faster than a walk, proceeded from the window to the fireplace, and consulted an old-fashioned watch which stood on the mantel-shelf.

"Bless me! it *is* twelve o'clock, sure enough!"

Now, considering that the visit was by appointment, and had been expected for the last hour, it will be thought remarkable that Mrs. Dowdum should be so apparently unprepared; but persons who move in the higher circles within the vortex of what is called a perpetual round of pleasure, where visits, welcome or unwelcome, circulate with proportionate rapidity, can hardly estimate the importance of an interview in those lower spheres which, comparatively, scarcely revolve at all. Thus for the last hour Mrs. Dowdum had been looking for the promised call, and listening with all her might for the sound of the knocker; and yet when it did come, she was as much flurried as people commonly are by what is denominated a drop in. Accordingly, after consulting the watch, she found it necessary to refer to the looking-glass which hung above it, and to make an extempore toilet. First, she laid hold of her cap with both hands, and gave it — her flaxen wig following the impulse — what sailors term a half turn to the right, after which she repeated the same manœuvre towards the left; and then, as if by this operation she had discovered the *juste milieu*, she left matters as they were. Her shawl was next treated in the same fashion, first being lapped over one way, and then lapped over the other, and carefully pinned. Finally

she gathered up a handful of the front of her gown below the waist, and gave it a smart tug downwards; and then having stroked it with both hands to make it "sit flat," if possible, instead of round, the costume was considered as quite correct. The truth is, the giving a character is an important business to all parties concerned: to the subject, who is about to be blazoned or branded as good for everything or good for nothing — to the inquirer, who is on the eve of adopting a Pamela or a Jezabel — and last, not least, to the referee herself, who must show that she has a character to preserve, as well as one to give away. There are certain standard questions always asked on such occasions, against one of which, "Is she clean and neat in her habits?" Mrs. Dowdum had already provided. "Is she sober?" and Mrs. Dowdum thrust a bottle of catsup, but which might have been taken for ratifia, into the corner cupboard. "Is she honest?" and Mrs. Dowdum poked the Newgate Calendar she had been reading under the sofa-bolster. An extra query will occasionally be put — "Is she decidedly pious?" and Mrs. Dowdum took up "Pilgrim's Progress." Lastly, two chairs were placed near the window, as chairs always are placed, when the respective sitters are to give and take a character. The reader will perhaps smile here; but in reality there is a great deal of expression about those rosewood or mahogany conveniences. A close observer who enters a parlor or drawing-room, and finds a parcel of empty seats away from the wall, can judge pretty shrewdly, from the area of the circle and other circumstances, of the nature of the foregone visit. Should the ring be large, and the seats far apart, the visit has been formal. A closer circuit implies familiarity. Two chairs side by side in front of the fender are strictly confidential — one on each side of the rug hints a *tête-à-tête* matrimonial. A chair which presents an angle to its companions has been occupied by a young lady from boarding-school, who always sits at one corner. Two chairs placed back to back need not speak — they are not upon speaking terms; and a chair thrown down, especially if broken, is equally significant. A creditor's seat is invariably beside the door; and should you meet with a chair which is neither near the fire, nor near the table, nor near any wooden companion, be sure that it has been the resting-place of a poor

relation. In the present case, Mrs. Dowdum's two chairs were placed square, and dead opposite to each other, as if the parties who were to occupy them were expected to look straight into each other's faces. It might be called the categorical position.

"Now then, Betty, I am ready; show the lady up."

The lady was accordingly ushered up by Betty, who then retired, closing the door behind her, as slowly as servants always do, when they are shutting the curiosity without and the news within. After the usual compliments, the lady then opened the business, and the parties fell into dialogue.

"I am informed, Madam, by Ann Gale, that she lived with you three years?"

"Certainly, Ma'am — last Martinmas; which made it a month over, all but two days."

"She is sober, of course?"

"As a judge, Ma'am — would n't touch a drop of spirits for the world. Many 's the good glass of g— I have offered her of a washer-day, for we washes at home, Ma'am; but she always declined."

"And she is steady otherwise — for instance, as to followers?"

"Followers, Ma'am! nothing in the shape, Ma'am; it would not be allowed *here;*" and Mrs. Dowdum drew herself up till her gown wanted smoothing down again.

"And her temper?"

"Remarkable mild, Ma'am. Can't be a sweeter. I've tried on purpose to try it, and could n't put her out."

"I beg pardon, Madam, for asking such a question in such a house; but she is clean in her habits of course?"

"Of course, as you say, Ma'am; else she would n't have stayed so long here;" and Mrs. Dowdum looked round her tidy apartments with great complacency.

"So far so good," said the lady, fixing her large, dark eyes intently on the little gray ones opposite. "And now, Madam, let me ask you the most important question of all. Is — SHE — HONEST?"

"As the day, Ma'am — you might trust her with untold goold!"

"Excuse me, Madam, but have you ever trusted her with it yourself?"

"Lord, Ma'am, scores and scores of times! She used to pay my bills, and always brought me the receipts as regular as clockwork."

A PART IS GREATER THAN THE HOLE.

"I am afraid, Madam, that circumstance is hardly decisive. Could she be trusted, do you think, in a house where there is a great deal of property — the mistress a little careless perhaps — and gold and bank-notes and loose change often lying about — to say nothing of the plate, and my own jewels?"

"All I can say is, Ma'am, I never missed anything — never! And not for want of opportunity — there 's that watch, Ma'am, over the fireplace, it 's a gold one and a repeater, Ma'am; she might have took it over and over, and me no wiser, for I 'm apt to be absent. Then as for plate there 's always my best silver teapot in that corner cupboard —"

"That may be all very true, Madam, and yet not very satisfactory. It 's the principle, Madam, it 's the principle. Have you never found her making free with trifles — tea, for instance, or your needles and pins?"

"Why, Ma'am, I can't say exactly, not having watched such trifles on purpose — but certainly I have not lost more that way than by servants in general."

"Ah, there it is!" exclaimed the lady, casting up her hands and eyes. "Nobody thinks of crime in its infancy — as if it would not grow up like everything else! We begin with pins and needles, and get on to brooches and rings. You will excuse, Madam, my being so particular, but nobody has suffered so much by dishonesty. I have been stripped three times."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Mrs. Dowdum, with a motion of her chair towards the other, which telegraphically hinted a wish to know all the particulars.

"It is too true, indeed," said the lady, with a profound sigh, "and always by means of servants. The first time all my plate went — 2,000 ounces, Madam, with the family crest, a boar's-head, — Madam. Then they cleared off all the family linen, a beautiful stock, Madam, just renewed; and the third time I lost all my ornaments, pearls, Madam, emeralds — topazes — and diamonds, Madam, the diamonds I went to Court in."

"It must have broke your heart, Ma'am," observed Mrs. Dowdum, finishing with a prolonged and peculiar clucking with her tongue against the roof of her mouth.

"It nearly did, Madam," said the lady, pulling out her handkerchief. "Not for my losses, however, although they were sufficiently considerable — but for the degradation of human nature. A girl too, that I had brought up under my own eye, and had impressed, as I thought, with the strictest principles of honesty. Morning, noon, and night, I impressed upon her the same lesson, — whatever you do, I used to say, be honest. It 's the fourth of the cardinal virtues — faith, hope, charity, honesty."

"And the best policy besides," said Mrs. Dowdum.

"The best policy, Madam! — the only policy, here or hereafter! It 's one of the first principles of our nature, Madam. The very savages acknowledge it, and recognize the

grand distinction of *meum* and *tuum*. As Doctor Watts finely says, —

'Why should I deprive my neighbor
Of his goods against his will?
Hands were made for honest labor,
Not to plunder or to steal.'"

"Yes, that 's a truism indeed," said Mrs. Dowdum. "And pray what might become of the wicked hussy after all?"

"Ah! there 's my trouble, Madam," said the lady, clasping her hands together. "With my own will she should have lived a prey to her own reflections — but my husband would not hear of it. He could forgive anything, he said, but dishonesty. So the Bow-Street runners were sent for, — the unhappy girl was tried — I had to appear against her, and she—she—she—oh, oh!" — and the lady, covering her face with her hands, fell back in her chair.

"Be composed, Ma'am, — pray do — pray do — do, do, do," ejaculated the agitated Mrs. Dowdum. "You must take a sniff of something — or a glass of wine —"

"No — nothing — not for the world," sobbed the fainting lady — "only water — a little water!"

The good-natured Mrs. Dowdum instantly jumped from her chair, and ran down-stairs for a tumbler of the fluid — she then rushed up-stairs for her own smelling-bottle; and then she returned to the drawing-room, where she found her visitor, who eagerly took a long draught of the restorative.

"I am better — indeed I am — only a little faintness," — murmured the reviving patient. "But it is an awful thing — a very awful thing, Madam, to conduce even indirectly to the execution of a human being — for the poor creature was hung."

"Ay, I guessed as much," said Mrs. Dowdum, with a fresh clucking, and a grave shake of the head. "Well, that 's just my own feeling to a T. I don't think I could feel delighted at hanging any one, no, not even if they was to steal the house over my head!"

"I honor you for your humanity, Madam," said the lady, warmly pressing Mrs. Dowdum's little fat hand between both her own. "I hope you will never find occasion to revoke such sentiments. In the mean time I am extremely obliged — extremely. Ann may come when she likes — and I have the honor to wish you a very, very, good-morning."

"And I 'm sure, Ma'am, I wish you the same," replied Mrs. Dowdum, endeavoring to imitate the profound courtesy with which she was favored, "and I hope and trust you will find poor Ann turn out everything that can be wished. I *do* think you may repose confidently on her honesty, I do indeed, Ma'am."

"We shall see, Madam, we shall see," repeated the Lady as she went down the stairs, whence she was ushered by Betty, who received a piece of money during the passage, to the street-door.

"What a nice woman!" soliloquized Mrs. Dowdum, as she watched her visitor across the street and round the corner. "What a *very* nice woman! Quite a lady too — and how she *have* suffered! I don't wonder she is so suspicious — but then she is so forgiving along with it! It was quite beautiful to hear her talk about honesty — Faith, Hope, and Honesty, —

'Why should I deprive my neighbor
Of his goods against his will?' —

Why indeed! I could have listened to her — but — Mercy on us! Where *is* the goold watch as was on the mantel! — and — O Lord! where *is* the silver teapot I can't see in the cupboard? Thieves! Thieves! Thieves!"

* * * * *

"And to think," said Mrs. Dowdum, at her twentieth repetition of the story, — "to think that I 've lost the family goold watch and my silver teapot, by letting of her in!"

"And to think," said Betty to herself, putting her hand in her pocket, — "to think that I only got a bad shilling for letting of her out!"

THE NEW LODGER.

DOES YOUR FATHER KNOW YOU'RE IN?

Poor Miss Hopkinson! She had been ill for a fortnight, of a disorder which especially affected the nerves; and quiet, as Dr. Boreham declared, was indispensably necessary for her recovery. So the servants wore list shoes, and the knocker was tied up, and the street in front of number four was covered with straw.

In the mean while, the invalid derived great comfort from the unremitting attentions of her friends and acquaintance; but she was particularly gratified by the constant kind inquiries of Mr. Tweedy, the new lodger, who occupied the apartments immediately over her head.

"If you please, ma'am," said Mary, for the hundredth time, "it's Mr. Tweedy's compliments, and begs to know if you feel any better?"

"I am infinitely obliged to Mr. Tweedy, I 'm sure," whispered the sufferer, — "I am a leetle easier — with my best thanks and compliments."

Now, Miss Hopkinson was a spinster lady of a certain age, and she was not a little flattered by the uncommon interest the gentleman above stairs seemed to take in her state of health. She could not help recollecting that the new lodger and a very smart new cap had entered the house on the same day. She had fortunately worn the novel article on her accidental encounter with the stranger; and, as she used to say, a great deal depended on first impressions.

"What a very nice gentleman!" remarked the nurse, as Mary closed the bed-room door.

"What an uncommon nice man!" cried Miss Filby, an old familiar gossip, who had come to cheer up the invalid with all the scandal of the neighborhood.

"And he will send, ma'am," said the nurse to the visitor, "to ask after us a matter of five or six times in a day."

"It is really extraordinary," said Miss Filby, "and especially in quite a stranger!"

"No, not quite," whispered the invalid. "I met him twice upon the stairs."

"Indeed!" said Miss Filby. "It 's like a little romance. Who knows what may come of it? I have known as sudden things come to pass before now!"

"There *is* summut in it sure*ly*," said the nurse; "I only wish, ma'am, you could hear how warm and pressing he is in asking after her, whoever comes in his way. There was this morning, on the landing — 'Nurse,' says he, quite earnest-like, — 'nurse, *do* tell me how she is.' 'Why then, sir," says I, 'she is as well as can be expected.' 'Ah!' said he, 'that 's, the old answer, but it won't satisfy *me*. Is she better or worse?' 'Well then, sir,' says I, 'she 's much the same.' 'Ah,' says he, fetching sich a long-winded sigh, 'there 's where it is. She may linger in that way for months.' 'Let 's hope not,' says I. 'You 'll be pleased to hear as how she 's going to try to eat a bit o' chicking.' 'Chicking!' says he, saving your presence, ma'am, — 'chicking be d——d to you

know where — it 's her nerves, nurse, her nerves, how are her nerves?' 'To be sure, sir,' says I, 'them 's her weak pints, but Dr. Boreham do say, provided they 're kept quiet, and not played upon, they 'll come round agin in time.' 'Yes,' says he, 'in time, that 's the divil on it; and you can't think how feeling he said it. — 'What a weary time,' says he, 'she have been!"

"Well, upon my word!" exclaimed Miss Filby, "these are very like love symptoms indeed! However, I 'm not jealous, my dear," — and she shook her head waggishly at the invalid, who replied, with a faint smile, that she was a giddy creature, and quite forgot the weak state of her nerves. "But, to be sure, it is odd," said Miss Hopkinson to herself, and particularly in the present age, when polite gallantry to females is so much gone out of fashion." She then fell into a reverie, which her friend interpreted into an inclination to doze, and accordingly took her leave, with a promise of returning in the evening.

No sooner was her back turned, however, than the invalid called the nurse to her, and after giving sundry directions as to costume, intimated that she had an intention of trying to sit up a bit. So she was dressed and washed and bolstered up in a chair, and having put on a clean cap, she inquired of her attendant, rather anxiously, if she was not dreadfully altered and pulled down, and how she looked. To which the nurse answered, that "except looking a little delicate, she was really charming."

In the evening the doctor repeated his visit, and so did Miss Filby, who could not help rallying the invalid on the sudden recovery of her complexion.

"It 's only hectic," said Miss Hopkinson, "the exertion of dressing has given me a color."

"And somebody else will have a color too," said the nurse, winking at Miss Filby, "when I tell him how very much some folks are improved."

"By the by," said Dr. Boreham, "it 's only fair that people should know their well-wishers; and I ought to tell you, therefore, that the gentleman overhead is very friendly and frequent in his inquiries. We generally meet on the stairs, and I assure you he expresses very great solicitude — very much so indeed!"

Miss Hopkinson gave a short husky cough, and the nurse and Miss Filby nodded significantly at each other.

"Ho! ho! the wind sits in that quarter, does it?" said the doctor. "I may expect, then, to have another patient. 'He grew sick as she grew well,' as the old song says," and chuckling at the aptness of his own quotation, the facetious mediciner took his leave.

CORNI OBLIGATO.

"There he is again, I declare," exclaimed the nurse, who had listened as she closed the door. "He has cotched the doctor on the stairs, and I'll warrant he'll have the whole particulars before he lets him go."

"Very devoted, indeed!" said Miss Filby. "We must make haste, and get you about again, my dear, for his poor sake as well as your own."

At this juncture Mrs. Huckins, the landlady, entered the

room to ask after her lodger, and was not a little bewildered by a cross-fire of inuendoes from the nurse and the visitor. The strange behavior of the sick lady herself helped besides to disconcert the worthy woman, across whose mind a suspicion glanced that the nasty laudanum, or something, had made the patient a little off her head. However, Mrs. Huckins got through her compliments and her courtesies, and would finally perhaps have tittered too, but that her attention was suddenly diverted by that most awful of intrusions, a troublesome child in a sick-room.

"Why, Billy, you little plague — why, Billy, what do you do in here? Where have you come from, sir? — I've been looking for you this half-hour."

"I've been up with Mr. Tweedy, the new lodger," said Billy, standing very erect, and speaking rather proudly. "We've been a-playing the flute."

"The WHAT!" cried all the female voices in a breath.

"A-playing the flute," repeated the undaunted Billy. "Mr. Tweedy only whispers a toon into it now, but he says he'll play out loud as soon as ever the old" — here Billy looked at the invalid, and then at his mother — "he says he'll play out loud as soon as ever Miss Hopkinson is well, or else dead!"

* * * * *

"Pray, how did you leave Miss Hopkinson, ma'am," inquired Mr. Tweedy, about an hour afterwards, of a female whom he met at the foot of the stairs.

"Miss Hopkinson, sir! — oh, you horrid wicked wretch! you unfeeling monster!" — and totally forgetting the weak nerves of her friend, the indignant Miss Filby rushed past the New Lodger, darted along the passage, let herself out, and slammed the street-door behind her with a bang, that shook Miss Hopkinson in her chair.

PATRONAGE.

The authenticity of the following letter will, probably, be disputed. The system of patronage to which it refers is one very likely to shock the prejudices of serious, sober-minded persons, who will naturally refuse to credit such practical anachronisms as the superannuation of sucklings. Goldsmith, it is true, has mentioned certain Fortunatuses as being born with silver ladles in their mouths; but it would be easier to suppose a child thus endowed with a whole service of plate, than to fancy one invested with a service of years. The most powerful imagination would be puzzled to reconcile an Ex-Speakership with an Infant untaught to lisp; or to recognize a retired Bow-Street runner in a nurseling unable to walk. The existence of such very advanced posts for the Infantry is, however, affirmed; but with what truth, from my total want of political experience, I am unable to judge. Mr. Wordsworth, indeed, who says that "the child is father of the man," seems to aim a quiz at the practice; and possibly the nautical phrase of "getting a good *birth*," may refer to such prosperous nativities. For the rest, grown gentlemen have unquestionably been thrust, sometimes, into public niches to which they were as ill adapted as Mr. D.; the measures taken by Patrons not leading invariably, like Stultz's, to admirable fits. But the lady waits to speak her mind.

(Copy.)

*To the Right Honorable Lord Viscount ***, &c., &c., &c.,*
Whitehall.

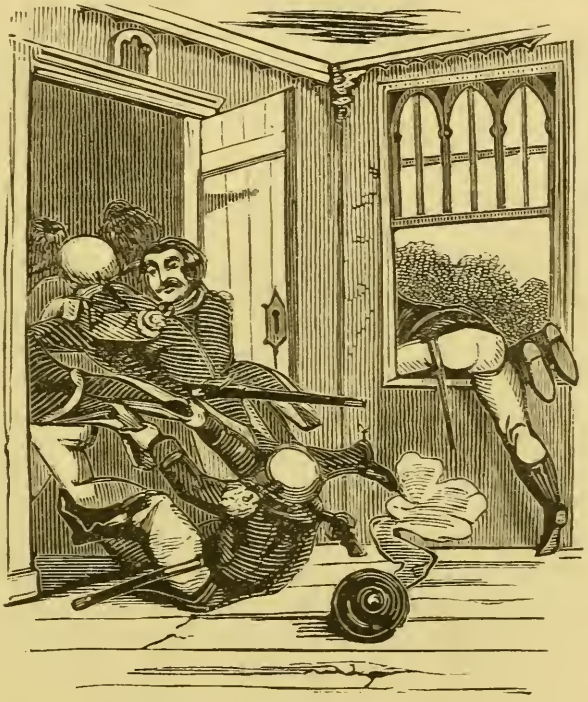
May it please your Lordship,—

I humbly beg a thousand pardons and apologies for so great a liberty, and taking up time so valuable to the nation with

the present application. Nothing short of absolute necessity could compel to such a course; but I make bold to say, a case of greater hardship never had the honor to be laid before official eyes. My poor husband, however, is totally unaware of my writing; as he would certainly forbid any such epistolary step, whether on my part or his own; though in point of fact the shattered state of his nerves is such as to preclude putting pen to paper if ever so inclined. But as a wife, and a mother, it would not become me to preserve silence, with my husband perishing by inches before my eyes; and particularly when a nobleman of your Lordship's rank would be sure to sympathize for an unfortunate gentleman, of birth and breeding, that after waiting above forty odd years for his rights, has only come at last into a public post that must, and will, be his death!

To favor with the particulars, my husband has the honor to be related very distantly to the Peerage; and as Your Lordship knows, it is the privilege of Aristocracy to provide for all their connections by comfortable public situations, which are sometimes enjoyed very early in life. To such, Mr. D. had a hereditary right from his cradle, for his noble relative, the Duke of ——, was so condescending as to stand sponsor by proxy; and instead of the usual spoons, or a silver mug, made a promise to the Infant of some office suited to its tender age; for instance, a superannuation, or the like, where there is nothing to do, but the salary to receive. In point of fact, the making the Baby a retired King's Messenger was verbally undertaken at the font: but before the child could come into office His Grace unfortunately went out of power, by dying of apoplexy, leaving nothing but a promise, which a new ministry was unjust and ungrateful enough not to make good. In this shocking manner, Your Lordship, was my husband thrown upon the world, without proper provision according to his station and prospects, and was degraded to the necessity of his own exertions for support, till his fortieth year, when the new Duke thought proper to stir in his behalf. The truth is, a severe illness had left Mr. D.'s mind and nerves in such a pitiful shattered state, as to make him unfit for any business whatever, except public affairs; and accordingly it became the duty of his friends to procure him some post under government. So a proper application was made to his Grace, and

through his influence and the fortunate circumstance of an election at the time, Mr. D. was appointed to the dreadful situation he at present enjoys. Of course we entirely acquit His Grace, who never set eyes on my husband in his life, and therefore could not be expected to know the precise state of his constitution; but I appeal to Your Lordship, whether it was proper patronage for a man shattered in mind



"ONE BLACK BALL EXCLUDES."

and nerves, and subject to tremors, and palpitations, and bodily shocks of all sorts, to be made a Superintendent of Powder-Mills, with the condition of living attached to the works?

For my own part, Your Lordship, I looked on the Duke's letter of congratulations as neither more or less than my poor husband's death warrant. Indeed he was so dreadfully alarmed himself, as to be quite distressing to witness. He did nothing, the whole afternoon, but walk up and down the room, shaking

his head at himself in the looking-glass, or looking up at the ceiling, and muttering, as if he was already exploding sky-high along with the Mills. But a refusal was out of the question, as it would have afforded his Grace too good an excuse for neglecting our interests for the future. To aggravate the case, the very day after our taking possession, there was what is called a blow at the works, and though so trifling as only to carry a roof off a shed, it struck a chord on Mr. D.'s nerves that has never done vibrating ever since. I do not exaggerate to say, that if he had been struck with the palsy and St. Vitus, both at once, he could not have showed more corporal agitation. He trembled in every limb like an aspen-tree; while his eyes rolled, and his head went from side to side, like the China Mandarin's; besides scouring up and down stairs, and rushing out of doors and in again, and trying all the chairs but could not sit anywhere, and stamping, and muttering, and dancing about, till I really expected he would scramble up the walls of the room, and fly across the ceiling, like our tortoise-shell cat in her fits. If I lived to Methusalem, Your Lordship, I should never forget it! Unluckily, being new to his office, a mistaken notion of duty possessed him that he ought not to quit the spot; indeed he solemnly declared, that if a blow was to take place in his absence, he would rather commit his own suicide than face the report of it in the newspapers, which had already indulged in some seditious sneers at his appointment. All that could be done, therefore, was to pack off Lucy, and Emily and Eliza, on week's visits among friends; myself remaining behind, as a wife's proper post, near my poor husband; but on the discomfortable condition of keeping under ground in the cellar, because gunpowder in convulsions always blasts upwards. What my feelings were, as we are troubled with rats, your Lordship may suppose; particularly when Mr. D. was officially called upon to inspect the damage; and never shall I forget his gashly appearance when he returned from his awful task! He was literally as white as a sheet; and totally incapable to get out a word, till he had swallowed three whole glasses of brandy! That settled his reason, but it was only to tell me that he had scraped and grazed the skin off every nubble of his backbone, by a bad fall from a ladder, which he had attempted to come down in wooden safety-shoes. Such, Your

Lordship, was our miserable day; and it brought as wretched a night. Bed would not be heard of — and we set up in two easy-chairs, shuddering with fright and cold, being December, and every door and window thrown wide open, to give a thorough vent through the house in case of another shock. For Mr. D. was unfortunately possessed that one blow always

"FAITHFUL BELOW HE DID HIS DUTY,
BUT NOW HE'S GONE ALOFT!"

leads to another; and what with fancying flying sparks, for it was starlight, and sniffing fire, he had worked himself up, before morning, into a high fever and a light head. The nearest medical man was obliged to be called in — and he had to give frightful doses of laudanum before Mr. D.'s nerves could be lulled into a startlish sort of doze; and at waking, he was ordered to drink the strongest stimuluses; as indeed are in use to the present time. But this continual brandy brandy,

brandy, as Your Lordship knows, is a dreadful remedy; though, as my poor husband says, he cannot fill up his place without its help. At times I could almost believe, tho' I would not breathe such a thing except to Your Lordship, that between the stimuluses, and the delirium, and the whole shock to the system, Mr. D. is a little beside his senses. The mad Doctors do say, that we are all, every one of us, crazy on a certain subject; and if such is the case, there can be no doubt that my husband's weak point is explosions, the extravagance of his precautions making him an everlasting torment to himself as well as to all about him. Of course it is to his disadvantage, and magnifies his terrors, not to have been brought regularly up to the business; not that he receives much comfort from those who have, for he says custom and habit have made them so daring and hardened, that they would not mind playing at snap-dragon in the Magazine, or grinding their knives on the millstone that crushes the gunpowder into grains.

Since the above accident we have had, thank goodness, no more blows; but, as Your Lordship is aware, a first impression will stick by us for all our lives to come. At the best of times, let my husband be reading, or writing, or eating his dinner, or in bed, or what not, the exploding notion will come across him like a flash of lightning; as for instance last Friday was a week. Mr. and Mrs. Trotter had dropped in to tea; after which we had a rubber; and were all very comfortable, my husband and me just in the nine-holes, when all of a sudden there was a fall of something and a scream. Up jumps Mr. D. of course, chucking his cards here, there, and everywhere, and calling a blow! a blow!—and as usual Emily and Lucy and Eliza and me rushed off to the coal-cellar, while Mrs. T. went into a fit. It is true, by the blessing of Providence, it was only the Housemaid letting her pail fall to screech at a bat; but what is very disagreeable, the Trotters are old friends, and have declined to set another foot within our doors. As for servants, it is next to impossible to keep one about me; and as Your Lordship's own Lady will confirm, there is nothing more unpleasant to a Mistress of a House than to be continually changing. But nine out of ten prefer giving warning, to attending to so many punctiliums as are laid down; and those that are willing to stay, break

through so many of the rules, that I am obliged to discharge them, to prevent Mr. D. being ruffled by doing it himself. Besides it adds considerably to servants' works, to have chimneys swept as often as once a week, — and moreover, Mr. D.

BAT AND BAWL.

insists on keeping all flint and steels, and tinder, and matches, in his own bedroom, so that the housemaid has to go to him every morning for her lights. He is just as particular about extinguishing at night; and I lost the best cook I ever had, through her sitting up in her bedroom to mend her stays, though she might have known Mr. D. would come in to put her out — all of which is extremely unpleasant, and to me in particular.

These, Your Lordship, are serious domestic evils; and I wish I could say they were confined to the house. But the workmen at the Mills are so ungrateful as to hate my husband

for the over-care he obliges them to take of their own lives; and make no secret of wanting his removal, by trying to torment him into resignation. Not a day passes without squabbles about smoking, for Mr. D. is apt to sniff tobacco, and insists on searching pockets for pipes, which the laborers one and all decline; and besides scuffles, there have been several pay-offs on the spot. The consequence is ill-will and bad blood to their superior, and it is become a standing practical joke to play upon the family feelings and fears. I have twice suffered all the disagreeables of escaping from nothing at all in my night-dress, exposed to rheumatism, and the natives of a low neighborhood; indeed only last Sunday the fire-bell was rung by nobody, and no wind at all to speak of. Another party at enmity is Doctor Worral and all his establishment; because Mr. D. felt it his public duty to have the Doctor up before a Justice for allowing his Young Gentlemen to send up fire-balloons. We had one day of dreadful excitement on my husband's part, through a wicked little wretch of a pupil flashing the sunshine into the Mill with a bit of looking-glass; and of course we are indebted for the Swing letters we receive to the same juvenile quarters. To make bad worse, Mr. D. takes them all for Gospel, and the extra watchings and patrollings, and precautions, after getting a threatening notice, are enough to wear out all our hearts. As regards the School, I am ready to agree that it is too near the Works; and to tell the truth, I shake in my shoes as much as Mr. D., every fifth of November, at each squib and cracker that goes off. On the same score our own sons are an everlasting misery to us when they are at home; which they seldom are, poor fellows, on that account. But if there is one thing above another that boys delight to play with, it is gunpowder; and being at the very fountain-head, Your Lordship may conceive the constant care it is to prevent their getting at it, and what is worse, not always crowned with success. Indeed even more innocent playthings are obliged to be guarded against; for, as their father says, "a little brat, just breeched, may strike light enough to blow up a whole neighborhood, through only spinning a peg-top in a paved yard."

Such, your Lordship, is our present melancholy state. I have not dwelt, as I might do, on expenses, such as the dresses that are spoiled in the coal-cellar; the paying months' wages

instead of warnings; nor the trays upon trays of glass and china that are chucked down, as the way the servants always empty their hands when making their escapes from my husband's false alarms. Sometimes it's a chair falls overhead; or the wind slams the back-door; or a smell of burnt wood from the kitchen; or the ironing-blanket; or fat catched; or a fall of soot; or a candlesnuff; or a smoky coal; or, as I have known before now, only the smell of the drains; with a hundred other little things that will spring up in families, take what care you will. I ought not to forget thunder-storms, which are another source of trouble; for, besides seeing a dozen fanciful flashes for one real one, it is the misfortune of Mr. D. not to put faith in conductors, or, to use his own words, "in Franklin, philosophy, and fiddlesticks — and a birch rod as likely to frighten away lightning as an iron one." In the mean time, through the constant frights and flurries, I begin to find my own nerves infected by bad example, and getting into startlish habits; and my daughter Lucy, who was always delicate, seems actually going into a poor low way. Agreeable society might do much to enliven our spirits; but my husband is become very shy of visitors, ever since Captain Gower was so inconsiderate as to walk in, one foggy night, with a lighted cigar in his mouth. In fact he quite sets his face against the male sex; for, if they do not smoke cigars, he says, and carry lucifers, they strut on their iron heels, and flourish about with iron-pointed walking-sticks, and umbrellas. All which, Your Lordship, is extremely hard on myself and daughters, who, like all young people, are fond of a little gayety; but the very utmost they are allowed, is a single quadrille party at Christmas, and then they are all obliged to dance in list shoes.

I humbly trust to Your Lordship's liberality, and goodness of heart, to view the particulars of the above melancholy statement with attentive consideration. As it may occur to inquire how we have suffered so long without complaining, I beg to inform your Lordship, that, being such a time of profound peace, we have lived on from year to year in the hope that no more ammunition would be required; and consequently the place would become a comfortable sinecure. But it appears that Spain and Portugal, and other countries, have gone to war on condition of being supplied with gunpowder;

and accordingly, to our bitter disappointment, the works are as vigorous as ever. Your Lordship will admit the hardship of such a cruel position to a man of Mr. D.'s very peculiar constitution; and I do hope and trust will also regard his interests with a favorable eye, in consideration of his long-standing claims upon the country. What his friends most desire for him is some official situation, — of course with a sufficient income to support his consequence, and a numerous family, — but without any business attached to it, or only so much as might help to amuse his mind for one or two hours in the day. Such a removal, considering my husband's unfitness for anything else, could occasion no sort of injury to the public service; particularly as his vacancy would be so easy to fill up. There are hundreds and thousands of land and sea officers on half-pay, who have been used to popping, and banging, and blowing up rockets and bomb-shells, all their lives; and would, therefore not object to the Powder Mills; especially as the salary is handsome, with a rent-free house and garden, coal and candles, and all the other little perquisites that belong to public posts. As regards ourselves, on the contrary, any interest is preferable to the gunpowder interest; and I take upon myself to say, that Mr. D. would be most proud and happy to receive any favor from your Lordship's administration; as well as answering for his pursuing any line of political principles, conservative or unconservative, that might be chalked out. Any such act of patronage would command the eternal gratitude of Mr. D., self, and family; and, repeating a thousand apologies for thus addressing, I beg leave to remain

Your Lordship's most humble, obedient,
and devoted servant,
Lucy Emily Dexter.

P. S. — Since writing the above, I am sorry to inform your Lordship, that we have had another little blow, and Mr. D.'s state is indescribable. He is more shaken than ever, and particularly through going all down the stairs in three jumps. He was sitting reading at the time, and, as he thinks, in his spectacles; but as they are not to be found, he is possessed that they have been driven into his head.

MRS. GARDINER.

A HORTICULTURAL ROMANCE.

CHAPTER I.

"What sweet thoughts she thinks
Of violets and pinks."

L. HUNT.

"Each flower of tender stalk whose head, though gay
Carnation, purple, azure, or specked with gold,
Hung drooping, unsustained, them she upstays."

MILTON.

"How does my lady's garden grow?"

OLD BALLAD.

"Her knots disordered, and her wholesome herbs
Swarming with caterpillars."

RICHARD II.

I LOVE a Garden!

"And so do I, and I, and I," exclaim in chorus all the he and she Fellows of the Horticultural Society.

"And I," whispers the philosophical Ghost of Lord Bacon.

"And I," sings the poetical Spirit of Andrew Marvel.

"Et moi aussi," chimes in the Shade of Delille.

"And I," says the Spectre of Sir William Temple, echoed by Pope, and Darwin, and a host of the English Poets, the sonorous voice of Milton resounding above them all.

"And I," murmurs the Apparition of Boccaccio.

"And I, and I," sob two Invisibles, remembering Eden.

"And I," shouts Mr. George Robins, thinking of Covent Garden.

"And I," says Mr. Simpson, — formerly of Vauxhall.

"And I," sing ten thousand female voices, all in unison, as if drilled by Hullah, — but really, thinking in concert of the Gardens of Gul.

[What a string I have touched!]

"We all love a Garden!" shout millions of human voices, male, female, and juvenile, bass, tenor, and treble. From the East, the West, the North, and the South, the universal burden swells on the wind, as if declaring in a roll of thunder that we all love a Garden.

But no, — one solitary voice, — that of Hamlet's Ghostly Father, exclaims in a sepulchral tone, "I don't!"

No matter, — we are all but unanimous; and so, Gentle Readers, I will at once introduce to you my Heroine, — a woman after your own hearts, — for she is a Gardiner by name and a Gardener by nature.

CHAPTER II.

At Number Nine, Paradise Place, so called probably because every house stands in the middle of a little garden, lives Mrs. Gardiner. I will not describe her, for looking through the green rails in front of her premises, or over the dwarf wall at the back, you may see her any day, in an old poke bonnet, expanded into a gypsy-hat, and a pair of man's gloves, tea-green at top, but mouldy-brown in the fingers, raking, digging, hoeing, rolling, trowelling, pruning, nailing, watering, or otherwise employed in her horticultural and floricultural pursuits. Perhaps, as a neighbor, or acquaintance, you have already seen her, or conversed with her, over the wooden or brick-fence, and have learned in answer to your kind inquiries about her health, that she was pretty well, only sadly in want of rain, or quite charming, but almost eaten up by vermin. For Mrs. Gardiner speaks the true "Language of Flowers," not using their buds and blossoms as symbols of her own passions and sentiments, according to the Greek fashion, but lending words to the wants and affections of her plants. Thus, when she says that she is "dreadful dry," and longs for a good soaking, it refers not to a defect of moisture in her own clay, but to the parched condition of the soil in her parterres: or if she wishes for a regular smoking, it is not from any unfeminine partiality to tobacco, but in behalf of her blighted geraniums. In like manner she sometimes confesses herself a little backward, without allusion to any particular

branch, or twig, of her education, or admits herself to be rather forward, quite irrelevantly to her behavior with the other sex. Without this key her expressions would often be unintelligible to the hearer, and sometimes indecorous, as when she told her neighbor, the bachelor at Number Eight, *à propos* of a plum-tree, that "she was growing quite wild, and should come some day over his wall." Others again, unaware of her peculiar phraseology, would give her credit, or discredit, for an undue share of female vanity, as well as the most extraordinary notions of personal beauty.

"Well," she said one day, "what do you think of Mrs. Mapleson?" meaning that lady's hydrangea. "Her head is the biggest, — but I look the bluest."

In a similar style she delivered herself as to certain other subjects of the rivalry that is universal amongst the suburban votaries of Flora: converting common blowing and growing substantives into horticultural verbs, as thus: —

"Miss Sharp crocussed before me, — but I snow-dropped sooner than any one in the Row."

But this identification of herself with the objects of her love was not confined to her plants. It extended to everything that was connected with her hobby, — her gardening implements, her garden-rails, and her garden-wall. For example, she complained once that she could not rake, she had lost so many of her teeth, — she told the carpenter the boys climbed over her so, that he should stick her all over tenter-hooks, — and sent word to her landlord, a builder, the snails bred so between her bricks that he must positively come and new-point her.

"Phoo! phoo!" exclaims an incredulous, Gentle Reader, — "she is all a phantom!"

Quite the reverse, sir. She is as real and as substantial as Mrs. Baines. Ask Mr. Cherry, the newsman, or his boy, John Loder, either of whom will tell you, — on oath if you require it, — that he serves her every Saturday with the *Gardener's Chronicle*.

CHAPTER III.

My first acquaintance with Mrs. Gardiner was formed when she was "in populous city pent," and resided in a street in the very heart of the city. In fact in Bucklersbury. But even there her future bent developed itself as far as her limited ways and means permitted. On the leads over the back warehouse, she had what she delighted to call a shrubbery, viz.: —

A Persian Lilac in a tea-chest,
A Guelder Rose in a washing-tub,
A Laurustinus in a butter-tub,
A Monthly Rose in a Portugal grape-jar,

and about a score of geraniums, fuchsias, and similar plants in pots. But besides shrubs and flowers, she cultivated a few vegetables, — that is to say, she grew her own sallads of "mustard and crest" in a brown pan; and in sundry crockery vessels that would hold earth, but not water, she reared some half-dozen of Scarlet Runners, which, in the proper season, you might see climbing up a series of string-ladders, against the back of the house, as if to elope with the Mignionette from its box in the second-floor window. Then indoors, on her mantel-shelf, she had hyacinths and other bulbs in glasses, — and from a hook in the ceiling, in lieu of a chandelier, there was suspended a wicker-basket, containing a white biscuit-ware garden-pot, with one of those pendent plants, which, as she described their habits and sustenance, are "fond of hanging themselves, and living on hare." But these experiments rather tantalized than satisfied her passion. Warehouse-leads, she confessed, made but indifferent gardens or shrubberies, whilst the London smoke was fatal to the complexion of her mop-rose and the fragrance of her southernwood, or in her own words, —

"I blow dingy — and my old man smells sutty."

Once, indeed, she pictured to me her *beau ideal* of "a little Paradise," the main features of which I forget, except that with reference to a cottage *ornée*, she was to have "a jessamy in front, and a creeper up her back." As to the garden, it was to have walks and a lawn of course, with plenty of rich loam, that she might lay herself out in squares, and

ovals, and diamonds — butter-tubs and tea-chests were very well for town, but she longed for elbow-room, and earth to dig, to rake, to hoe, and trowel-up, — in short, she declared, if she was her own missis, she would not sleep another night before she had a bed of her own, — not with any reference to her connubial partner, but she longed, she did, for a bit of ground, she did not care how small. A wish that her husband at last gratified by taking a bit of ground, *he* did not care how small, in Bunhill Fields.

The widow, selling off the town house, immediately retired to a villa in the country, and I had lost sight of her for some months, when one May morning taking a walk in the suburbs, whilst passing in front of Number Nine, Paradise Place, I overheard a rather harsh voice exclaiming, as if in expostulation with a refractory donkey, —

"Come up! Why don't you come up?"

It was Mrs. Gardiner, reproaching the tardiness of her seeds.

I immediately accosted her, but as she did not recognize me, determined to preserve my incognito, till I had drawn her out a little to exhibit her hobby.

"Rather a late spring, ma'am!"

"Wery, sir, — werry much so indeed. Lord knows when I shall be out of the earth, I almost think I 'm rotted in the ground."

"The flowers are backward indeed, ma'am. I have hardly seen any except some wall-flowers farther down the row."

"Ah, at Number Two — Miss Sharp's. She 's poor and single — but I 'm double and bloody."

"You seem to have some fine stocks."

"Well, and so I have, though I say it myself. I 'm the real Brompton — with a stronger blow than any one in the place, and as to sweetness, nobody can come nigh me. Would you like to walk in, sir, and smell me?"

Accepting the polite invitation, I stepped in through the little wicket, and in another moment was rapturously sniffing at her stocks, and the flower with the sanguinary name. From the walls I turned off to a rose-bush, remarking that there was a very fine show of buds.

"Yes, but I want sun to make me bust. You should have seen me last June, sir, when I was in my full bloom. None

of your wishy-washy pale sorts (this was a fling at the white roses at the next door) — none of your Provincials, or pale pinks. There 's no maiden blushes about me. I 'm the regular old red cabbage ! "

And she was right, for after all that hearty, glowing, fragrant rose is the best of the species — the queen of flowers, with a ruddy *embonpoint*, reminding one of the goddesses of Rubens. Well, next to the rose-bush there was a clump of Polyanthus, from which, by a natural transition, we come to discourse of Auriculas. This was delicate ground, for it appeared there was rivalry between Number Nine and Number Four, as to that mealiness which in the eye of a fancier is the chief beauty of the flower. However, having assured her, in answer to her appeal, that she was " quite as powdery as Mr. Miller," we went on very smoothly through Jonquils, and Narcissuses, and Ranunculus, and were about to enter on " Anymonies," when Mrs. Gardiner suddenly stopped short, and with a loud " whist ! " pitched her trowel at the head of an old horse, which had thrust itself over the wooden fence.

" Drat the animals ! I might as well try flowering in the Zoölogical, with the beasts all let loose ! It 's very hard, sir, but I can't grow nothing tall near them front rails. There was last year — only just fancy me, sir — with the most beautiful Crown Imperial you ever saw — when up comes a stupid hass and crops off my head."

I condoled with her of course on so cruel a decapitation, and recovered her trowel for her, in return for which civility she plucked and presented to me a bunch of Heartsease, apologizing that " she was not Bazaar (pro Bizarre), but a very good sort."

" It 's along of living so near the road," she added, recurring to the late invasion. " Yesterday I was bullocked, and to-morrow I suppose I shall be pigged. Then there 's the blaggard men and boys, picking and stealing as they go by. I really expect that some day or other they 'll walk in and strip me ! "

I sympathized again ; but before the condolence was well finished, there was another " whist ! " and another cast of the missile.

" That 's a dog ! They 're always rampaging at my front, and there goes the cat to my back, and she 'll claw all my

bark off in scrambling out of reach! Howsomever that's a fine lupin, ain't it?"

I assured her that it deserved to be exhibited to the Horticultural Society.

"What, to the flower show? No thankee. Miss Sharp *did*, and made sure of a Bankside Medal, and what do you think they gave her? Only a cerkittifit!"

"Shameful!" I ejaculated, "why it was giving her nothing at all," and once more I restored the trowel, which, however, had hardly settled in its owner's hand, than with a third "whist!" off it flew again like a rocket, with a descriptive announcement of the enemy.

"Them horrid poultry! Will you believe it, sir, that 'ere cock flew over, and gobbled up my Hen-and-Chickens!"

"What! '*all your pretty chickens and their dam*'?"

"Yes, *all my Daisy*."

[Reader! — if ever there was a verbal step from the Sublime to the Ridiculous — *that* was it.]

CHAPTER IV.

My mask fell off. That destructive cock was as fatal to my incognito as to the widow's flowers: for coming after the cat and the dog, and the possible pigs, and the positive bullock, and the men, and the boys, and the horse, and the ass, I could not help observing that my quondam acquaintance would have been better off in Bucklersbury.

"Lord! and is it you?" she exclaimed with almost a scream; "well, I had a misgiving as to your woice;" and with a rapid volley of semi-articulate sounds the Widow seized my right hand in one of her own, whilst with the other she groped hurriedly in her pocket. It was to search for her handkerchief, but the cambric was absent, and she was obliged to wipe off the gushing tears with her gardening glove. The rich loam on the fingers, thus irrigated, ran off in muddy rivulets down her furrowed cheeks, but in spite of her ludicrous appearance I could not help sympathizing with her natural feelings, however oddly expressed.

"She could not help it," she sobbed — "the sight of me overcame her. When she last saw me, — *He* was alive —

who had always been a kind and devoted husband — as never grudged her nothing — and had given her that beautiful butter-tub for her laurustiny. She often thought of him — yes, often and often — while she was gardening — as if she saw his poor, dear bones under the mould — and then to think that *she* came up, year after year — "flourishing in all her beauty and flagrance" — and *he* did n't. "But look there;" and smiling through her tears, she pointed towards the house, and told me a tale, that vividly reminded me of her old contrivances in Bucklersbury.

"It 's a table-beer barrel. I had it sawed in half, and there it is, holding them two hallows, on each side of the door. But I shan't blow, you know, for a sentry!"

Very handsome indeed!

"Ain't they? And there 's my American Creeper. Miss Sharp pretends to creep, but Lor bless ye, afore ever she gets up to her first-floor window, I shall be running all over the roof of the willa. You see I 'm over the portico already."

A compliment to her climbing powers was due of course, and I paid it on the spot; but we were not yet done with creepers. All at once the Widow plucked off her garden-bonnet, and dashing it on the gravel, began dancing on it like a mad woman, or like a Scotch lassie tramping her dirty linen. At last when it was quite flat, she picked the bonnet up again, and carefully opening it, explained the matter in two words.

"A near-wig!"

And then she went on to declare to me that they were the plagues of her life — and there was no destroying them.

"It 's unknown the crabs and lobsters I 've eaten on purpose, but the nasty insects won't creep into my claws. And in course you know what enemies they are to carnations. Last year they ruined my Prince Albert, and this year I suppose they 'll spoil the Prince of Wales!"

CHAPTER V.

A propos of names.

I do wish that our Botanists, Conchologists, and Entomologists, and the rest of our scientifical Godfathers and Godmothers would sit soberly down, a little below the clouds, and

revise their classical, scholastical, and polyglottical nomenclatures. Yea, that our Gardeners and Florists especially would take their watering-pots and rebaptize all those pretty plants, whose bombastical and pedantical titles are enough to make them blush, and droop their modest heads for shame.

The Fly-flapper is bad enough, with his Agamemnon butterfly and Cassandra moth, —

"What 's Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba?"

but it is abominable to label our Flowers with antiquated, outlandish, and barbarous flowers of speech. Let the Horticulturists hunt through their Dictionaries, Greek and Latin, and Lempriere's Mythology to boot, and they will never invent such apt and pleasant names as the old English ones, to be found in Chaucer, Spenser, and Shakespeare.

O, how sweetly they sound, look, and smell in verse — charming the eye and the nose, according to the Rosicrucian theory, through the ear! But what is a Scutellaria Macrantha to either sense? Day's Eyes, Oxeyes, and Lippes of Cowes have a pastoral relish and a poetical significance — but what song or sonnet would be the sweeter for a Brunsvigia?

There is a meaning in Windflowers, and Cuckoo-buds, and Shepherd's Clocks, whilst the Hare-bell is at once associated with the breezy heath and the leporine animal that frequents it. When it is named, Puss and the blue-bell spring up in the mind's eye together — but what image is suggested by hearing of a Schizanthus retusus?

Then, again, Forget-me-Not sounds like a short quotation from Rogers's "Pleasures of Memory," Love-lies-Bleeding contains a whole tragedy in its title — and even Pick-your-Mother's-heart-out involves a tale for the novelist. But what story, with or without a moral, can be picked out of a Dendrobium, even if it were surnamed Clutterbuckii, after the egotistical or sycophantical fashion of the present day?

There was a jockey once who complained bitterly of the sale of a race-horse, just when he had learned to pronounce its name properly — Roncesvalles; but what was that hardship, to the misfortune of a petty nurseryman, perhaps, losing his Passion-Flower, when he had just got by heart Tacksonia Pinnatistipula?

"Reform it altogether!"

It looks selfish, in the learned, to invent such difficult nomenclatures, as if they wished to keep the character, habits, origin, and properties of new plants to themselves. Nay, more, it implies a want of affection for their professed favorites — the very objects of their attentions.

"How — a want of affection, sir?"

Yes — even so, my worthy Adam! For, mark me — if you really loved your plants and flowers —

"Well, sir?"

Why, then, you would n't call them such *hard names.*

CHAPTER VI.

To return to Mrs. Gardiner.

The Widow having described the ravages of the earwigs beckoned me towards her wall, and was apparently about to introduce me to a peach-tree, when abruptly turning round to me, she inquired if I knew anything of chemicals; and without giving time to reply, added her reason to the question.

"Cos I want you to pison my Hants."

Your aunts!

"Yes, the hemmets. As to Dr. Watts, he don't know nothing about 'em. They won't collect into troops to be trod into dust, they know better. So I was thinking if you could mix up summut luscious and dillyterious —"

She stopped, for a man's head suddenly appeared above the dwarf wall, and after a nod and a smile at the widow, saluted her with a good morning. He was her neighbor — the little old bachelor at Number Eight. As he was rather hard of hearing, my companion was obliged to raise her voice in addressing him, and indeed aggravated it so much that it might have been heard at the end of the row.

"Well, and how are *you*, Mr. Burrel, after them East winds?"

"Very bad, very bad indeed," replied Mr. Burrel, thinking only of his rheumatics.

"And so am I," said Mrs. Gardiner, remembering nothing but her blight: "I'm thinking of trying tobacco-water and a squiringe."

"Is that good for it?" asked Mr. B., with a tone of doubt and surprise.

"So they say: but you must mix it strong, and squirt it as hard as ever you can over your affected parts."

"What, my lower limbs?"

"Yes, and your upper ones too. Wherever you're maggotty."

"Oh!" grunted the old gentleman, "you mean vermin."

"As for me," bawled Mrs. G., "I'm swarming! And Miss Sharp is wus than I am."

"The more's the pity," said the old gentleman, "we shall have no apples and pears."

"No, not to signify. How's your peaches?"

"Why, they set kindly enough, ma'am, but they all dropped off in the last frosty nights."

"Ah, it ain't the frost," roared Mrs. G. "You've got down to the gravel — I know you have — you look so rusty and scrubby!"

"I wish you good morning, ma'am," said the little old bachelor, turning very red in the face, and making rather a precipitate retreat from the dwarf wall — as who would n't, thus attacked at once in his person and his peach-trees?

"To be sure, he was dreadful unproductive," the Widow said; "but a good sort of body, and ten times pleasanter than her next-door neighbor at Number Ten, who would keep coming over her wall, till she cut off his pumpkin."

She now led me round the house to her "back," where she showed me her grassplot, wishing she was greener, and asking if she ought not to have a roll. I longed to say, on Greenwich authority, that about Easter Monday was the proper season for the operation, but the joke might have led to a check in her horticultural confidences. In the centre of the lawn there was an oval bed, with a stunted shrub in the middle, showing some three or four clusters of purple blossoms, which the Widow regarded with intense admiration.

"You have heard, I suppose, of a mashy soil for roddydandums? Well, look at my bloom, — quite as luxurus as if I'd been stuck in a bog!"

There was no disputing this assertion; and so she led me off to her vegetables, halting at last at her peas, some few rows of Blue Prussians, which she had probably obtained from Waterloo, they were so long in coming up.

"Backard, an't I?"

Yes, rather.

"Wery — but Miss Sharp is backarder than me. She's hardly out of the ground yet — and please God, in another fortnight I shall want sticking."

There was something so comic in the last equivoque, that I was forced to slur over a laugh as a sneeze, and then contrived to ask her if she had no assistance in her labors.

"What, a gardener? Never! I did once have a daily jobber, and he jobbed away all my dahlias. I declare I could have cried! But it's very hard to think you're a valuable bulb, and when summer comes, you're nothing but a stick and a label."

Very provoking indeed!

"Talk of. transplanting, they do nothing else but transplant you from one house to another, till you don't know where you are. There was I, thinking I was safe and sound in my own bed, and all the while I was in Mr. Jones's."

It's scandalous!

"It *is*. And then in winter when they're friz out, they come round to one a beggin' for money. But they don't freeze any charity out of me."

All ladies, however, are not so obdurate to the poor Gardeners in winter — or even in summer, in witness whereof here follows a story.

CHAPTER VII.

An elderly gentlewoman of my acquaintance, on a visit at a country house in Northamptonshire, chanced one fine morning to look from her bedchamber, on the second story, into the pleasure-ground, where Adam, the Gardener, was at work at a flower-border, directly under her window. It was a cloudless day in July, and the sun shone fervidly on the old man's bald, glossy pate, from which it reflected again in a number of rays, as shining and pointed as so many new pins and needles.

"Bless me!" ejaculated the old lady, "it's enough to broil all the brains in his head;" and unable to bear the sight, she withdrew from the casement. But her concern and her curiosity were too much excited to allow her to remain in peace.

Again and again she took a peep, and whenever she looked, there, two stories below, shone the same bare round cranium, supernaturally red, and almost intolerably bright, as if it had been in the very focus of a burning-glass. It made her head ache to think of it!

Nevertheless she could not long remove her eyes, she was fascinated towards that glowing sconce, as larks are said to be by the dazzling of a mirror.

In the mean time, to her over-heated fancy, the bald pate appeared to grow redder and redder, till it actually seemed red-hot. It would have hardly surprised her if the blood, boiling a gallop, had gushed out of the two ears, or if the head, after smoking a little, had burst into a flame by spontaneous combustion. It would never have astonished her had he danced off in a frenzy of brain-fever, or suddenly dropped down dead from a stroke of the sun. However he did neither, but still kept work, work, working on in the blazing heat, like a salamander.

"It don't signify," muttered the old lady, "if he can stand it I can't," and again she withdrew from the spectacle. But it was only for a minute. She returned to the window, and fixing her eyes on the bald, shining, glowing object, considerately pitched on it a cool pot of beer — not literally, indeed, but in the shape of five penny pieces, screwed up tight in brown paper.

Moral. — There is nothing like *well-directed* benevolence!

CHAPTER VIII.

"Yes, all gardeners is thieves!"

As I could not dispute the truth of this sweeping proposition from practical experience, I passed it over in silence, and contented myself with asking the Widow whence she acquired all her horticultural knowledge, which she informed me came "out of her Mawe."

"It was *him* as give me that, too," she whimpered, "for he always humored my flowering; and if ever a grave deserved a strewing over it 's his'n — There 's a noble old helm."

Very, indeed.

"Yes, quite an old antique, and would be beautiful if I could only hang a few parachutes from its branches."

I presume you allude to the parasites?

"Well, I suppose I do. And look there's my harbor. By and by, when I'm more honeysuckled I shall be waterproof, but I ain't quite growed over enough yet to sit in without an umbrella."

As I had now pretty well inspected her back, including one warm corner, in which she told me she had a good mind to cow-cumber — we turned toward the house, the Widow leading the way, when wheeling sharply round, she popped a new question.

"What do you think of my walk?"

Why that is kept very clean and neat.

"Ah, I don't mean my gravel, but my walk. At present you see I go in a pretty straight line, but suppose I went a little more serpentiny — more zigzaggy — and praps deviating about among the clumps — don't you think I might look more picturesque?"

I ventured to tell her, at the risk of sending her ideas to her front, that if she meant her *gait*, it was best as it was; but that if she alluded to her path, a straight one was still the best, considering the size of her grounds.

"Well, I dare say you're right," she replied, "for I'm only a quarter of a haker if you measure me all round."

By this time we were close to the house, where the appearance of a vine suggested to me the query whether the proprietor ever gathered any grapes.

"Ah my wine, my wine," replied the Widow, with as grave a shake of the head, and as melancholy a tone as if she had really drunk to fatal excess of the ruby juice. "That wine will be the death of me, if somebody don't nail me up. My poor head won't bear ladder-work; and so all training or pruning myself is out of the question. Howsomever, Miss Sharp is just as bad, and so I'm not the only one whose wine goes where it should n't."

Not by hundreds of dozens, thought I, but there was no time allowed for musing over my own loss by waste and leakage: I was roused by a "now come here," and lugged round the corner of the house to an adjacent building, which bore about the same proportion to the villa as a calf to a cow.

"This here 's the washus."

So I should have conjectured.

"Yes, it 's the washus now — but it 's to be a greenus. I intend to have a glazed roof let into it for a conservatory, in the winter, when I can't be stood out in the open air. They 've a greenus at Number Five, and a hottus besides — and thinks I, if so be I do want to force a little, I can force myself in the copper!"

The Copper!

"Yes. I 'm uncommon partial to foreign outlandish plants — and if I 'm an African, you know, or any of them tropicals, I shall almost want baking."

These schemes and contrivances were so whimsical, and at the same time so Bucklersburyish, that in spite of myself, my risible muscles began to twitch, and I felt that peculiar internal quiver about the diaphragm which results from suppressed laughter. Accordingly, not to offend the Widow, I hurried to take my leave, but she was not disposed to part with me so easily.

"Now come, be candid, and tell me before you go, what you think of me altogether. Am I shrubby enough? I fancy sometimes that I ought to be more deciduous."

Not at all. You are just what you ought to be — shrubby and flowery, and gravelly and grassy — and in summer you must be a perfect nosegay.

"Well — so I ham. But in winter, now, — do you really think I am green enough to go through the winter?"

Quite. Plenty of yews, hollies, box, and lots of horticultural laurals.

[I thought now that I was off — but it was a mistake.]

"Well, but — if you really must go — only one more question — and it 's to beg a favor. You know last autumn we went steaming up to Twitnam?"

Yes — well?

"Well, and we went all over Mr. What 's-his-name 's Willa."

Pope's — well?

"Well then, somebody told us as how Mr. Pope was very famous for his Quincunx. Could you get one a slip of it?"

CHAPTER IX.

"WELL, for my part," exclaims Fashion, "those who please may garden; but I shall be quite satisfied with what I get from my Fruiterer, and my Greengrocer, and my bouquets. For it seems to me, sir, according to your description of that Widow, and her operations, that gardening must be more of a trouble than a pleasure. To think of toiling in a most unfashionable bonnet and filthy gloves, for the sake of a few flowers, that one may buy as good or better, and made artificially by the first hands in Paris! Not to name the vulgarity of their breeding. Why I should faint if I thought my orange flowers came out of a grocer's tea-chest, or my camelia out of the butter-tub!"

No doubt of it, madam, and that you would never come to if sprinkled with common water instead of Eau de Cologne.

"Of course not. I loathe pure water — ever since I have heard that all London bathes in it — the lower classes and all. If *that* is what one waters with, I could never garden. And then those nasty creeping things, and the earwigs! I really believe that one of them crawling into my head, would be enough to drive out all my intellects!"

Beyond question, madam.

"I did once see a Lady gardening, and it struck me with horror! How she endured that odious caterpillar on her clothes without screaming, surpasses my comprehension. No, no — it is not Lady's work, and I should say not even Gentleman's, though some profess to be very fond of it."

Why as to that, madam, there is a style of gardening that might even be called aristocratical, and might be indulged in by the very first Exquisite in your own circle.

"Indeed, sir?"

Yes, in the mode, madam, that was practised in his own garden by the Poet Thomson, the Author of the "Seasons."

"And pray how was that, sir?"

Why by eating the peaches off the wall, with his hands in his pockets; or in other words, gobbling up the fruits of industry, without sharing in the labor of production.

"O, fie! that's Radical! What do you say, my Lord?"

"Why, 'pon honor, your ladyship, it does n't touch me —

for I only eat other people's peaches — and without putting my hands in my pockets at all."

CHAPTER X.

"But do you really think, sir," asks Chronic Hypochondriasis, "that gardening is such a healthy occupation?"

"I do. But better than my own opinion, I will give you the sentiments of a celebrated but eccentric Physician on the subject, when he was consulted by a Patient afflicted with your own disease.

"Well, sir, what's the matter with you?" said the bluff Doctor.

"Why nothing particular, Doctor, if you mean any decided complaint. Only I can't eat, and I can't drink, and I can't sleep, and I can't walk — in short, I can't enjoy anything except being completely miserable."

It was a clear case of Hypochondriasis, and so the Physician merely laid down the ordinary sanitary rules.

"But you have n't prescribed, Doctor," objected the Patient. "You have n't told me what I am to take."

"Take exercise."

"Well, but in what shape, Doctor?"

"In the shape of a spade."

"What — dig like a horse?"

"No — like a man."

"And no physic?"

"No. You don't want draughts, or pills, or powders. Take a garden — and a Sabine farm after it — if you like."

"But it is such hard work?"

"Phoo, phoo. Begin with crushing your caterpillars — that's soft work enough. After that you can kill snails, they're harder — and mind, before breakfast."

"I shall never eat any!"

"Yes you will, when you have earned your grub. Or hoe, and rake, and make yourself useful on the face of the earth."

"But I get so soon fatigued."

"Yes, because you are never tired of being tired. Mere indolence. Commit yourself to hard labor. It's pleasanter than having it done by a Magistrate, and better in private grounds than on public ones."

"Then you seriously suppose, Doctor, that gardening is good for the constitution?"

"I do. For King, Lords, and Commons. Grow your own cabbages. Sow your own turnips, — and if you wish for a gray head, cultivate carrots."

"Well, Doctor, if I thought — "

"Don't think, but do it. Take a garden and dig away as if you were going to bury all your care in it. When you're tired of digging, you can roll — or go to your walls, and set to work at your fruit-trees, like the Devil and the Bag of Nails."

"Well, at all events, it is worth trying; but I am sadly afraid that so much stooping — "

"Phoo, phoo! The more pain in your back, the more you'll forget your *hyps*. Sow a bed with thistles, and then weed it. And don't forget cucumbers."

"Cucumbers!"

"Yes, unwholesome to eat, but healthy to grow, for then you can have your *frame* as strong as you please, and regulate your own *lights*. Melons still better. Only give your melon to the melon-bed, and your colly to the collyflowers, and your Melancholy's at an end."

"Ah! you're joking, Doctor!"

"No matter. Many a true word is said in jest. I'm the only physician, I know, who prescribes it, but take a garden — *first remedy in the world* — for when Adam was put into one he was *quite a new man!*"

But, Mrs. Gardiner.

I had taken leave of her, as I thought, by the wash-house door, and was hurrying towards the wicket-gate, when her voice apprised me that she was still following me.

"There is one thing that *you* ought to see at any rate, if nobody else does."

And with gentle violence she drew me into a nook behind a privet hedge, and with some emotion asked me if I knew where I was. My answer of course was in the negative.

"It's Bucklersbury."

The words operated like a spell on my memory, and I immediately recognized the old civic shrubbery. Yes, there they were, the Persian Lilac, the Guelder Rose, the Monthly Rose, and the Laurustinus, but looking so fresh and flourish-

ing, that it was no wonder I had not known them; and besides the chests and tubs were either gone, or plunged in the earth.

"Not quite so grubby as I were in town," said the Widow, "but the same plants. Old friends like, with new faces. Just take a sniff of my laylock — it 's the same smell as I had when in London, except the smoke. And there 's my monthly rose — look at my complexion now. You remember how smudgy I was afore. Perhaps you 'd like a little of me for old acquaintance," and plucking from each, she thrust into my hand a bouquet big enough for the Lord Mayor's coachman on the Ninth of November.

"Yes, we 've all grown and blown together," she continued, looking from shrub to shrub, with great affection. "We 've withered and budded, and withered and budded, and blossomed and sweetened the air. We 're interesting, ain't we?"

O very — there 's a sentiment in every leaf.

"Yes, that 's exactly what I mean. I often come here to enjoy 'em, and have a cry — for you know *he* smelt 'em and admired 'em as well as us," and the mouldy glove might again have had to wipe a moistened eye, but for an alarm familiar to her ear, though not to mine, except through her interpretation.

"My peas! my peas! old Jones's pigeons!"

And rushing off to the defence of her Blue Prussians, she gave me an opportunity of which I availed myself by retreating in the opposite direction, and through the wicket. It troubles me to this day that I cannot remember the shutting it; my mind misgives me that in my haste to escape it was most probably left open, like Abon Hassan's door, and with as unlucky consequences.

Even as I write, distressing images of a ruined Eden rise up before my fancy — cocks and hens scratching in flower borders — pigs routing up stocks or rolling in tulips — a horse cropping rose-buds, and a bullock in Bucklersbury! and all this perhaps not a mere vision! That woeful figure with starting tears and clasped hands contemplating the scene of havoc, not altogether a fiction!

Under this doubt, it will be no wonder that I have never revisited the Widow, or that when I stroll in the suburbs my steps invariably lead me in any other direction than towards Paradise Place.

CHAPTER XII.

I HAVE told a lie!

I have written the thing that is not, and the truth came not from my pen. There was deceit in my ink, and my paper is stained with a falsehood. Nevertheless, it was in ignorance that I erred, and consequently the lie is white.

When I told you, Gentle Reader, that any day you pleased you might behold my heroine, Mrs. Gardiner, I was not aware that Mrs. Gardiner was no more.

"No more!"

No — for by advices just received, she is now Mrs. Burrel, the wife of the quondam little old Bachelor at Number Eight.

"What! — married! Why then she did go over the wall to him as she promised."

No, miss — he came over to her.

"What! —By a rope ladder."

No — there was no need for so romantic an apparatus. The wall, as already described, was a dwarf one, about breast high, over which an active man, putting one hand on the top, might have vaulted with ease. How Mr. Burrel, unused to such gymnastics, contrived to scramble over it, he did not know himself; but as he had scraped the square toes of each shoe — damaged each drab knee — frayed the front of his satin waistcoat — and scratched his face, the probability is, that after clambering to the summit, he rolled over, and pitched headlong into the scrubby holly-bush on the other side.

For a long time it appears, without giving utterance to the slightest sentiment of an amorous nature, he had made himself particular, by constantly haunting the dwarf wall that divided him from the widow, — overlooking her indeed more than was proper or pleasant. For once, however, he happened to look at the right moment, for casting his eyes towards Number Nine, he saw that his fair neighbor was in a very disagreeable and dangerous predicament — in short, that she was in her own water-butt, heels upwards.

He immediately jumped over the brick partition, and bellowing for help, succeeded, he knew not how, in hauling the unfortunate lady from her involuntary bath.

"Then it was not a suicide?"

By no means, madam. It was simply from taking her hobby to water. In plainer phrase, whilst endeavoring to establish an aquatic lily in her waterbutt, she overbalanced herself and fell in.

The rest may be guessed. Before the Widow was dry, Mr. Burrel had declared his passion — Gratitude whispered that without him she would have been "no better than a dead lignum vitæ" — and she gave him her hand.

The marriage day, however, was not fixed. At the desire of the bride, it was left to a contingency, which was resolved by her "orange-flowering" last Wednesday — and so ended the "Horticultural Romance" of Mrs. Gardiner.

A TALE OF TERROR.

The following story I had from the lips of a well-known Aeronaut, and nearly in the same words.

It was on one of my ascents from Vauxhall, and a gentleman of the name of Mavor had engaged himself as a companion in my aerial excursion. But when the time came his nerves failed him, and I looked vainly around for the person who was to occupy the vacant seat in the car. Having waited for him till the last possible moment, and the crowd in the gardens becoming impatient, I prepared to ascend alone; and the last cord that attached me to the earth was about to be cast off, when suddenly a strange gentleman pushed forward and volunteered to go up with me into the clouds. He pressed the request with so much earnestness, that having satisfied myself by a few questions of his respectability, and received his promise to submit in every point to my directions, I consented to receive him in lieu of the absentee; whereupon he stepped with evident eagerness and alacrity into the machine. In another minute we were rising above the trees; and in justice to my companion, I must say, that in all my experience, no person at a first ascent had ever shown such perfect coolness and self-possession. The sudden rise of the machine, the novelty of the situation, the real and exaggerated dangers of the voyage, and the cheering of the spectators, are apt to cause some trepidation, or at any rate excitement in the boldest individuals; whereas the stranger was as composed and comfortable as if he had been sitting quite at home in his own library-chair. A bird could not have seemed more at ease, or more in its element, and yet he solemnly assured me upon his honor, that he had never been up before in his life. Instead of exhibiting any alarm at our great height from the earth, he evinced the liveliest pleasure whenever I emptied one of my bags of sand, and even once or twice urged me to part with

more of the ballast. In the mean time, the wind, which was very light, carried us gently along in a northeast direction, and the day being particularly bright and clear, we enjoyed a delightful bird's-eye view of the great metropolis, and the surrounding country. My companion listened with great interest, while I pointed out to him the various objects over which we passed, till I happened casually to observe that the balloon must be directly over Hoxton. My fellow-traveller then for the first time betrayed some uneasiness, and anxiously inquired whether I thought he could be recognized by any one at our then distance from the earth. It was, I told him, quite impossible. Nevertheless he continued very uneasy, frequently repeating, "I hope they don't see me," and entreating me earnestly to discharge more ballast. It then flashed upon me for the first time that his offer to ascend with me had been a whim of the moment, and that he feared the being seen at that perilous elevation by any member of his own family. I therefore asked him if he resided at Hoxton, to which he replied in the affirmative; urging again, and with great vehemence, the emptying of the remaining sand-bags.

This, however, was out of the question, considering the altitude of the balloon, the course of the wind, and the proximity of the sea-coast. But my comrade was deaf to these reasons — he insisted on going higher; and on my refusal to discharge more ballast, deliberately pulled off and threw his hat, coat, and waistcoat overboard.

"Hurrah, that lightened her!" he shouted; "but it's not enough yet," and he began unloosening his cravat.

"Nonsense," said I; "my good fellow, nobody can recognize you at this distance, even with a telescope."

"Don't be too sure of that," he retorted rather simply; "they have sharp eyes at Miles's."

"At where?"

"At Miles's Madhouse!"

Gracious Heaven! — the truth flashed upon me in an instant. I was sitting in the frail car of a balloon, at least a mile above the earth, with a Lunatic. The horrors of the situation, for a minute, seemed to deprive me of my own senses. A sudden freak of a distempered fancy — a transient fury — the slightest struggle might send us both, at a moment's notice, into eternity! In the mean time, the Maniac, still repeating

his insane cry of "higher, higher, higher," divested himself, successively, of every remaining article of clothing, throwing each portion, as soon as taken off, to the winds. The inutility of remonstrance, or rather the probability of its producing a fatal irritation, kept me silent during these operations: but judge of my terror, when having thrown his stockings overboard, I heard him say, "We are not yet high enough by ten thousand miles — one of us must throw out the other."

To describe my feelings at this speech is impossible. Not only the awfulness of my position, but its novelty, conspired to bewilder me — for certainly no flight of imagination — no, not the wildest nightmare-dream, had ever placed me in so desperate and forlorn a situation. It was horrible! — horrible! Words, pleadings, remonstrances were useless, and resistance would be certain destruction. I had better have been unarmed, in an American wilderness, at the mercy of a savage Indian! And now, without daring to stir a hand in opposition, I saw the Lunatic deliberately heave first one, and then the other bag of ballast from the car, the balloon of course rising with proportionate rapidity. Up, up, up it soared — to an altitude I had never even dared to contemplate — the earth was lost to my eyes, and nothing but the huge clouds rolled beneath us! The world was gone I felt forever! The Maniac, however, was still dissatisfied with our ascent, and again began to mutter.

"Have you a wife and children?" he asked, abruptly.

Prompted by a natural instinct, and with a pardonable deviation from truth, I replied that I was married, and had fourteen young ones who depended on me for their bread.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the Maniac, with a sparkling of his eyes that chilled my very marrow. "I have three hundred wives, and five thousand children; and if the balloon had not been so heavy by carrying double, I should have been home to them by this time."

"And where do they live?" I asked, anxious to gain time by any question that first occurred to me.

"In the moon," replied the Maniac; "and when I have lightened the car I shall be there in no time."

I heard no more, for suddenly approaching me, and throwing his arms around my body —

* * * * * *

MR. CHUBB.

A PISCATORY ROMANCE.

CHAPTER I.

"Let me live harmlessly, and near the brink
Of Trent or Avon have a dwelling-place,
Where I may see my quill or cork down sink
With eager bite of Perch, or Bleak, or Dace."

J. DAVORS.

"I care not, I, to fish in seas,
Fresh rivers best my mind do please,
Whose sweet, calm course I contemplate,
And seek in life to imitate."

PISCATOR'S SONG.

"The ladies, angling in the crystal lake,
Feast on the waters with the prey they take,
At once victorious with their lines and eyes,
They make the fishes and the men their prize."

WALLER.

MR. CHUBB was not, by habit and repute, a fisherman. Angling had never been practically his hobby. He was none of those enthusiasts in the gentle craft, who as soon as close time comes to an end, are sure to be seen in a punt at Hampton Deeps, under the arches of Kew Bridge, or on the banks of the New River, or the Lea, trolling for jack, ledgering for barbel, spinning for trout, roving for perch, dapping for chub, angling for gudgeon, or whipping for bleak. He had never fished but once in his life, on a chance holiday, and then caught but one bream, but that once sufficed to attach him to the pastime; it was so still, so quiet, so lonely; the very thing for a shy, bashful, nervous man, as taciturn as a post, as formal as a yew hedge, and as sedate as a quaker. Nevertheless he did not fall in love with fishing, as some do, rashly and madly, but as became his character, discreetly and with deliberation.

It was not a nasty passion, but a sober preference founded on esteem, and accordingly instead of plunging at once into the connection, he merely resolved, in his heart, that at some future time he would retire from the hosiery line and take to one of gut, horsehair, or silk.

In pursuance of this scheme, whilst he steadily amassed the necessary competence, he quietly accumulated the other requisites; from time to time investing a few more hundreds in the funds, and occasionally adding a fresh article to his tackle, or a new guide, or treatise to his books on the art. Into these volumes, at his leisure, he dipped, gradually storing his mind with the piscatory rules, "line upon line, and precept upon precept," till in theory he was a respectable proficient. And in his Sunday walks, he commonly sought the banks of one or other of our Middlesex rivers, where, glancing at sky and water, with a speculative eye, he would whisper to himself — "a fine day for the perch," or "a likely hole for a chub;" but from all actual practise he religiously abstained, carefully hoarding it up, like his money, at compound interest, for that delicious Otium-and-Water, which, sooner or later, Hope promised he should enjoy.

In the mean time, during one of these suburban rambles, he observed, near Enfield Chase, a certain row of snug little villas, each with its own garden, and its own share of the New River, which flowed between the said pleasure-grounds on one side, and a series of private meadows on the other. The houses, indeed, were in pairs, two under one roof, but each garden was divided from the next one by an evergreen fence, tall and thick enough to screen the proprietor from neighborly observation; whilst the absence of any public foot-path along the fields equally secured the residents from popular curiosity. A great consideration with an angler, who, near the metropolis, is too liable to be accosted by some confounded hulking fellow with "What sport, — how do they bite?" — or annoyed by some pestilent little boy, who will intrude in his swim.

"Yes, *that's* the place for me," thought Mr. Chubb, especially alluding to a green lawn which extended to the water's edge — not forgetting a tall lignum-vitæ tree, against which, seated in an ideal arm-chair, he beheld his own Eidolon, in the very act of pulling out an imaginary fish, as big and bright as a fresh herring.

"Yes, that *is* the place for me!" muttered Mr. Chubb: "so snug — so retired — so all to one's self! Nobody to overlook, nothing to interrupt one! — No towing-path — no barges — no thoroughfare — Bless my soul! it 's a perfect little Paradise!"

And it was the place for him indeed — for some ten years afterwards the occupant died suddenly of apoplexy — whereupon Mr. Chubb bought the property, sold off his business, and retiring to the villa, which he christened "Walton Cottage," prepared to realize the long water-souchyish dream of his middle age.

"And did he catch anything?"

My dear Miss Hastie — do, pray, allow the poor gentleman a few moments to remove, and settle himself in his new abode, and in the mean while, let me recommend you to the care of that allegorical Job in petticoats, who is popularly supposed to recreate herself, when she is not smiling on a monument, by fishing in a punt.

CHAPTER II.

Eureka!

The day, the happy day is come at last, and no bride, in her pearl silk and orange flowers, after a protracted courtship, ever felt a more blissful flutter of spirits than Mr. Chubb, as in a bran-new white hat, fustian jacket, and drab leggings, he stands on the margin of the New River, about to become an angler for better or worse.

The morning is propitious. The sky is slightly clouded, and a gentle southerly zephyr just breathes, here and there, on the gray water, which is thickly studded with little dimples that dilate into rings, — signs, as sure as those in the zodiac, of Aquarius and Pisces. A comfortable arm-chair is planted in the shadow of the tall lignum-vitæ — to the right, on the grass, lies a landing-net, and on the left, a basket big enough to receive a salmon. Mr. Chubb, himself, stands in front of the chair; and having satisfied his mind, by a panoramic glance, of his complete solitude, begins precipitately to prepare his tackle, by drawing the strings of a long brown holland case into a hard double knot. But he is too happy to swear, so he only blesses his soul, patiently unravels the knot, and

complacently allows the rod to glide out of the linen cover. With deliberate care he fits each joint in its socket, — from the butt glittering with bright brass, to the tapering top — and then with supple wrist, proves the beautiful pliancy of the "complete thing." Next from the black leather pocketbook he selects a line of exquisite fineness, and attaches it by the loop to the small brazen wire ring at the point of the whalebone. The fine gut, still retaining its angles from the reel, like a long zigzag of gossamer, vibrates to the elastic rod, which in turn quivers to the agitated hand, tremulous with excitement. But what ails Mr. Chubb? All at once he starts off into the strangest and wildest vagaries, — now clutching like Macbeth at the air-drawn dagger, and then suddenly wheeling round like a dog trying to catch his own tail — now snatching at some invisible blue-bottle buzzing about his nose, — next flea-hunting about his clothes, and then staring skywards with goggle eyes, and round open mouth, as if he would take a minnow! A few bars rest — and off he goes again, — jumping, — spinning, — skipping right and left — no urchin striving to apprehend Jack O'Lantern ever cut more capers.

He is endeavoring to catch his line that he may bait the hook; but the breeze carries it far a-field, and the spring of the rod jerks it to and fro, here and there and everywhere but into his eager hand. Sometimes the shot swing into his eye, sometimes the float bounces into his mouth or bobs against his nose, and then, half caught, they spring up perpendicularly, and fall down again, with the clatter of hail, on the crown of his white beaver. At last he succeeds — at least the hook anchors in the skirts of his jacket. But he is in too good humor to curse. Propping the rod upright against the tall lignum-vitæ, he applies both hands to the rescue, and has just released the hook from the fustian, when down drops the rod, with a terrible lash of its top-joint in the startled stream, — whilst the barbed steel, escaping from his right finger and thumb, flies off like a living insect, and fastens its sting in the cuff of his left sleeve with such good will, that it must be cut out with a penknife. Still he does not blaspheme. At some damage to the cloth, the Kirby is set free — and the line is safe in hand. A little more cautiously he picks up the dripping rod, and proceeds to bait the hook — not without great difficulty and delay, for a worm is a wriggling slippery thing,

with a natural aversion to being lined with wire, and when the fingers are tremulous besides — the job is a stiff one. Nevertheless he contrives, ill or well, to impale a small brandling; but remembering that he ought first to have plumbed the depth of the water removes the worm and substitutes a roll of thin lead. Afterwards he adjusts the float to the proper soundings, and then there is all the wriggling, slippery, nervous process to be gone through over again. But Patience, the angler's virtue, still supports him. The hook is baited once more, — he draws a long, deep sigh of satisfaction, and warily poising his rod, lets the virgin line drop gently into the rippling stream!

Now then all is right! Alas, no! The float instead of swimming erect, sinks down on its side for want of sufficient ballast; a trying dilemma, for the cure requires a rather delicate operation. In fact, six split shot successively escape from his trembling fingers — a seventh he succeeds in adjusting to the line, on which he rashly attempts to close the gaping lead with his teeth; but unluckily his incisors slip beside the leaden pellet, and with a horrid cranch go clean through the crisp gut!

Still he does not blaspheme; but blessing his body, this time, as well as his soul, carefully fits a new bottom on the line, and closes the cleft shot with the proper instrument, a pair of pliers. Then he baits again, and tries the float, which swims with the correct cock — and all is right at last! The dreams, the schemes, the hopes, the wishes of a dozen long years are realized; and if there be a little pain at one end of the line, what enormous pleasure at the other!

Merrily the float trips, again and again, from end to end of the swim, and is once more gliding down with the current, when suddenly the quill stops — slowly revolves — bobs — bobs again — and dives under the water.

The Angler strikes convulsively — extravagantly — insanely; and something swift and silvery as a shooting-star flies over his head. It should, by rights, be a fish — yet there is none on his hook; but searching farther and farther, all up the lawn, to the back-door, there certainly lies something bright and quivering on the stone step — something living, scaly, and about an inch long — in short, Mr. Chubb's first bleak!

CHAPTER III.

Happy Mr. Chubb! Happy on Thursday, happier on Friday, and happiest on Saturday!

For three delightful days he had angled, each time with better success, and increasing love for the art, when Sunday intervened — the longest *dry* Sunday he had ever spent in his life. This short fast, however, only served to whet his appetite for the sport, and to send him the earlier on Monday to the river's edge, not without some dim superstitious notion of catching the fine hog-backed perch he had hooked in a dream over night.

By this time practice had made him perfect in his manipulations. His rod was put together in a crack — the line attached to it in a jiffy, the hook baited in a twinkling, and all ready to begin. But first he took his customary survey, to assure him that his solitude was inviolate — that there was no eye to startle his *mauvaise honte*, for he was as sensitive to observation, as some skins to new flannel: but all was safe. There was not a horse or cow even to stare at him from the opposite meadow — no human creature within ken, to censure his performance or criticise his appearance. He might have fished, if he had pleased, in his nightcap, dressing-gown, and slippers.

The ineffable value of such a privacy is only appreciable by shy, sensitive men, who ride hobbies. But Toby Shandy knew it when he gave *a peep over the horn-beam hedge* before he took a first whiff of the ivory pipe attached to his smoking artillery. And so did Mr. Chubb, as after a preliminary pinch of snuff, and an ecstatic rub of his hands, he gently swung the varnished float, shotted line, and baited hook, from his own freehold lawn, into the exclusive water.

The weather was lovely, the sky of an unclouded blue, and the whole landscape flooded with sunshine, which would have been too bright but that a westerly breeze swept the gloss off the river, and allowed the Angler to watch, undazzled, his neat tip-capped float. Thrice the buoyant quill had travelled from end to end of the property, and was midway on its fourth voyage, when — without the least hint of bite or nibble — it was violently twitched up, and left to dangle in the

air, whilst Mr. Chubb distractedly stared on a new object in the stream.

A strange float had come into his swim!

And such a float! — A great green and white pear-shaped thing — of an extra size, expressly manufactured for the most turbulent waters; but magnified, by the enormity of the trespass, into a ship's buoy!

Yes — there it was in his own private fishing-place, down which it drifted five or six good yards before it brought up, on its side, when the force of the current driving the lower part of the line towards the surface, disclosed a perfect necklace of large swanshot, and the shank of a No. 1 hook, baited, as it seemed, with a small hard dumpling!

Mr. Chubb was petrified — Gorgonized — basilisked! His heart and his legs gave way together, and he sank into the elbow-chair; his jaw locked, his eyes protruding in a fixed stare, and altogether in physiognomy extremely like the fish called a Pope or Ruff, which, on being hooked, is said to go into a sort of spasmodic fit, through surprise and alarm.

However, disappointment and vexation gradually gave way to indignation, and planting the chair against the evergreen hedge, he mounted on the seat, with a brace of objurgations on his lips — the one adapted to a great hulking fellow, the other for an infernal little boy; but before either found vent, down he scrambled again, with breakneck precipitation, and dropped into the seat. To swear was impossible — to threaten or vituperate quite out of the question, or even to remonstrate. He who had not the courage to be polite to a lady, to be rude or harsh to one? — never! What then could he do? Nothing, but sit staring at the green and white float, as it lay on its side, making a fussy ripple in the water, till SHE chose to withdraw it.

At last, after a very tedious interval, the obnoxious object suddenly began to scud up the stream, and then rising, with almost as much splutter as a wild duck, flew into the neighboring garden. The swanshot and the hook flew after it, but the little dumpling, parting asunder, had escaped from the steel, and the halves separately drifted down with the current, each nibbled at by its own circle of New River bleak.

Mr. Chubb waited a minute, and then fell to angling again; but as silently, stealthily, and sneakingly, as if instead of fish-

ing in his own waters he had been poaching in those of Cashiobury, —

"Because Lord Essex would n't give him leave."

But even this faint enjoyment was shortlived. All at once he heard, to the left, a plash as if a bullfrog or water-rat had plumped into the river, and down came the great green and white nuisance, again dancing past the private hedge, and waltzing with every little eddy that came in its way. Of course it would stop at the old spot — but no, its tether had been indefinitely prolonged, and on it came, bobbing and becking, till within a foot of the little slim tip-capped quill of our Fisherman. He instantly pulled up, but too late — the bottoms of the two lines had already grappled. There was a hitch and then a jerk — the swanshot with a centrifugal impulse went spinning round and round the other tackle, till silk and gut were complicated in an inveterate tangle. The Unknown, feeling the resistance, immediately struck, and began to haul in. The perplexed Bachelor, incapable of a "Hallo!" only blessed his own soul in a whisper, and opposed a faint resistance. The strain increased; and he held more firmly, deperately hoping that his own line would give way: but instead of any such breakage, as if instinct with the very spirit of mischief, the top-joint of his rod suddenly sprang out of its socket, and went flying, as the other lithe top seemed to beckon it — into HER garden!

It was gone, of course, forever. As to applying for it, little Smith would as soon have asked for the ball that he had pitched through a pane of plate-glass into Mrs. Jones's drawing-room.

All fishing was over for the day; and the discomfited Angler was about to unscrew his rod and pack up, when a loud "hem!" made him start and look towards the sound — and lo! the unknown Lady, having mounted a chair of her own, was looking over the evergreen hedge and holding out the truant top-joint to its owner. The little shy bashful Bachelor, still in a nervous agony, would fain have been blind to this civility; but the cough became too importunate to be shirked, and blushing till his very hair and whiskers seemed to redden into carotty, he contrived to stumble up to the fence and stammer out a jumble of thanks and apologies.

"Really, ma'am — I 'm extremely sorry — you 're too good, — so very awkward — quite distressing — I 'm exceedingly obliged I 'm sure — very warm, indeed," — and seizing the top-joint he attempted to retreat with it, but he was not to escape so easily.

"Stop, sir!" cried one of the sweetest voices in the world, "the lines are entangled."

"Pray don't mention it," said the agitated Mr. Chubb, vainly fumbling in the wrong waistcoat-pocket for his penknife. "I'll cut it, ma'am — I 'll bite it off."

"O, pray don't!" exclaimed the lady; "it would be a sin and a shame to spoil such a beautiful line. Pray, what do you call it?"

What an unlucky question. For the whole world Mr. Chubb would not have named the material — which he at last contrived to describe as "a very fine sort of fiddle-string."

"O, I understand," said the Lady. "How fine it is — and yet how strong. What a pity it is in such a tangle! But I think with a little time and patience I can unravel it!"

"Really, ma'am, I 'm quite ashamed — so much trouble — allow *me*, ma'am." And the little Bachelor climbed up into his elbow-chair, where he stood tottering with agitation, and as red in the face, and as hot all over, as a boiling lobster.

"I think, sir," suggested the Lady, "if you would just have the goodness to hold these loops open while I pass the other line through them — "

"Yes, ma'am, yes — exactly — by all means — " and he endeavored to follow her instructions, by plunging the short, thick fingers of each hand into the hank; the Lady meanwhile poking her float, like a shuttle, up and down, to and fro, through the intricacies of the tangled lines.

"Bless my soul!" thought Mr. Chubb, "what a singular situation! A lady I never saw before — a perfect stranger! — and here I am face to face with her — across a hedge — with our fingers twisting in and out of the same line, as if we were playing at cat's-cradle!"

CHAPTER IV.

"HEYDAY! It is a long job!" exclaimed the Lady, with a gentle sigh.

"It is indeed, ma'am," said Mr. Chubb, with a puff of breath as if he had been holding it the whole time of the operation.

"My fingers quite ache," said the Lady.

"I'm sure — I'm very sorry — I beg them a thousand pardons," said Mr. Chubb, with a bow to the hand before him. And what a hand it was! So white and so plump, with little dimples on the knuckles, — and then such long taper fingers, and filbert-like nails.

"Are you fond of fishing, sir?" asked the Lady, with a full look in his face for the answer.

"O, very, ma'am — very partial, indeed!"

"So am I, sir. It's a taste derived, I believe, from my reading."

"Then mayhap, ma'am," said Mr. Chubb, his voice quavering at his own boldness, "if it is n't too great a liberty — you have read the 'Complete Angler'?"

"What, Izaak Walton's? O, I dote on it! The nice, dear old man! So pious, and so sentimental!"

"Certainly, ma'am — as you observe — and so uncommonly skilful."

"O, and so natural! and so rural! Such sweet green meadows, with honeysuckle hedges; and the birds, and the innocent lambs, and the cows, and that pretty song of the milk-maid's!"

"Yes, ma'am, yes," said Mr. Chubb, rather hastily, as if afraid she would quote it; and blushing up to his crown, as though she had actually invited him to "live with her and be her love."

"There was an answer written to it, I believe, by Sir Walter Raleigh?"

"There was, ma'am — or Sir Walter Scott — I really forget which," stammered the bewildered Bachelor, with whom the present tense had completely obliterated the past. As to the future, nothing it might produce would surprise him.

"Now, then, sir, we will try again!" And the Lady

sumed her task, in which Mr. Chubb assisted her so effectually, that at length one line obtained its liberty, and by a spring so sudden, as to excite a faint scream.

"Gracious powers!" exclaimed the horrified little man, almost falling from his chair, and clasping his hands.

"I thought the hook was in my eye," said the Lady; "but it is only in my hair." From which she forthwith endeavored to disentangle it, but with so little success, that in common politeness Mr. Chubb felt bound to tender his assistance. It was gratefully accepted; and in a moment the most bashful of bachelors found himself in a more singular position than ever — namely, with his short thick fingers entwined with a braid of the glossiest, finest, softest auburn hair that ever grew on a female head.

"Bless my soul and body!" said Mr. Chubb to himself; "the job with the gut and silk lines was nothing to this!"

CHAPTER V.

That wearisome hook! It clung to the tress in which it had fastened itself with lover-like pertinacity! In the mean time the Lady, to favor the operation, necessarily inclined her head a little downwards and sideways, so that when she looked at Mr. Chubb, she was obliged to glance at him from the corners of her eyes — as coquettish a position as female artifice, instead of accident, could have produced. Nothing, indeed, could be more bewitching! Nothing so disconcerting! It was a wonder the short thick fingers ever brought their task to an end, they fumbled so abominably — the poor man forgot what he was about so frequently! At last the soft glossy braid, sadly disarranged, dropped again on the fair smooth cheek.

"Is the hook out?" asked the Lady.

"It *is*, ma'am — thank God!" replied the little Bachelor, with extraordinary emphasis and fervor; but the next moment making a grimace widely at variance with the implied pleasure.

"Why, it's in your own thumb!" screamed the Lady, forgetting in her fright that it was a strange gentleman's hand she caught hold of so unceremoniously.

"It's nothing, ma'am — don't be alarmed; — nothing at all — only — bless my soul, — how very ridiculous!"

"But it must hurt you, sir."

"Not at all, ma'am — quite the reverse. I don't feel it — I don't indeed! — Merely through the skin, ma'am, — and if I could only get at my penknife — "

"Where is it, sir?"

"Stop, ma'am — here — I've got it," said Mr. Chubb, his heart beating violently at the mere idea of the long taper fingers in his left waistcoat-pocket — "But unluckily it's my right hand!"

"How very distressing!" exclaimed the lady; "and all through extricating me!"

"Don't mention it, ma'am, pray don't — you're perfectly welcome."

"If I thought," said the lady, "that it *was* only through the skin — I had once to cut one out for poor dear Mr. Hooker," and she averted her head as if to hide a tear.

"She's a widow, then!" thought Mr. Chubb to himself. "But what does that signify to me — and as to her cutting out the hook, it's a mere act of common charity."

And so, no doubt, it was; for no sooner was the operation performed, than dropping his hand as if it had been a stone, or a brick, or a lump of clay, she restored the penknife, and cutting short his acknowledgments with a grave "Good morning, sir," skipped down from her chair, and walked off, rod in hand, to her house.

Mr. Chubb watched her till she disappeared, and then getting down from his own chair, took a seat in it, and fell into a reverie, from which he was only roused by putting his thumb and finger into the wrong box, and feeling a pinch of gentles, instead of snuff.

CHAPTER VI.

The next day Mr. Chubb angled as usual; but with abated pleasure. His fishery had been disturbed; his solitude invaded — he was no longer Walton and Zimmerman rolled into one. From certain prophetic misgivings he had even abandoned the costume of the craft, — and appeared in a dress more suited to a public dinner than his private recreation — a blue coat and black kerseymere trousers — instead of the fustian jacket, shorts, and leathern gaiters.

The weather was still propitious, but he could neither confine his eye to his quill nor his thoughts to the pastime. Every moment he expected to hear the splash of the great green and white float, — and to see it come sailing into his swim. But he watched and listened in vain. Nothing drifted down with the current but small sticks and straws or a stray weed, — nothing disturbed the calm surface of the river, except the bleak, occasionally rising at a fly. A furtive glance assured him that nobody was looking at him over the evergreen fence — for that day, at least, he had the fishery all to himself, and he was beginning, heart and soul, to enjoy the sport, — when, from up the stream, he heard a startling plunge, enough to frighten all the fish up to London or down to Ware! The flop of the great green and white float was a whisper to it — but before he could frame a guess at the cause, a ball of something, as big as his own head, plumped into his swim, with a splash that sent up the water into his very face! The next moment a sweet low voice called to him by his name.

It was the Widow! He knew it without turning his head. By a sort of mental clairvoyance he saw her distinctly looking at him, with her soft liquid hazel eyes, over the privet hedge. He immediately fixed his gaze more resolutely on his float, and determined to be stone-deaf. But the manœuvre was of no avail. Another ball flew bomb-like through the air, and narrowly missing his rod, dashed — saluting him with a fresh sprinkle — into the river!

"Bless my soul," thought Mr. Chubb, carefully laying his rod across the arms of his elbow-chair, "when shall I get any fishing!"

"A fine morning, Mr. Chubb."

"Very, ma'am — very, indeed — quite remarkable," stammered Mr. Chubb, bowing as he spoke, plucking off his hat, and taking two or three unsteady steps towards the fence.

"My gardener has made me some ground bait, Mr. Chubb, and I told him to throw the surplus towards your part of the river."

"You're very good, ma'am, — I'm vastly obliged, I'm sure," said the little Bachelor, quite overwhelmed by the kindness, and wiping his face with his silk handkerchief, as if it

had just received the favor of another sprinkle. "Charming weather, ma'am!"

"O, delightful! — It's quite a pleasure to be out of doors. By the by, Mr. Chubb, I'm thinking of strolling — do you ever stroll, sir?"

"Ever what?" asked the astounded Mr. Chubb, his blood suddenly boiling up to Fever Heat.

"For jack and pike, sir — I've just been reading about it in the Complete Angler."

"O, she means *trolling*," thought Mr. Chubb, his blood as rapidly cooling down to temperate. "Why, no, ma'am — no. The truth is, — asking your pardon, — there are no jack or pike, I believe, in this water."

"Indeed! That's a pity. And yet, after all, I don't think I could put the poor frog on the hook — and then sew up his mouth, — I'm sure I could n't!"

"Of course not, ma'am — of course not," said the little Bachelor, with unusual warmth of manner, — "you have too much sensibility."

"Do you think, then, sir, that angling is cruel?"

"Why really, ma'am" — but the poor man had entangled himself in a dilemma, and could get no further.

"Some persons say it is," continued the Lady, — "and really to think of the agonies of the poor worm on the hook — but for my part I always fish with paste."

"Yes — I know it," thought Mr. Chubb, — "with a little hard dumpling."

"And then it is so much cleaner," said the lady.

"Certainly, ma'am, certainly," replied Mr. Chubb, with a particular reference to a certain very white hand with long taper fingers. "Nothing like paste, ma'am — or a fly — if it was not a liberty, ma'am, I should think you would prefer an artificial fly."

"An artificial one! — O, of all things in the world!" exclaimed the Lady with great animation. "*That* cannot feel! — But then" — and she shook her beautiful head despondingly — "they are so hard to make. I have read the rules for artificial flies in the book, — and what with badger's hair, and cock's cackles (she meant hackles), and whipping your shanks (she meant the hook's), and then drubbing your fur (she meant dubbing with fur), O, I never could do it!"

Mr. Chubb was silent. He had artificial flies in his pocketbook, and yearned to offer one — but, deterred by certain recollections, he shrank from the task of affixing it to her line. And yet to oblige a lady — and such a fine woman too — and besides the light fall of a fly on the water would be so much better than the flopping of that abominable great green and white float! — Yes, he would make the offer of it, and he did. It was graciously accepted, — the rod was handed over the hedge, and the little Bachelor, — at a safe distance, — took off, with secret satisfaction, the silk line, its great green and white float, its swanshot, the No. 1 hook and its little hard dumpling. He then substituted a fine fly-line, with a small black ant-fly, and when all was ready, presented the apparatus to the lovely Widow, who was profuse in her acknowledgments. "There never was such a beautiful fly," she said, "but the difficulty was how to throw it. She was only a Tryo (she meant a Tyro), and as such must throw herself on his neighborly kindness, for a little instruction."

This information, as well as he could by precept and example, with a hedge between, the little Bachelor contrived to give; and then dismissed his fair pupil to whip for bleak; whilst with an internal "Thank Heaven!" he resumed his own apparatus, and began to angle for perch, roach, dace, gudgeons, — or anything else.

But his gratitude was premature — his float had barely completed two turns, when he heard himself hailed again from the privet hedge.

"Mr. Chubb! Mr. Chubb!"

"At your service, ma'am."

"Mr. Chubb, you will think me shockingly awkward, but I've switched off the fly, — your beautiful fly, — somewhere among the evergreens."

Slowly the Angler pulled up his line — at the sacrifice of what seemed a very promising nibble — and carefully deposited his rod again across the arms of the elbow-chair.

"Bless my soul and body!" muttered Mr. Chubb, as he selected another fly from his pocketbook, — "when shall I ever get any fishing!"

CHAPTER VII.

Poor Mr. Chubb!

How little he dreamt — in all his twelve years dreaming, of ever retiring from trade into such a pretty business as that in which he found himself involved! How little he thought, whilst studying the instructive dialogues of Venator and Viator with Piscator, that he should ever have a pupil in petticoats hanging on his own lips for lessons in the gentle art! Nor was it seldom that she required his counsel or assistance. Scarcely had his own line settled in the water, when he was summoned by an irresistible voice to the evergreen fence, and requested to perform some trivial office for a fair Neophyte, with the prettiest white hand, the softest hazel eyes, and the silkiest auburn hair he had ever seen. Sometimes it was to put a bait on her hook — sometimes to take off a fish — now to rectify her float — and now to screw or unscrew her rod. Not a day passed but the little Bachelor found himself *tête-à-tête* with the lovely Widow, across the privet hedge.

Little he thought, the while, that she was fishing for him, and that he was pouching the bait! But so it was: — for exactly six weeks from the day when Mr. Chubb caught his first Bleak — Mrs. Hooker beheld at her feet her first Chubb!

What she did with him needs not to be told. Of course she did not give him away, like Venator's chub, to some poor body; or baste him, as Piscator recommends, with vinegar or verjuice. The probability is that she blushed, smiled, and gave him her hand; for if you walk, Gentle Reader to Enfield, and inquire concerning a certain row of snug little villas, with pleasure-grounds bounded by the New River, you will learn that two of the houses, and two of the gardens, and two of the proprietors have been "thrown into one."

"And did they fish together, sir, after their marriage?"

Never! Mr. Chubb, indeed, often angled from morning till night, but Mrs. C. never wetted a line from one year's end to another.

THE HAPPIEST MAN IN ENGLAND.

A SKETCH ON THE ROAD.

> "It is the Soul that sees; the outward eyes
> Present the object; but the Mind descries,
> And thence delight, disgust, and cool indifference rise."
>
> CRABBE.

"A CHARMING morning, sir," remarked my only fellow-passenger in the Comet, as soon as I had settled myself in the opposite corner of the coach.

As a matter of course and courtesy I assented; though I had certainly seen better days. It did not rain; but the weather was gloomy, and the air felt raw, as it well might with a pale, dim sun overhead, that seemed to have lost all power of roasting.

"Quite an Italian sky," added the stranger, looking up at a sort of French gray coverlet that would have given a Neapolitan fancy the ague.

However, I acquiesced again, but was obliged to protest against the letting down of both windows in order to admit what was called the "fresh, invigorating breeze from the Surrey Hills."

To atone for this objection, however, I agreed that the coach was the best, easiest, safest, and fastest in England, and the road the most picturesque out of London. Complaisance apart, we were passing between two vegetable screens, of a color converted by dust to a really "invisible green," and so high that they excluded any prospect as effectually as if they had been Venetian blinds. The stranger, nevertheless, watched the monotonous fence with evident satisfaction.

"No such hedges, sir, out of England."

"I believe not, sir!"

"No, sir, quite a national feature. They are peculiar to the enclosures of our highly cultivated island. You may travel from Calais to Constantinople without the eye reposing on a similar spectacle."

"So I have understood, sir."

"Fact, sir: they are unique. And yonder is another rural picture unparalleled, I may say, in Continental Europe, — a meadow of rich pasture, enamelled with the indigenous daisy and a multiplicity of buttercups!"

The oddity of the phraseology made me look curiously at the speaker. A pastoral poet, thought I — but no — he was too plump and florid to belong to that famishing fraternity, and in his dress, as well as in his person, had every appearance of a man well to do in the world. He was more probably a gentleman farmer, an admirer of fine grazing-land, and perhaps delighted in a well-dressed paddock and genteel haystack of his own. But I did him injustice, or rather to his taste — which was far less exclusive — for the next scene to which he invited my attention was of a totally different character — a vast, bleak, scurfy-looking common, too barren to afford even a picking to any living creatures, except a few crows. The view, however, elicited a note of admiration from my companion: —

"What an extensive prospect! Genuine, uncultivated nature — and studded with rooks!"

The stranger had now furnished me with a clew to his character; which he afterwards more amusingly unravelled. He was an Optimist; — one of those blessed beings (for they are blessed) who think that whatever is, is beautiful as well as right: — practical philosophers, who make the best of everything; imaginative painters, who draw each object *en beau*, and deal plentifully in *couleur de rose*. And they are right. To be good — in spite of all the old story-books, and all their old morals — is not to be happy. Still less does it result from Rank, Power, Learning, or Riches; from the single state or a double one, or even from good health or a clean conscience. The source of felicity, as the poet truly declares, is in the Mind — for like my fellow-traveller, the man who has a mind to be happy will be so, on the plainest commons that nature can set before him — with or without the rooks.

The reader of Crabbe will remember how graphically he

has described, in his "Lover's Journey," the different aspects of the same landscape to the same individual, under different moods — on his outward road, an Optimist, like my fellow-traveller, but on his return a malecontent like myself.

In the mean time, the coach stopped — and opposite to what many a person, if seated in one of its right-hand corners, would have considered a very bad lookout, — a muddy square space, bounded on three sides by plain brick stabling and wooden barns, with a dwarf wall, and a gate, for a foreground to the picture. In fact, a straw-yard, but untenanted by any live-stock, as if an Owenite plan amongst the brute creation, for living in a social parallelogram, had been abandoned. There seemed no peg here on which to hang any eulogium; but the eye of the Optimist detected one in a moment: —

"What a desirable Pond for Ducks!"

He then shifted his position to the opposite window, and with equal celerity discovered "a capital Pump! with oceans of excellent Spring Water, and a commodious handle within reach of the smallest Child!"

I wondered to myself how he would have described the foreign Fountains, where the sparkling fluid gushes from groups of Sculpture into marble basins, and without the trouble of pumping at all, ministers to the thirst and cleanliness of half a city. And yet I had seen some of our Travellers pass such a superb Water-work with scarcely a glance, and certainly without a syllable of notice! It is such Headless Tourists, by the way, who throng to the German Baths, and consider themselves Bubbled, because, without any mind's eye at all, they do not see all the pleasant things which were so graphically described by the Old Man of the Brunnens. For my own part I could not help thinking that I must have lost some pleasure in my own progress through life by being difficult to please.

For example, even during the present journey, whilst I had been inwardly grumbling at the weather, and yawning at the road, my fellow-traveller had been revelling in Italian skies, salubrious breezes, verdant enclosures, pastoral pictures, sympathizing with wet habits and dry, and enjoying desirable duck-ponds, and parochial Pumps!

What a contrast, methought, between the cheerful, contented spirit of my present companion, and the dissatisfied temper

and tone of Sir W. W., with whom I once had the uncomfortable honor of travelling *tête-à-tête* from Leipzig to Berlin. The road, it is true, was none of the most interesting, but even the tame and flat scenery of the Lincolnshire Fens may be rendered still more wearisome by sulkily throwing yourself back in your carriage and talking of Switzerland! But Sir W. W. was far too nice to be wise — too fastidious to be happy — too critical to be contented. Whereas my present coach-fellow was not afraid to admire a commonplace inn — I forget its exact locality — but he described it as "superior to any Oriental Caravansery — and with a Sign that, in the Infancy of The Art, might have passed for a *Chef d' Œuvre*."

Happy Man! How he must have enjoyed the Exhibitions of the Royal Academy, whereas to judge by our periodical critiques on such Works of Modern Art, there are scarcely a score out of a thousand annual Pictures that ought to give pleasure to a Connoisseur. Nay, even the Louvre has failed to satisfy some of its visitants, on the same principle that a matchless collection of Titians has been condemned for the want of a good Teniers.

But my fellow-traveller was none of that breed: he had nothing in common with a certain Lady, who with half London, or at least its Londoners, had inspected Wanstead House, prior to its demolition, and on being asked for her opinion of that princely mansion, replied that it was "short of cupboards."

In fact, he soon had an opportunity of pronouncing on a Country Seat — far, very, very far inferior to the House just mentioned, and declared it to be one which "Adam himself would have chosen for a Family Residence, if Domestic Architecture had flourished in the primeval Ages."

Happy Man, again! for with what joy, and comfort, and cheerfulness, for his co-tenants, would he have inhabited the enviable dwelling; and yet, to my private knowledge, the Proprietor was one of the most miserable of his species, simply because he chose to go through life like a pug-dog — with his nose turned up at everything in the world. And, truly flesh is grass, and beauty is dust, and gold is dross, nay, life itself but a vapor; but instead of dwelling on such disparagements, it is far wiser and happier, like the florid gentleman in one corner of the Comet, to remember that one is not

a Sworn Appraiser, nor bound by oath like an Ale-Conner to think small beer of small beer.

From these reflections I was suddenly roused by the Optimist, who earnestly begged me to look out of the Window at a prospect which, though pleasing, was far from a fine one, for either variety or extent.

"There, sir, — there's a Panorama! A perfect circle of enchantment! realizing the Arabia Felix of Fairy Land in the County of Kent!"

"Very pretty, indeed."

"It's a gem, sir, even in our Land of Oaks — and may challenge a comparison with the most luxuriant Specimens of what the Great Gilpin calls Forest Scenery!"

"I think it may."

"By the by, did you ever see Scrublands, sir, in Sussex?"

"Never, sir."

"Then, sir, you have yet to enjoy a romantic scene of the Sylvan Character, not to be paralleled within the limits of Geography! To describe it would require one to soar into the regions of Poetry, but I do not hesitate to say, that if the celebrated Robinson Crusoe were placed within sight of it, he would exclaim in a transport, 'Juan Fernandez!'"

"I do not doubt it, sir."

"Perhaps, sir, you have been in Derbyshire?"

"No, sir."

"Then, sir, you have another splendid treat *in futuro* — Braggins — a delicious amalgamation of Art and Nature, — a perfect Eden, sir, — and the very spot, if there be one on the Terrestrial Globe, for the famous Milton to have realized his own 'Paradise Regained'!"

In this glowing style, waxing warmer and warmer with his own descriptions, the florid gentleman painted for me a series of highly-colored sketches of the places he had visited; each a retreat that would wonderfully have broken the fall of our first Parents, and so thickly scattered throughout the counties, that by a moderate computation our Fortunate Island contained at least a thousand "Perfect Paradises," copyhold or freehold. A pleasant contrast to the gloomy pictures which are drawn by certain desponding and agriculturally-depressed Spirits who cannot find a single Elysian Field, pasture or arable, in the same country!

In the mean time, such is the force of sympathy, the Optimist had gradually inspired me with something of his own spirit, and I began to look out for and detect unrivalled forest scenery, and perfect panoramas, and little Edens, and might in time have picked out a romantic pump, or a picturesque post, — but, alas! in the very middle of my course of Beau Idealism, the coach stopped, the door opened, and with a hurried good-morning, the florid gentleman stepped out of the stage and into a gig which had been waiting for him at the end of a cross-road, and in another minute was driving down the lane between two of those hedges that are only to be seen in England.

"Well, go where thou wilt," thought I, as he disappeared behind the fence, "thou art certainly the Happiest Man in England!"

Yes — he was gone; and a light and a glory had departed with him. The air again felt raw, the sky seemed duller, the sun more dim and pale, and the road more heavy. The scenery appeared to become tamer and tamer, the inns more undesirable, and their signs were mere daubs. At the first opportunity I obtained a glass of sherry, but its taste was vapid; everything in short appeared "flat, stale, and unprofitable." Like a *Bull* in the Alley, whose flattering rumors hoist up the public funds, the high, sanguine tone of the Optimist had raised my spirits considerably above par; but now his operations had ceased, and by the usual reaction my mind sank again even below its natural level. My short-lived enthusiasm was gone, and instead of the cheerful, fertile country through which I had been journeying, I seemed to be travelling that memorable long stage between Dan and Beersheba where "all was barren."

Some months afterwards I was tempted to go into Essex to inspect a small Freehold Property which was advertised for sale in that county. It was described, in large and small print, as "a delightful Swiss Villa, the prettiest thing in Europe, and enjoying a boundless prospect over a country proverbial for Fertility, and resembling that Traditional Land of Promise described metaphorically in Holy Writ as overflowing with Milk and Honey."

Making all due allowance, however, for such professional flourishes, this very Desirable Investment deviated in its

features even more than usual from its portrait in the prospectus.

The Villa turned out to be little better than an ornamented Barn, and the Promised Land was some of the worst land in England, and overflowed occasionally by the neighboring river. An Optimist could hardly have discovered a single merit on the estate; but he did; for whilst I was gazing in blank disappointment at the uncultivated nature before me, not even studded with rooks, I heard his familiar voice at my elbow: —

"Rather a small property, sir — but amply secured by ten solid miles of Terra Firma from the encroachments of the German Ocean."

"And if the sea could," I retorted, "it seems to me very doubtful whether it would care to enter on the premises."

"Perhaps not as a matter of marine taste," said the Optimist. "Perhaps not, sir. And yet, in my pensive moments, I have fancied that a place like this with a sombre interest about it, would be a desirable sort of Wilderness, and more in unison with an Il Penseroso cast of feelings than the laughing beauties of a Villa in the Regent's Park, the Cynosure of Fashion and Gayety, enlivened by an infinity of equipages. But excuse me, sir, I perceive that I am wanted elsewhere," and the florid gentleman went off at a trot towards a little man in black, who was beckoning to him from the door of the Swiss Villa.

"Yes," was my reflection as he turned away from me, if he can find in such a swamp as this a Fancy Wilderness, a sort of Shenstonian Solitude for a sentimental fit to evaporate in, he must certainly be the Happiest Man in England."

As to his pensive moments, the mere idea of them sufficed to set my risible muscles in a quiver. But as if to prove how he would have comported himself in the Slough of Despond, during a subsequent ramble of exploration round the estate, he actually plumped up to his middle in a bog; — an accident which only drew from him the remark that the place afforded "a capital opportunity for a spirited proprietor to establish a Splendid Mud Bath, like the ones so much in vogue at the German Spaws!"

"If that gentleman takes a fancy to the place," I remarked to the person who was showing me round the property, "he will be a determined bidder."

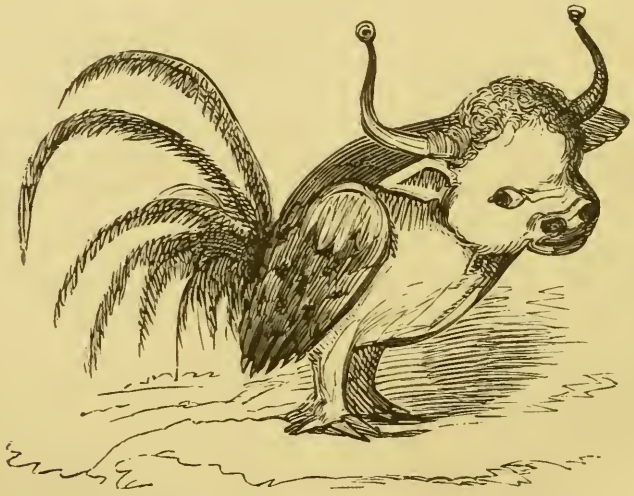
"Him bid!" exclaimed the man, with an accent of the utmost astonishment — "Him bid! — why he 's the Auctioneer that 's to sell us! I thought you would have remarked that in his speech, for he imitates in his talk the advertisements of the famous Mr. Robins. He 's called the Old Gentleman."

"Old! why he appears to be in the prime of life."

"Yes, sir, — but it 's the other Old Gentleman — "

"What! the Devil?"

"Yes, sir, — because you see, he 's always *a knocking down of somebody's little Paradise.*"



SPECIMEN OF THE COCK AND BULL GENUS.

THE LONGEST HOUR IN MY LIFE.

AN EXTRAVAGANZA.

CHAPTER I.

"Time," says *Rosalind*, in that delicious sylvan comedy called "As You Like It," — "Time travels in divers paces with divers persons."

And thence she prettily and wittily proceeds to enumerate the parties with whom he gallops, trots, ambles, or comes to a stand still. And nothing can be truer than her theory.

Old Chronos has indeed infinite rates of performance — from railway to snail-way. As the butcher's boy said of his horse, "He can go all sorts of paces — as fast as you like, or as slow as you don't."

But hark! what says a clear, bell-like voice from the Horse-Guards, that "time is time, and one o'clock is one o'clock all the town over."

True, old Regulator! The remark is as correct as striking, time *is* time, and the horological divisions are, or should be, synchronous from Knightsbridge to Whitechapel. But the old Mower is, like ourselves, a compound being — body and spirit. Hence he hath, as the Watchmakers say, "a duplex movement:" namely, Mechanical and Metaphysical; — the first, governed absolutely by the march of the sun, and the swing of a pendulum; the second, determined by moral contingencies: the one capricious as the *ad libitum*, the other exact as the *tempo obligato* of the musician. Thus the manifold bells of London — sounding, like the ancient chorus, a solemn accompaniment to the grand drama of Human Life — thus hundreds of iron tongues simultaneously proclaim the

current hour to the vast metropolis, yet with what different speed has time travelled from chime to chime with its millions of inhabitants — with the Bride and the Widow, the Marchioness in the ball-room, and the Milliner in her garret, the Lounger at his club, and the Criminal in the condemned cell!

Of these "divers paces with divers persons," there is a memorable illustration in "Old Mortality," where Morton and the stern Covenanters, with opposite feelings, watch on the same dial-plate the progress of the hand towards the fatal black point, at which the hour and a life were together to expire.

The Novelist has painted the victim "awaiting till the sword destined to slay him crept out of the scabbard gradually, and as it were by straw-breadths." The walls "seemed to drop with blood, and the light tick of the clock thrilled on his ear with such loud, painful distinctness, as if each sound were the prick of a bodkin inflicted on the naked nerve of the organ."

Here, then, was one of those persons whom Time gallops withal, whereas to the bloodthirsty Fanatics he crept on so leisurely, that Impatience could not refrain from giving the laggard a thrust forward on his course.

In our Courts of Law, Civil and Criminal, the divers paces of Time are continually exemplified, and have been verified on oath by scores of respectable witnesses.

For example, there was once a murder committed at Tottenham; and on the trial of the assassin, it became a point of judicial importance to determine the exact interval between two distant pistol-shots.

"Five minutes!" deposed Miss White, who had passed the evening in question *tête-à-tête* with her affianced sweetheart.

"Fifteen," swore Mrs. Black, who had spent the same hours in vainly expecting a husband addicted to the alehouse.

"Bless my soul and body!" exclaimed the Judge, naturally astonished at such a wide discrepancy; "the clocks in that part of the country must be sadly in want of regulation!"

But his lordship himself was in error. The material wheels, springs, pendulums, and weights worked truly enough; it was the moral machinery that was accountable for the variation. The rectification, however, was at hand.

The suburban village of Tottenham swarms, as is well known, with resident Members of the Society of Friends — a sect remarkable for punctuality, and the preciseness and uniformity of their habits — whose lives flow as equably as the sand of the hour-glass — whose pulses beat with the regularity of the pendulum. Accordingly, five Quakers who had heard the shots, were examined as witnesses; and, on their several affirmations, gave the interval between the two reports with little more variation than so many Admiralty Chronometers. As thus: —

	Min.	Sec.
Obadiah	9	59
Jacob	9	58
Ephraim	9	59
Joseph	9	59
Samuel	9	58

Being actually the *juste milieu*, or a drab average, between the extreme statements of Black and White.

CHAPTER II.

But to my personal experiences.

Like my fellow-mortals in fair *Rosalind's* catalogue, I have found Time to resemble both the Hare and the Tortoise, sometimes as fleet as the quadruped, at others as slow as the reptile in his race. Many bright and brief days recur to my memory when he flew past with the speed of a flying Childers, many dark and long ones, when he stepped as heavily and deliberately as the black horse before a hearse. All his divers paces are familiar to me — he has galloped, trotted, ambled, walked with me, and on one memorable occasion, seemed almost to stand stock-still. Never, O never can I forget the day-long seconds which made up those month-like minutes, which composed that interminable Hour — the longest in my whole life!

"And pray, sir, how and when was that?"

For the when, madam, to be particular, it was from half past nine to half past ten o'clock, A.M., on the First of May, new style, Anno Domini, 1822. For the how, you shall hear.

At the date just mentioned my residence was in the Adelphi, and having a strong partiality for the study of Natural

History from living specimens, it suited both my convenience and my taste to drop in frequently at the menagerie at Exeter 'Change.

These visits were generally paid at an early hour, before town or country cousins called to see the lions, and indeed it frequently happened that I found myself quite alone with the wild beasts. An annual guinea entitled me to go as often as agreeable, which happened so frequently, that the animals soon knew me by sight, whilst with some of them, for instance the elephant,* I obtained a friendly footing. Even Nero looked kindly on me, and the rest of the creatures did not eye me with the glances half shy and half savage which they threw at less familiar visitors.

But there was one notable exception. The royal Bengal tiger could not or would not recognize me, but persisted in growling and scowling at me as a stranger, whom of course he longed to take in. Nevertheless there was a fascination in his terrible beauty, and even in his enmity, that often held me in front of his cage, enjoying the very impotence of his malice, and recalling various tragical tales of human victims mangled or devoured by such striped monsters as the one before me; and, as if the cunning brute penetrated my thoughts, he would rehearse as it were all the man-eating manœuvres of the species: now creeping stealthily round his den, as if skulking through his native jungles, then crouching for the fatal spring, and anon bounding against the bars of his cage, with a short, angry roar, expressive of the most fiendish malignity. By the by, madam, did you ever hear of the doctrine of Instinctive Antipathies?

"Yes, sir; and Mr. Lamb or Mr. Hazlitt quotes an instance of two strangers, who on meeting each other in the street immediately began to fight."

Well, madam, there seemed to be some such original antipathy between me and the tiger. At any rate he took a peculiar pleasure in my presence in ostentatiously parading his means of offence. Sometimes stretching out one huge muscular leg between the bars, he unsheathed and exhibited his tremendous claws, after which, with a devilish ogre-like

* This same elephant once nearly killed an Irishman, for an insult offered to his trunk. The act was rash in the extreme; "but it was impossible," the Hibernian said, "to resist a nose that you could pull with both hands."

grin, he displayed his formidable teeth, and then by a deliberate yawn indulged me with a look into that horrible red gulf, down which he would fain have bolted me in gobbets. The yawning jaws were invariably closed with a ferocious snap, and the brutal performance was wound up with a howl so unutterably hollow and awful, so cannibalish, that even at its hundredth repetition it still curdled my very blood, and thrilled every nerve in my body.

"Lord! what a dreadful creature!"

Very, ma'am. And yet that Carnivorous Monster, capable of appalling the heart of the bravest man, failed once to strike terror into one of the weakest of the species — a delicate little girl, of about six years old, and rather small for her age. She had been gazing at the Tiger very earnestly for some minutes, and what do you think she said?

"Pray what, sir?"

"O Mr. Cross, if ever that beautiful great pussy has young ones, do save me a kitten!"

CHAPTER III.

Apropos of Time and his divers paces, he notoriously goes very slowly — as Sterne vouches — with a solitary captive, and of all solitary captives methinks he must go slowest with a caged wild beast. The human prisoner, gifted with a mind, can beguile the weary hours with dreams of the past or future; if of an intellectual turn, and educated, he can amuse himself with philosophical speculations, or mathematical calculations. He may even indulge in poetical composition. But a beast, a stupid, ignorant beast, has no such mental resources. If he struck a lyre, it would be to immortal smash. Neither would it be of any avail to supply him with materials for those various handicrafts by the exercise of which the Philadelphian Solitaries, described by Dickens, contrived to lose and neglect the creeping foot of time in their confinement. A Lion, if furnished with the whole stock of a marine-store shop, would never "manufacture a sort of Dutch clock from disregarded odds and ends," with a vinegar-bottle for the pendulum: neither would a tiger appear "in a white paper hat of his own making," though expressly provided with stationery

for the purpose, from her Majesty's own office. It follows that wild animals in confinement must experience great weariness — in fact, they obviously do suffer from *ennui* in no common degree.

"How, sir? A vulgar, ill-bred wild beast, afflicted with the peculiar complaint of a woman of *ton* — of a lady of quality?"

Precisely, madam. There is a case on record of a Lioness with all the symptoms of the complaint, and of her adoption of that fashionable antidote, a lapdog.

"A lapdog! What, a dear little King Charles's spaniel?"

No, but a little terrier, which the Lioness in a natural state of health would have devoured on his first introduction, whereas being troubled with the vapors, she could not dispense with a plaything that happened to amuse her.

"A Lioness with the vapors, and a lapdog — ridiculous!"

Madam, I am in earnest, severely serious. But just do me the honor to step with me, in fancy, to the Zoölogical Gardens. There — look at that Lioness. How indolently she stretches herself — how listlessly she rolls her head and half closes her languid eyes! Then what distressing yawns, as if for a change she would turn herself inside out!

"Rather like *ennui*, I confess."

No doubt of it. Now look at yonder moping Lion, too apathetic even to glance at us. Look at his head between his knees, and his tail — that formidable tail, furnished at the end, as naturalists tell us, with a kind of prickle, so that he can spur as well as lash himself into a hasty fit — lying as idle and still as a torpid snake. Did you ever see an attitude more expressive of lassitude? and yet he hath but taken a few turns round his den, and given one roar since sunrise. All he cares is to blink, and gape, and doze, through the long hours till supper-time. Yonder again is a female Puma, with head drooping and closed eyes, uttering at intervals an inward groan, as palpable a sufferer from world-weariness as Mariana at the Moated Grange. The panthers, leopards, ounces, jaguars, and the smaller cats, from constitutional irritability, are somewhat more active, or rather restless; but it is only another mode of expressing the same thing. One and all are laboring under *tedium vitæ* so intensely that it is a wonder they have never discovered self-murder! In fact, Chuny, the

elephant who was shot for attempting to break out of his prison, is said, after receiving many musket-balls, to have knelt down at the command of his keeper, and to have presented his head with suicidal docility to the marksmen.

"Their lives, poor things, must indeed be very monotonous!"

Miserably so, madam, and their hours like ages! No amusement, no employment to shorten them! One can fancy Time himself looking in at the Beasts through the iron lattices, and tauntingly whispering, "Ah, ah! with all your murderous paws, and claws, and jaws, you cannot kill ME!"

"One may, indeed; but now, if you please, sir, we will go. My own spirits begin to flag, and a sort of lassitude comes over me. I presume from example and the influence of the place.

Beyond question, madam. There was a case in point. My friend H., the well-known artist, once had occasion to take the portrait of a lion in the Tower Menagerie; but he went so frequently, and required such long sittings, that, knowing the usual facility of his pencil, I became curious to learn the cause.

"Why, the truth is," said H., "if I could only have kept my spirits up and my eyes open, the thing would have been done in a tithe of the time; but what with the dejection and drowsiness of the beasts, and their continual gaping, I was so infected with their dulness that after the first ten minutes I invariably began to blink and yawn too, and soon fell asleep.

CHAPTER IV.

"Huzza!"

My dear sir —

"Huzza! huzza!"

My dear sirs —

"Huzza! huzza! huzza!"

Gentlemen — Ladies — Boys — Girls — good people, *do* allow me to ask the reason of such vociferous cheering?

"The Baron forever!"

Eh?

"The Doctor forever!"

Whom?

"The thing with a hard name forever!"

What Baron? — what Doctor? — what thing with a hard name?

"What thing? Why, Som-nam-bam-boozle-fusilism, to be sure. The animal sent the painter to sleep, did n't he?"

Yes.

"And ain't that Animal Magnetism?"

Yes, yes — certainly, yes — as clear a case of Mesmerism *as ever I met with!*

CHAPTER V.

On the morning of the first of May, 1822, between nine and ten o'clock, I entered the menagerie of Exeter 'Change, and walked directly as usual into the great room appropriated to the larger animals. There was no person visible, keeper or visitor, about the place — like Alexander Selkirk, "I was Lord of the Fowl and the Brute." I had the lions all to myself. As I stepped through the door my eyes mechanically turned towards the den of my old enemy, the royal Bengal tiger, fully expecting to receive from him the customary salutes of a spiteful grin and a growl. But the husky voice was silent, the grim face was nowhere to be seen. The cage was empty!

My feeling on the discovery was a mixed one of relief and disappointment. — Methought I breathed more freely from the removal of that vague apprehension which had always clung to me, like a presentiment of injury sooner or later from the savage beast. A few minutes, nevertheless, spent in walking about the room, convinced me that his departure had left a void never properly to be filled up. Another royal tiger, larger even, and as ferocious, might take his place — but it was unlikely that the new tenant would ever select me for that marked and personal animosity which had almost led me at times to believe that we inherited some ancient feud from our respective progenitors. An enemy as well as a friend of old standing, though not lamented, must be *missed.* It must be a loss, if not to affection, to memory and association, to be deprived of even the ill-will, the frown, or sneer of an

old familiar face, and the brute was, at any rate, "a good hater." There was something piquant, if not flattering, in being selected for his exclusive malignity. But he was gone, and the menagerie had henceforward lost, for me, a portion of its interest. But stop — there is a Gentle Reader in an ungentle hurry to expostulate.

"What! — sorry for a nasty, vicious, wild beast, as owed you a grudge for nothing at all, and only wanted an opportunity to spit his spite?"

Exactly so, madam. The case is far from uncommon. Nay, I once knew a foreign gentleman in a very similar predicament. From his German reading, helped by an appropriate style of feeding, the stomach of his imagination had become so stuffed and overloaded with Zamiels, Brocken Witches, Hobgoblins, Vampires, Were Wolves, Incubi, and other devilries, that for years he never passed a night without what we call bad dreams. Well, I had not seen him for some months, when at last he called upon me, looking so woebegone and out of spirits, as to make me inquire rather anxiously about his health. He shook his head dejectedly, sighed deeply, laid his hand on his chest, as if about to complain of it, and in a broken voice and broken English informed me of his case.

"O, my goot fellow, I am miserable quite. Dere is someting all wrong in me — someting very bad — I have not had de Night-Mare for tree weeks."

"Well, after that, sir, I can swallow the tiger. So pray go on."

After the first surprise was over, my curiosity became excited, and I began to speculate on the causes of the creature's absence. Was he dead? Had he been destroyed for his ferocity, or parted with to make room for a milder specimen of the species? Had he gone to perform in the legitimate drama — or taken French leave? I was looking round for somebody to answer these queries, when all at once I descried an object that made me feel like a man suddenly blasted with a thunderbolt.

"Mercy on us! You don't mean to say that it was the Tiger?"

I do. Huddled up in a dark corner of the room, he had been overlooked by me on my entrance, and cunningly sup-

pressing his usual snarl of recognition, the treacherous beast had proceeded to intercept my retreat. At my first glimpse of him he was skulking along, close to the wall, in the direction of the door. Had I possessed the full power of motion, he must have arrived there first — but terror riveted me to the spot. There I stood, all my faculties frozen up, dizzy, motionless, and dumb. Could I have cried out, my last breath of life would certainly have escaped from me in one long, shrill scream. But it was pent up in my bosom, where my heart, after one mighty bound upwards, was fluttering like a scared bird. There was a feeling of deadly choking at my throat, of mortal sickness at my stomach. My tongue in an instant had become stiff and parched — my jaw locked — my eyes fixed in their sockets, and from the rush of blood seemed looking through a reddish mist, whilst within my head a whizzing noise struck up that rendered me utterly incapable of thought or comprehension. Such, as far as I can recollect, was my condition, and which, from the symptoms, I should say, was very similar to a combined attack of apoplexy and paralysis.

This state, however, did not last. At first, every limb and joint had suddenly stiffened, rigid as cast-iron ; my very flesh, with the blood in its veins, had congealed into marble : but after a few seconds, the muscles as abruptly relaxed, the joints gave way, the blood thawed and seemed escaping from the vessels, the substance of my body seemed losing its solidity, and with an inexpressible sense of its imbecility, I felt as if my whole frame would fall in a shapeless mass on the floor.

" Gracious goodness — how dreadful ! "

The Tiger, in the interim, having gained the door, had crouched down — cat-like — his back curved inwards, his face between his fore-paws, and with his glaring eyeballs steadily fixed on mine, was creeping on his belly by half-inches towards me, his tail meanwhile working from side to side behind him, and as it were, *sculling* him on.

In another moment this movement ceased, the tail straightened itself out, except the tip, which turned up, and became nervously agitated, a warning as certain as the like signal from an enraged rattlesnake.

There was no time to be lost. A providential inspiration, a direct whisper, as it were, from heaven, reminded me of the empty cage, and suggested, with lightning rapidity, that the

same massive bars which had formerly kept the Man-Eater within, might now keep him out. In another instant I was within the den, had pulled to the door, and shot the heavy bolt. The Tiger foiled by the suddenness of this unexpected manœuvre, immediately rose from his couchant position, and after violently lashing each flank with his tail, gave vent to his dissatisfaction in a prolonged inward grumble, that sounded like distant thunder. But he did not long deliberate on his course: to my infinite horror, I saw him approach the den, where rearing on his hind legs, in the attitude the heralds call rampant, he gave a tremendous roar which made my blood curdle, and then resting his fore-paws on the front of the cage, with his huge, hideous face, pressed against the bars, he stared at me a long, long stare, with two red, fiery eyes, that alternately gloomed and sparkled like burning coals.

"And did n't the Tiger, sir, poke his great claws, sir, into the cage, sir, and pick you out, sir, bit by bit, sir, between the bars?"

Patience, my dear little fellow, patience. Since the Creation, perhaps, a Man and a Wild Beast, literally changing places, were never before placed in such an anomalous position: and in these days of dulness, and a dearth of dramatic novelties, having furnished so very original and striking a situation, the Reader ought to be allowed a little time to enjoy it.

CHAPTER VI.

Ha! ha! ha!

"Zounds! — pshaw! — phoo! — pish!" ejaculates a Courteous Reader, "it 's all a hoax, the author is laughing at us."

Not at all. The cachinnatory syllables were intended to signify the peal of dreary laughter with which the hyena hailed my incarceration. It was perhaps only a coincidence — and yet the beast might comprehend and enjoy the sudden turning of the tables, the Man become a Prisoner, and the Brute his Jailer.

It might tickle his savage fancy to behold a creature of the species before which the animals of his own kind instinctively quailed and skulked off — it might gratify a splenetic hatred,

born of fear, to see a member of that aristocratic order reduced by a Revolution, beyond the French one, into a doomed captive in such a Bastile!

"Excuse me, sir, but do you really believe that a brute beast ever reasons so curiously?"

It is difficult to say, madam, for they never utter, much less publish, their speculations. That some do reason and even moralize —

"Moralize! what, a brute beast — for instance, a great bear — a moralist like Dr. Johnson?"

Yes, madam; — or Hervey, of the Meditations. The hyena is notoriously a frequenter of graves — a prowler amongst the Tombs. He is, also, the only beast that laughs — at least above his breath. And putting these two circumstances together, who knows but that the Ghoul acquired his Sardonic grin, and his cynical ha! ha! ha! from a too intimate acquaintance with the dusty, mouldy, rubbishing, unsavory relics of the pride, power, pomps, and vanities of the so-called Lord of the Creation?

"Who indeed, sir? What man can see into the heart of a brute beast?"

Why, if any one, ma'am, it's the man who puts his head into the lion's mouth.

CHAPTER VII.

It was now my turn to know and understand how Time "travels in divers paces with divers persons." To feel how the precious stuff that life is made of might be drawn out, like fine gold, into inconceivable lengths. To learn the extreme duration of minims and seconds, and possible "last moments" of existence — the practicability of living ages, as in dreams, between one vital pulsation and another!

O, those interminable and invaluable intervals between breath and breath!

How shall I describe — by what gigantic scale can I give a notion of the enormous expansion of the ordinary fractions of time, when marked on a Dial of the World's circumference by the Shadow of Death?

Methinks while that horrible face, and those red, fiery eyes

were gazing at me, Pyramids might have been built — Babylons founded — Empires established — Royal Dynasties have risen, ruled, and fallen — yea, even that other Planets might have fulfilled their appointed cycles from Creation to Destruction, during those nominal minutes which by their immense span seemed actually to be preparing me for Eternity!

CHAPTER VIII.

IN the mean time the tiger kept his old position in front of the cage, without making any attempt to get at me. He could have no fear of my getting out to eat *him*, and as to his devouring me, having recently breakfasted on a shin of beef, he seemed in no hurry for a second meal, knowing perfectly well, that whenever he might feel inclined to lunch, he had me ready for it, as it were, in his safe.

Thus the beast continued with intolerable perseverance to stare in upon me, who, crouched up at the farther corner of the den, had only to await his pleasure or displeasure. Once or twice, indeed, I tried to call out for help, but the sound died in my throat, and when at length I succeeded, the tiger, whether to drown my voice, or from sympathy, set up such a roar at the same time, and this he did so repeatedly, that, convinced of the futility of the experiment, I abandoned myself in silence to my fate. Its crisis was approaching. If he had no hunger for food, the savage had an appetite for revenge, and soon showed himself disposed, cat-like, to sport with his victim, and torment him a little by exciting his terror. I have said cat-like, but there seemed something more supernaturally ingenious in the cruelty of his proceedings. He certainly made faces at me, twisting his grim features with the most frightful contortions — especially his mouth, drawing back his lips so as to show his teeth — then smacking them, or licking them with his tongue — of the roughness of which he occasionally gave me a hint by rasping it against the iron bars. But the climax of his malice was to come. Strange as it may seem, he absolutely winked at me, not a mere feline blink at excess of light, but a significant, knowing wink, and then inflating his cheeks, puffed into my face a long, hot breath, smelling, most ominously, *of raw flesh!*

"The horrid wretch! why, he seemed to know what he was about like a Christian!"

Yes, madam — or at any rate like an inhuman human being. But, before long, he evidently grew tired of such mere pastime. His tail — that index of mischief — resumed its activity, swinging and flourishing in the air, with a thump every now and then on his flank, as if he were beating time with it to some Tiger's March in his own head. At last it dropped, and at the same instant thrusting one paw between the bars he tried by an experimental semicircular sweep, whether any part of me was within his reach. He took nothing, however, by his motion, but his talons so nearly brushed my knees, that a change of posture became imperative. The den was too low to allow of my standing up, so that the only way was to lie down on my side, with my back against that of the cage — of course making myself as much like a *bas-relief* as possible.

Fortunately, my coat was closely buttoned up to the throat, for the hitch of a claw in a lappel would have been fatal: as it was, the paw of the brute, in some of his sweeps, came within two inches of my person. Foiled in this fishing for me, he then struck the bars, seriatim, but they were too massive, and too well imbedded in their sockets, to break, or bend, or give way. Nevertheless, I felt far from safe. There was such a diabolical sagacity in the Beast's proceedings, that it would hardly have been wonderful if he had deliberately undone the bolt and fastenings of his late front door and walked in to me.

"O, how dreadful if he had! And what a position for you, sir! Such a shocking picture — a human fellow-creature in a cage with a great savage tiger a-tearing at him through the bars — I declare it reminds me of the Cat at our Canary!"

CHAPTER IX.

I WOULD not marry the Young Lady who made that last comparison for Ten Thousand Pounds!

CHAPTER X.

Confound the Keepers!

Not one of them, Upper or Under, even looked into the room. For any help to me they might as well have been keeping sheep, or turnpikes, or little farms, or the King's peace — or keeping the Keep at Windsor, or editing the Keepsake! — or helping the London Sweeps and Jack-in-the-Green to keep May Day!

O, what a pang, sharp as tiger's tooth could inflict, shot through my heart as I remembered that date with all its cheerful and fragrant associations — sights, and scents, and sounds so cruelly different to the object before my eyes, the odor in my nostrils, the noise in my ears!

How I wished myself under the hawthorns, or even on them — how I yearned to be on a village-green, with or without a Maypole; but why do I speak of such sweet localities?

May-day as it was, and sweep as I was not, I would willingly have been up the foulest flue in London, cleansing it gratis. Fates that had formerly seemed black and hard, now looked white and mild in comparison with my own. The gloomiest things, the darkest misfortunes, even unto negro-slavery shone out, like the holiday sooterkins, *with washed faces.*

My own case was getting desperate. The Tiger, enraged by his failures, was furious, and kept up an incessant fretful grumble — sometimes deepening into a growl, or rising almost into a shriek — while again and again he tried the bars, or swept for me with his claws. Lunch-time it was plain had come, and an appetite along with it, as appeared by his efforts to get at me, as well as his frequently opening and shutting his jaws, and licking his lips, in fact making a sort of Barmecidal feast on me beforehand.

The effect of this mock mastication on my nerves was inexpressibly terrible — as the awful rehearsal of a real tragedy. Besides, from a correspondence of imagination, I seemed actually to feel in my flesh and bones every bite he simulated, and the consequent agonies. O, horrible — horrible — horrible!

"Horrible, indeed! I wonder you did not faint!"

Madam, I *dared* not. All my vigilance was too necessary to preserve me from those dangerous snatches, so often made suddenly, as if to catch me off my guard. It was far more likely that the brain, overstrained by such intense excitement, would give way and drive me by some frantic impulse — a manaic — into those foamy jaws.

Still bolt and bar and reason retained their places. But alas! if even the mind remained firm, the physical energies might fail. So long as I could maintain my position, as still and as stiff as a corpse, my life was comparatively safe; but the necessary effort was almost beyond the power of human nature, and certainly could not be long protracted — the joints and sinews must relax, and then —

Merciful Heaven! — the crisis just alluded to was fast approaching, for the overtasked muscles were gradually give, give, giving — when suddenly there was a peculiar cry from some animal in the inner room. The Tiger answered it with a yell, and, as if reminded of some hated object — at least as obnoxious to him as myself — instantly dropped from the cage, and made one step towards the spot. But he stopped short — turning his face again to the cage, to which he would probably have returned but for a repetition of the same cry. The Tiger answered it as before with a yell of defiance, and bounded off through the door into the next chamber, whence growls, roars, and shrieks of brutal rage soon announced that some desperate combat had commenced.

The uproar alarming the Keepers, they rushed in, when springing from the cage with equal alacrity, I rushed out; and while the men were securing the Tiger, secured myself by running home to my house in the Adelphi, at a rate never attained before or since.

Nor did Time, who "travels in divers paces with divers persons," ever go at so extraordinary a rate — *for slowness* — as he had done with me. On consulting my watch, the *age* which I had passed in the Tiger's den must have been some sixty minutes!

And so ended, Courteous Reader, the Longest Hour in my Life!

MR. WITHERING'S CONSUMPTION AND ITS CURE.

A DOMESTIC EXTRAVAGANZA.

"Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, all stuck with yew,
O, prepare it!"

TWELFTH NIGHT.

CHAPTER I.

"AND who was Mr. Withering?"

Mr. Withering, Gentle Reader, was a drysalter of Dowgate-hill. Not that he had dealt in salt, dry or wet — or, as you might dream, in dry salt stockfish, ling, and Findon haddies, like the salesmen in Thames Street. The commodities in which he trafficked, wholesale, were chiefly drugs, and dye-woods, a business whereby he had managed to accumulate a moderate fortune. His character was unblemished, — his habits regular and domestic, — but although advanced in years beyond the middle age, he was still a bachelor.

"And consumptive? Why then according to Dr. Imray's book, he had hair of a light color, large blue eyes, long eye-lashes, white and regular teeth, long fingers, with the nails contracted or curved, a slender figure, and a fair and blooming countenance."

Not exactly, miss. Mr. Withering was rather dark —

"O yes — as the doctor says, the tuberculous constitution is not confined to persons of sanguineous temperaments and fair complexion. It also belongs to those of a very different appearance. The subjects of this affection are often of

a swarthy and dark complexion, with coarse skin, dark hair, long, dark eyelashes, black eyes, thick upper lip, short fingers, broad nails, and a more robust habit of body, with duller intellect, and a careless or less active disposition."

Nay, that is still not Mr. Withering. To tell the truth, he was not at all like a consumptive subject: — not pigeon-breasted, but broad-chested — not emaciated, but plump as a partridge — not hectic in color, but as healthily ruddy as a redstreak apple — not languid, but as brisk as a bee, — in short, a comfortable little gentleman, of the Pickwick class, with something, perhaps, quizzical, but nothing phthisical in his appearance.

"Why, then, what was the matter with the man?"

A decline, madam. Not the rapid decay of nature, so called, but one of those declines which an unfortunate lover has sometimes to endure from the lips of a cruel beauty; for Mr. Withering, though a steady, plodding man of business, in his warehouse or counting-house, was, in his parlor or study, a rather romantic and sensitive creature, with a strong turn for the sentimental, which had been nourished by his course of reading — chiefly in the poets, and especially such as dealt in Love Elegies, like his favorite Hammond. Not to forget Shenstone, whom, in common with many readers of his standing, he regarded as a very nightingale of sweetness and pathos in expressing the tender passion. Nay, he even ventured occasionally to clothe his own amatory sentiments in verse, and in sundry poems painted his torments by flames and darts, and other instruments of cruelty, so shockingly, that, but for certain allegorical touches, he might have been thought to be describing the ingenious torture of some poor white captive by a red Indian squaw.

But, alas! his poetry, original or borrowed, was of no more avail than his plain prose against that petrifaction which he addressed as a heart, in the bosom of Miss Puckle. He might as well have tried to move all Flintshire by a geological essay; or to have picked his way with a toothpick into a Fossil Saurian. The obdurate lady had a soul above trade, and the offer of the drysalter and lover, with his dying materials in either line, was met by what is called a *flat* refusal, though it sounded, rather, as if set in a *sharp*.

Now in such cases it is usual for the Rejected One to go

into something or other, the nature of which depends on the temperament and circumstances of the individual, and I will give you six guesses, Gentle Reader, as to what it was that Mr. Withering went into when he was refused by Miss Puckle.

"Into mourning?"

No.

"Into a tantrum?"

No.

"Into the Serpentine?"

No — nor into the Thames, to sleep in peace in Bugsby's Hole.

"Into the Army or Navy?"

No.

"Into a madhouse?"

No.

"Into a Hermitage?"

No — nor into a Monastery.

The truth is, he opportunely remembered that his father's great aunt, Dinah, after a disappointment in love, was carried off by Phthisis Pulmonalis; and as the disease is hereditary, he felt, morally as well as physically and grammatically, that he must, would, could, should, and ought to go like a true Withering into a Consumption.

"And did he, sir?"

He did, miss; — and so resolutely, that he sold off his business at a sacrifice, and retired, in order to devote the rest of his life to dying for Amanda — *alias* Miss Susan Puckle. And a long job it promised to be, for he gloried in dying very hard, and in pining for her, which of course is not to be done in a day. And truly, instead of a lover's going off, at a pop, like Werter, it must be much more satisfactory to a cruel Beauty, to see her victim deliberately expiring by inches, like a Dolphin, and dying of as many hues, — now crimson with indignation, then looking blue with despondence, anon yellow with jaundice, or green with jealousy — at last fading into a melancholy mud-color, and thence darkening into the black tinge of despair, and death. It is said, indeed, that when the cruel Miss Puckle was informed of his dying for her, she exclaimed, "O, I hope he will let me *crimp* him first, — like a skate!"

CHAPTER II.

"But did Mr. Withering actually go into a consumption?"

As certainly, miss, as a passenger steps of his own accord into an omnibus that is going to Gravesend. He had been refused, and had a strong sentimental impression that all the Rejected and Forsaken Martyrs of true love were carried off, sooner or later, by the same insidious disease. Accordingly his first step was to remove from the too keen air of Pentonville, to the milder climate of Brompton, where he took a small detached house, adapted to the state of single unblessedness, to which he was condemned. For with all his conviction of the propriety, or necessity of the catastrophe, his dying for love did not involve a love for dying; he might soon have to breathe his last, but it should be of a fine air.

His establishment consisted but of two female servants; namely, a housemaid, and a middle-aged woman, at once cook, housekeeper, and nurse, who professedly belonged to a consumptive family, and therefore knew what was good or bad, or neither, for all pulmonary complaints. Her name was Button.

She was tall, large-boned, and hard-featured; with a loud voice, a stern eye, and the decided manner of a military sergeant — a personage adapted, and in fact accustomed, to rule much more refractory patients than her master. It did not indeed require much persuasion to induce him to take to wear "flannin next his skin," or woollen comforters round his throat and wrists, or even a hareskin on his chest in an east wind. He was easily led to adopt cork soles and clogs against wet, and a great-coat in cold weather — nay, he was even outtalked into putting his jaw into one of those hideous contrivances called Respirators. But this was nothing. He was absolutely compelled to give up all animal food and fermented liquors — to renounce successively his joint, his steak, his chop, his chicken, his calves' feet, his drop of brandy, his gin-and-water, his glass of wine, his bottled porter, his draught ditto, and his ale, down to that bitter pale sort, that he used to call his *Bass* relief. No, he was not even allowed to taste the table-beer. He had promised to be consumptive, and Mrs. Button took him at his word. As much light pudding, sago arrow-root, tapioca — or gruel — with toast-

and-water, barley-water, whey, or apple-tea, as often as he pleased — but as to meat or "stimuluses," she would as soon give him "Alick's Acid, or Corrosive Supplement."

To this dietary dictation the patient first demurred, but soon submitted. Nothing is more fascinating or dangerous to a man just rejected by a female than the show of kindness by another of the sex. It restores him to his self-love — nay, to his very self, — reverses the sentence of social ex-communication just pronounced against him, and contradicts the moral annihilation implied in the phrase of being "nothing to nobody." A secret well-known to the sex, and which explains how so many unfortunate gentlemen, crossed in love, happen to marry the housemaid, the cook, or any kind creature in petticoats — the first Sister of Charity, black, brown, or carroty, who cares a cus —

"Oh! —"

— a custard for their appetite, or a comforter for their health. Even so with Mr. Withering. He had offered himself from the top of his Brutus to the sole of his shoe to Miss Puckle, who had plumply told him that he was not worth having as a gift. And yet, here — in the very depth of his humiliation, when he would hardly have ventured to bequeath his rejected body to an anatomical lecturer — here was a female, not merely caring for his person in general, but for parts of it in particular — his poor throat and his precious chest, his delicate trachea, his irritable bronchial tubes, and his tender lungs. Nevertheless, no onerous tax was imposed on his gratitude; the only return required — and how could he refuse it! — was his taking a Temperance, or rather Total Abstinence Pledge for his own benefit. So he supped his semi-solids and swallowed his slops; merely remarking on one occasion, after a rather rigorous course of barley-water, that if his consumption increased he thought he should "try *Madeira*," but whether the island, or the wine, he left in doubt.

CHAPTER III.

In the mean time Mr. Withering continued as plump as a partridge, and as rosy as a redstreak apple. No symptoms of the imputed disease made their appearance. He slept well,

ate well of sago, &c., drank well of barley-water and the like, and shook hands with a palm not quite so hard and dry as a dead Palm of the Desert. He had neither hectic flushes nor shortness of breath — nor yet pain in the chest, to which three several physicians in consultation applied their stethoscopes.

Doctor A. — hearing nothing at all.

Doctor B. — Nothing particular.

Dr. C. — Nothing wrong.

And Doctor E. distinctly hearing a cad-like voice, proclaiming "all right."

Mr. Withering, nevertheless, was dying — if not of consumption, of *ennui* — the mental weariness of which he mistook for the physical lassitude so characteristic of the other disease. In spite, therefore, of the faculty, he clung to the poetical theory that he was a blighted drysalter, withering prematurely on his stem; another victim of unrequited love, whom the utmost care could retain but a few short months from his cold grave. A conviction he expressed to posterity in a series of Petrarchian sonnets, and in plain prose to his housekeeper, who only insisted the more rigidly on what she called her "regimental rules" for his regimen, with the appropriate addition of Iceland Moss. A recipe to which he quietly submitted, though obstinately rejecting another prescription of provincial origin — namely, snails beaten up with milk. In vain she told him from her own experience in Flanders, that they were reckoned, not only nourishing, but relishing by the Belgians, who after chopping them up with bread-crumbs and sweet herbs, broiled them in the shells, in each of which a small hole was made, to enable the Flemish epicure to blow out the contents.* Her master decisively set his face against the experiment, alleging, plausibly enough, that the operation of snails must be too slow for any galloping complaint.

There was, however, one experiment, of which on his own recommendation Mr. Withering resolved to make a trial — change of air, of course, involving change of scene. Accordingly, packing his best suit and a few changes of linen in his carpet-bag, he took an inside place in the Hastings coach, and was whirled down ere night to that favorite Cinque Port.

* The origin perhaps of the vulgar phrase, "a good blow out."

And for the first fortnight, thanks to the bracing yet mild air of the place, which gave tone to his nerves, without injury to his chest, the result exceeded his most sanguine expectations. But alas! he was doomed to a relapse, a revulsion so severe, that, in a more advanced stage of his complaint he ought to have "gone out like a snuff."

"What, from wet feet, or a damp bed?"

No, madam — but from a promenade, with dry soles, on a bright day in June, and in a balmy air that would not have injured a lung of lawn-paper.

CHAPTER IV.

Poor Mr. Withering!

Happy for him had he but walked in any other direction — up to the Castle, or down to the beach — had he only bent his steps westward to Harlington, or Bexhill, or eastward to Fairlight, — or to the Fish-ponds — but his sentimental bias would carry him towards Lover's Seat, — and there — on the seat itself — he beheld his lost Amanda, or rather Miss Puckle, or still more properly, Mrs. Scrimgeour, who, with her bridegroom, had come to spend the honeymoon at green Hastings. The astounded Drysalter stood aghast and agape at the unexpected encounter; but the lady, cold and cutting as the East wind, vouchsafed no sign of recognition.

The effect of this meeting was a new shock to his system. He felt, at the very moment, that he had a hectic flush, hot and cold fits, with palpitation of the heart, — and his disease set in again with increased severity. Yes, he was a doomed man, and might at once betake himself to the last resource of the consumptive.

"Not," he said, "not that all the ass's milk in England would ever lengthen his years."

Impressed with this conviction, and heartily disgusted with Hastings, he repacked his carpet-bag, and returned by the first coach to London, fully convinced, whatever the pace of the Rocket, or the nature of the road, that he was going very fast, and all down hill.

CHAPTER V.

It was about ten o'clock at night when Mr. Withering arrived at his own residence in Brompton; but although there was a light in the parlor, a considerable time elapsed before he could obtain admittance.

At last, after repeated knockings and ringings, the street-door opened, and disclosed Mrs. Button, who welcomed her master with an agitation which he attributed at once to his unexpected return, and the marked change for the worse, which of course was visible in his face.

"Yes, you may well be shocked — but here, pay the coachman and shut the door, for I'm in a draught. You may well be shocked and alarmed, for I'm looking, I know, like death, — but bless me, Mrs. Button, the house smells very savory!"

"It's the drains as you sniff, sir," said the Housekeeper; "they always do smell strongish afore rain."

"Yes, we shall have wet weather, I believe — and it may be the drains — though I never smelt anything in my life so like fried beefsteaks and onions!"

"Why, then, to tell the truth," said Mrs. Button, "it *is* beef and inguns; it's a favorite dish of mine, and as you're forbid animal food, I thought I'd jest treat myself, in your absence, so as not to tantalize you with the smell."

"Very good, Mrs. Button, and very considerate. Though with your lungs, I hardly approve of hot suppers. But there seems to me another smell about the house, — yes — most decidedly — the smell of tobacco."

"O, that's the plants!" exclaimed the Housekeeper — "the geraniums that I've been smoking, — they were eaten up alive with green animalculuses."

"Humph!" said Mr. Withering, who, snuffing about like a spaniel, at last made a point at the Housekeeper herself.

"It's very odd — very odd, indeed — but there is a sort of perfume about *you*, Mrs. Button — not exactly lavender or Eau de Cologne — but more like the smell of liquor."

"Law, sir!" exclaimed the Housekeeper, with a rather hysterical chuckle, "the sharp nose that you have sure*ly!* Well, sure enough, the tobacco-smoke did make me squeamish, and I sent out for a small quantity of arduous spirits just

to settle my stomach. But never mind the luggage, sir, I'll see to that, while you go up to the drawing-room and the sofy, for you do look like death, and that's the truth."

And suiting her actions to her words, she tried to hustle her master towards the staircase; but his suspicions were now excited, and making a pig-like dodge round his driver, he bolted into the parlor, where he beheld a spectacle that fully justified his misgivings.

"Lord! what did he see, sir?"

Nothing horrible, madam; only a cloth laid for supper, with plates, knives, and forks, and tumblers for two. At one end of the table stood a foaming quart-pot of porter; at the other a black bottle, labelled "Cream of the Valley," while in the middle was a large dish of smoking hot beefsteaks and onions. For a minute he wondered who was to be the second party at the feast, till, guided by a reflection in the looking-glass, he turned towards the parlor-door, behind which, bolt upright and motionless as wax-work, he saw a man, as the old song says,—

"Where nae man should be."

"Heydey! Mrs. Button, whom have we here?"

"If you please, sir," replied the abashed Housekeeper, "it's only a consumptious brother of mine, as is come up to London for physical advice."

"Humph!" said Mr. Withering, with a significant glance towards the table, "and I trust that in the mean time you have advised him to abstain, like your master, from animal food and stimulants."

"Why you see, sir, begging your pardon," stammered Mrs. Button, "there's differences in constitutions. Some people requires more nourishing than others. Besides, there's two sorts of consumption."

"Yes, so I see," retorted Mr. Withering; "the one preys on your vitals and the other on your victuals."

Just at this moment a scrap of paper on the carpet attracted his eye, and at the same time catching that of Mrs. Button, and both parties making an attempt together to pick it up, their heads came into violent collision.

"It's only the last week's butcher's bill," said the Housekeeper, rubbing her forehead.

"I see it is," said the master, rubbing the top of his head

with one hand, whilst with the bill in the other, he ran through the items, from beef to veal, and from veal to mutton, boggling especially at the joints.

"Why, zounds! ma'am, your legs run very large!"

"My legs, sir?"

"Well, then, *mine*, as I pay for them. Here's one I see of eleven pounds, and another of ten and a half. I really think my two legs, cold one day and hashed the next, might have dined you through the week, without four pounds of my chops!"

"Your chops, sir?"

"Yes, my chops, woman, — and if I had not dropped in, you and your consumptive brother there would be supping on my steaks. You would eat me up alive?"

"You forget, sir," muttered the Housekeeper, "there's a housemaid."

"Forget the devil!" bellowed Mr. Withering, fairly driven beyond his patience, and out of his temper, by different provocatives; for all this time the fried beef and onions, — one of the most savory of dishes, — had been steaming under his nose, suggesting rather annoying comparisons between the fare before him and his own diet.

"Yes, here have I been starving these two months on spoon-victuals and slops, while my servants, my precious servants, — confound them! were feasting on the fat of the land! Yes, you, woman! you — with your favorite dishes, — my fried steaks, and my boiled legs, and my broiled chops, but forbidding *me* — *me* your master, — to dine even on my own kidneys, or my own sweetbread! But if I'll be consumptive any longer I'll be —"

The last word of the sentence, innocent or profane, was lost in the loud slam of the street-door — for Mrs. Button's consumptive brother, disliking the turn of affairs, had quietly stolen out of the parlor, and made his escape from the house.

"And did Mr. Withering observe his vow?"

Most religiously, madam. Indeed, after dismissing Mrs. Button with her "regimental rules," he went rather to the opposite extreme, and dined and supped so heartily on his legs and shoulders, his breast and ribs, his loins, his heart, and liver, and his calf's-head, and moreover washed them down so freely with wine, beer, and strong waters, that there was far more danger of his going out with an Apoplexy than of his going into a Consumption.

THE CAMBERWELL BEAUTY.

A CITY ROMANCE.

"She entered his shop, which was very neat and spacious, and he received her with all the marks of the most profound respect, entreating her to sit down, and showing her with his hand the most honorable place."

ARABIAN NIGHTS.

CHAPTER I.

MR. BOOBY was in his shop, his back to the fire and his face to the *Times*, when happening to look above the upper edge of the newspaper, towards the street, he caught sight of an equipage that seemed familiar to him.

Could it be!

Yes, it was the same dark-brown chariot, with the drab liveries, — the same gray horses, with the same crest on the harness, and above all the same lady-face was looking through the carriage-window.

In a moment Mr. Booby was at his glass-door, obsequiously ushering the fair customer into his shop, where with his profoundest bow and his sunniest smile he invited her to a seat at the counter. Her commands were eagerly solicited and promptly executed. The two small volumes she asked for were speedily produced, neatly packed up, and delivered to the footman in drab, to be deposited in the dark-brown chariot. But the lady still lingered. Thrice within a fortnight she had occupied the same seat, on each occasion making a longer visit than the last, and becoming more and more friendly and familiar. Perhaps, being past the prime of life, she was flattered by the extremely deferential attentions of the young tradesman; perhaps she was pleased with the knowledge he possessed, or seemed to possess, of a particular subject, and

was gratified by the interest which he took, or appeared to take, in her favorite science. However, she still lingered, smiling very pleasantly, and chatting very agreeably in her low, sweet voice, whilst she turned over the pretty illustrated volumes that were successively offered to her notice.

In the mean time the delighted Booby did his utmost in the conversational way to maintain his ground, which was no easy task, seeing that he was not well read in her favorite science, nor indeed in any other. In fact he did not read at all; and although a butcher gets beefish, a bookseller does not become bookish, from the mere smell of his commodity. Nevertheless he managed to get on, in his own mind, very tolerably, adding a few words about Egypt and the Pyramids to the lady's mention of the Sphinx, and at the name of Memnon edging in a sentence or two about the British Museum. Sometimes, indeed, she alluded to classical proper names altogether beyond his acquaintance; but in such cases he escaped by flying off at a tangent to the new ballet, or the last new novel, of which he had derived an opinion from the advertisements — nay, even digressing at need, like Sir Peter Laurie, on the Omnibus nuisance, and the Wooden Pavements. To tell the truth, the lady, as sometimes happens, was so intent on her own share of the discourse, that she paid little attention to his topics or their treatment, and so far from noticing any incongruity would have allowed him to talk unheeded of the dulness of the publishing trade, and the tightness of money in the City. Thanks to this circumstance, he lost nothing in her opinion, whilst his silent homage and assiduities recommended him so much to her good graces, that at parting he received an especial token of her favor.

"Mr. Booby," said the lady, and she drew an embossed card from an elegant silver case, and presented it to the young publisher, "you must come and see me."

Mr. Booby was of course highly delighted and deeply honored; not merely verbally, but actually and physically; for as he took the embossed card, his blood thrilled with delight to the very tips of his fingers. Not that he was in love with the donor; though still handsome, she was past the middle-age, and, indeed, old enough, according to the popular phrase, to have been his mother. But then she was so ladylike and well-bred, and had such a carriage — the dark-

brown one — and so affable — with a footman and a gold-headed cane — quite a first-rate connection — with a silver crest on the harness — and oh! such a capital pair of well-matched grays! These considerations were all very gratifying to his ambition; but above all, his vanity was flattered by a condescension which confirmed him in an opinion he had long indulged in secret — namely, that in personal appearance, manners, and fashion, he was a compound of the Apollo Belvidere and Lord Chesterfield, with a touch of Count D'Orsay. But the lady speaks.

"Any morning, Mr. Booby, except Wednesday and Friday. I shall be at home all the rest of the week, and shall leave orders for your admittance."

Mr. Booby bowed, as far as he could, after the fashion of George IV., — escorted the lady into the street, as nearly as possible in the style of the Master of the Ceremonies at Brighton, and then handed her into her carriage with the air, as well as he could imitate it, of a French Marquis of the *ancien régime*.

"I shall expect you, Mr. Booby," said the lady, through the carriage-window. "And as an inducement" — here she smiled mysteriously, and nodded significantly — "you shall have a peep at my Camberwell Beauty."

CHAPTER II.

"And did he go?"

Why, as to his figure, it had been three times cut out, at full-length, in black paper — once on the Chain Pier at Brighton — once in Regent Street, and once —

"But did he go?"

Then, for his face, he had twice had it done in oil, thrice in crayons, and once in pencil by Wageman. Moreover, he had had it miniatured by Lover — and he had been in treaty with Behnes for his bust, but the marbling came so expensive —

"But did he go, I say?"

— so expensive that he gave up the design, and contented himself with a mask in plaster of Paris.

"But did he go?"

Yes — to both. To Collen for a half-length, and to Beard for a whole one. I think that was all — but no — he went to

What 's-his-name, the modeller, and had a cast taken of his leg.

"Hang his leg! Did he go or not?"

To be sure he was a tradesman; but his line was a genteel one; and his shop was double-fronted, in a first-rate thoroughfare, and lighted with gas. Then as to his business, with strict assiduity and attention, and a little more punctuality and despatch —

"Confound his business! — Did — he — go?"

To the Opera? Yes, often. And had his clothes made at the West End — and gave champagne — and backed a horse or two for the Darby — and smoked cigars — and was altogether, for a tradesman, very much of a gentleman.

"But, for the last time, did he go?"

Where?

"Why, to see the Beauty!"

He did.

"What, to Camberwell?"

No; but to the looking-glass, over the mantel-shelf in his own dining-room, and where, Narcissus-like, he gazed at his reflected image till he actually persuaded himself that he was as unique as the Valdarfer Boccaccio, and as elegantly got up as Lockhart's Spanish Ballads.

CHAPTER III.

The dark-brown chariot was gone.

As it rattled away, and just as the drab back of the footman disappeared, Mr. Booby turned his attention to the embossed card, and deliberately read the address thrice over.

"*Mrs. E. G. Heathcote, Grove Terrace, Camberwell.*"

To what wild dreams, to what extravagant speculations did it give birth! He had evidently made a favorable impression on the mature lady, and might not his merits do him as good service with her daughter, or niece, or ward, or whatever she was, the young lovely creature to whom she had alluded by so charming a title. The Camberwell Beauty! The acknowledged Venus of that large and populous parish!

The Beauty of all the Grove, and Grove Lane — of the Old road and the New — of all the Green — of Church-row and the Terrace, of all Champion and Denmark Hills — of all Cold Harbor Lane! The loveliest of the lovely, from the Red Cap on the north to the Greyhound on the south — from the Holland Arms in the east to the Blue Anchor in the west!

"Here, Perry, reach me the Book of Beauty."

The shopman handed the volume to his master, who began earnestly to look through the illustrations, wondering which of those bewitching countesses, or mistresses, or misses, the fair *incognita* might resemble. But such speculations were futile, so the book was closed and thrown aside; and then his thoughts reverting to his own personal pretensions, he passed his fingers through his hair, adjusted his collar, and drawing himself up to his full height, took a long look at his legs. But this survey was partial and unsatisfactory, and accordingly striding up the stairs, three at once, he appealed to the looking-glass in the dining-room, as stated in the preceding chapter.

The verdict of the mirror has been told, and the result was a conviction in the mind of Mr. Booby, that some time, and somewhere, the Beauty must have been smitten with his elegant appearance — perhaps in an open carriage at Epsom — perhaps in the street — but most probably as he was standing up, the observed of all observers, in the pit of Her Majesty's Theatre.

For the rest of the day Mr. Booby retired from business; indeed, he was in a state of exaltation that unfitted him for mercantile affairs, or any of the commonplace operations of life. The cloth was laid, and the dinner was served up, but he could not eat; and as usual in such cases, he laid the blame on the cook and the butcher. The soles were smoked, the melted butter was oiled, the potatoes were over-boiled, the steak was fresh killed, the tart was execrable, and the cheese had been kept too dry. In short, he relished nothing except the bumper of sherry, which he filled and drank off, dedicating it mentally to the Camberwell Beauty.

The second glass was poured out and quaffed to his own honor, and the third was allotted to an extempore sentiment, which rolled the two former toast into one. These ceremo-

nies performed, he again consulted the mirror over the mantel-shelf, carefully pocket-combing his hair, and plucking up his collar as before. But these were mere commonplace manœuvres compared with those in which he afterwards indulged.

Now of all absurd animals, a man in love is the most ridiculous, and of course doubly so if he should be in love with two at once, himself and a lady. This being precisely the case with Mr. Booby, he gave a loose to his twofold passion, and committed follies enough for a brace of love-lunatics. It would have cured a quinsey to have seen and heard how he strutted, and chuckled, and smiled, and talked to himself — how he practised bowing, and sliding, and kneeling, and sighing — how he threw himself into attitudes and ecstasies, and then how he twisted and wriggled to look at his calves, and as far as he could all round his waist, and up his back! Never, never was there a man in such a fever of vanity and love-delirium, since the conceited Steward, who walked in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, and dreamt that he was a fitting mate for the Beauty of Illyria!

CHAPTER IV.

All lovers are dreamers —

"In real earnest!"

Perfectly, miss. They are notorious visionaries, whether asleep or awake.

"Why, then, of all things, let us have the dream of Mr. Booby about the Camberwell Beauty. It must have been such a very curious one, considering that he had never seen the lady!"

It was, and, remembering his business, rather characteristic to boot. I have hinted before, how vainly he had tried, during the day, to paint an ideal portrait of the Fair Unknown, and no sooner were his eyes closed at night, than a similar series of vague figures and faces began to tantalize him in his sleep. Dim feminine shapes, of every style of beauty, flitted before him, and vanished like Daguerreotype images, which there was not light enough to fix. Before he could examine, or choose, and say "this must be the Idol," the transitory phantom was gone, or transfigured. The blonde

ripened into a brunette, the brunette bleached into a blonde before he could decide on either complexion. Flaxen tresses darkened into jet — raven locks brightened into golden ringlets, and yellow curls into auburn, before he could prefer one color to another. Black eyes changed at a wink into gray; blue in a twinkling to hazel, — but no, they were green! The commanding figure dwindled into a sylph, the fairy swelled into the fine woman, the majestic Juno melted into a Venus, the rosy Hebe became a pale Minerva — who in turn looked for a moment like the lady in the frontispiece to the "Book of Beauty;" and then, one after another, like all the Beauties at Hampton Court!

Alas! amid such a bewildering galaxy, how could he fix on the Beauty of Camberwell!

One angelic figure, which retained its shape and features somewhat longer than the rest, informed him, by the mysterious correspondence of dreams, that she was the Beauty of Buttermere. Another lovely phantom, who presented herself rather vividly, by signs understood only in visions, let him know that she was the beauty who had espoused the gentle Beast. And, finally, a whole bevy of Nymphs and Graces suddenly appeared at once, but as suddenly changed —

"Into what — pray what?"

Why, into a row of books, and which signified to him by their lettered backs that they were "the Beauties of England and Wales!"

CHAPTER V.

Thursday morning! —

It was the first day on which Mrs. E. G. Heathcote, of Grove Terrace, Camberwell, was to be "at home;" and the eager Mr. Booby had resolved to avail himself of the very earliest opportunity for a visit. A determination not formed so much on his own account, as for the sake of the enamored love-sick creature, whom his vanity painted as sitting on pins, needles, thorns, tenter-hooks, and all the other picked pointed articles which are popularly supposed to stuff the seats, cushions, pillows, and bolsters of the chairs, beds, sofas, and settees, of anxious and impatient people.

Accordingly, no sooner was breakfast over, than snatching up his hat, he set out —

"Ah, to Gracious Street for the homnibus!"

No ma'am — to the Poultry for a pair of exquisitely-made French gloves, that fitted better than his skin, and were of the most delicate lemon-color that you ever, or never, saw. Thence he went to Cheapside, where he treated himself to a superfine thirty-shilling beaver, of a fashionable shape, that admirably suited the character of his physiognomy; after which he bought, I forget where, a bottle of genuine Eau de Cologne — the sort that is manufactured by Jean Marie Farina, and by nobody else — and finally, looking in at a certain noted shop near the Mansion-house, he purchased a bouquet of the choicest and rarest flowers of the season.

"Well, and then he went to the bus."

No — he returned home to dress — namely, in his best blue coat with the brass buttons, a fancy waistcoat, black trousers, and patent-leather boots. His shirt was frilled — with an ample allowance of white cuff — and his silken cravat was of a pale sky-blue. Of course, he did not fail to consult the looking-glass in the dining-room, which assured him that his costume was complete. The shopmen, however, to whom he afterwards submitted the question, were more inclined to demur. The clerk thought that an Union pin would have been an improvement to the cravat, and the porter would have preferred a few Mosaic studs in the shirt-front. In answer to which, the master, who had consulted them, declared that they knew nothing about the matter.

In the mean time the hour struck which he had appointed in his own mind for the start, so hastily striding up Cornhill and turning into Grace-church Street, he luckily obtained the last vacant place in an omnibus, which was already on the move. As usual, the number of the passengers was considerably reduced ere the vehicle reached the Red Cap, at the Green — in fact, there remained but three gentlemen besides Mr. Booby, who after some preliminary conversation, contrived to turn the discourse on the subject that lay nearest his heart. But he took nothing by his motion. A little cross-looking old fellow, in the corner-seat, looked knowing, but said nothing: the other two passengers declared that they had never heard of the Camberwell Beauty.

"I am going to see her, however," said Mr. Booby.

"Are you, sir?" retorted the little crabbed-looking old gentleman in the corner-seat. "Well, I hope you may get her!"

"I hope, in fact I have reason to believe that I shall," replied the self-confident Mr. Booby, and twitching the Mackintosh of the conductor, he desired to be set down at the bottom of the Grove.

"It is rather strange," he thought, as he walked slowly up the hill, "that they have not heard of her. The little old chap in the corner though, seemed to know her, and to be rather jealous of me. But, no — it's impossible that he can be a rival;" and as he said this, there occurred a corresponding alteration in his gait — "perhaps he's her father or her uncle."

CHAPTER VI.

Bravo, Vanity!

Of all friends in need, seconds, backers, confidents, helpers, and comforters, there is none like Self-Conceit! Of all the Life Assurances in England, from the Mutual to the Equitable, there is none like Self-Assurance! It defies the cold water of timidity and the wet blankets of diffidence — and against the aguish, chilly, and hot fits of modesty it is as sovereign as Quinine!

How many men, for instance, on a similar errand to that of the young bookseller, would have felt nerve-quakes and *tremor cordis*, and have scarcely mustered courage enough to pull the bell at the gate! How many would have remained in the front garden shilly-shallying like Master Slender, till the Camberwell Beauty herself came forth, as sweet Anne Page did, to entreat her bashful wooer to enter the premises!

Not so with Mr. Booby; as soon as he had ascertained the right house, he walked resolutely up to the door, and played on the knocker something very analogous to a flourish of trumpets. The well-known footman in the drab livery appeared to the summons and admitted the visitor, who contrived during his progress through the hall to smooth his coat-tails, pluck up his collar, pull down his white cuffs, and pass his

pocket-comb through his hair. He was going, moreover, to hang up his hat; but luckily remembered the present mode, and that the beaver was bran-new, wherefore he carried it with him into the drawing-room — a very indifferent fashion, be it said, and particularly in the case of an invitation to dinner, for what can be more ridiculous than to see a guest sitting hat in hand, as if he had dropped in unasked, and was far from certain of a welcome.

"And did he see the Beauty?"

No, madam. Mrs. Heathcote was alone: but obviously prepared for the visit. A number of handsomely bound books almost covered the round table, some of them open, and exhibiting colored plates illustrative of Conchology, Geology, and Botany; others were devoted to Ornithology and Entomolgy — hinting, by the way, that the lady was rather multifarious in her studies.

In manner she was as condescending, affable, and agreeable as ever, and as chatty as usual, in her low, sweet voice. Nevertheless, her visitor did not feel quite so much at his ease as he had anticipated. After the first compliments, and commonplace remarks on the weather, the lady's conversation became perplexingly scientific, her allusions distressingly obscure, while technical terms, and classical proper names, fell in quick succession from her lips. Some of the names seemed familiar to the ear of the listener, but before he could determine whether he had heard them at school, or in his business, or at the opera, he was obliged to "give them up," and direct his guesses to a fresh set of riddles. Every moment he was getting more mystified; — he knew no more than a dog whether she was talking mythology, or metaphysics, or natural history, or algebra, or alchemy, or astrology, or all six of them at once.

This ignorance was sufficiently irksome; but it soon became alarming, for she began to make more direct appeals to him, and occasionally seemed surprised and dissatisfied with his answers. His old shifts, besides, were no longer of any avail — she turned a deaf ear to his quotations from the *Times* and *Herald* — the theatrical movements, the odds at Tattersall's, and the progress of the New Royal Exchange. Above all, he trembled to find that the extraordinary mental efforts he was compelled to make in order to keep pace with her,

were fast driving out of his head all the pretty speeches which he had prepared for a more interesting conference. In a word, he was thoroughly flabbergasted — as completely topsyturvied in his ideas as the fly that walks on the ceiling, with its head downwards. What course to take he knew no more than that vainly enlightened man, the man in the moon. He fidgeted in his seat, coughed, sighed, blew his nose, sniffed at the bouquet, looked "all round his hat," then into it, and then on the crown of it, but without making any discovery. The lady meanwhile talking on, in a full stream, for all he knew, like Coleridge on the Samo-Thracian Mysteries!

"Well, well, never mind her nonsense."

Poor Booby! His conceit was fast being taken out of him. His vanity was oozing out at every pore of his body — his assurance seemed peeling off his face, like the skin after a fever. He was dying to see the Beauty — but alas! there was that eternal tongue, inexhaustible as an Artesian spring, still pouring, pouring, — by the way, ma'am, did you ever read the "Arabian Nights"?

"Of course, sir."

Well, then, you will remember the story of the tailor who, burning, broiling, and frying to see his beauty of Bagdad by appointment, was detained, half-shaved, hour after hour, by Es-Sámit, the garrulous barber. Now, call the tailor Mr. Booby, and put the babbling tonsor into petticoats, and you will have an exact notion of the case — how the lady gossiped, and how the perplexed lover fretted and fumed, till, like the Oriental, he felt "as if his gall-bladder had burst," and was ready to cry out with him, "For the sake of heaven, be silent, for thou hast crumbled my liver!"

"Dear me, how shocking!"

Very! In spite of the rudeness of the act, he could not refrain from looking at his watch — an hour had passed, and yet there had been no more mention of the Beauty than if she had been doomed, like the Sleeping one, to lie dormant for a hundred years. The most distressing doubts and misgivings began to creep over him. For example, that the talkative lady was not precisely of sound mind — she was certainly rather flighty and rambling in her discourse — and consequently that the lovely being she had promised to introduce to him might be altogether a fiction! His spirits sank at the

idea, like the quicksilver before a hurricane, and he heartily wished himself back in his own shop, or his warehouse, — anywhere but alone in the same room with a crazy woman, who talked Encyclopædias, till he was as heavy at heart, as confused in his head, and as uneasy all over, as if he had just feasted with a geologist on pudding-stone and conglomerate.

Never had he been so mystified and confounded in all his life! Accustomed to revolve in the circle of his own perfections, his thoughts were utterly at fault when called to the consideration of circumstances and combinations at all complex or extraordinary; whilst his superficial knowledge, limited to the covers of books, failed to furnish him with any hint towards the unravelment of a mystery quite equal, in his estimation, to the intricacies of romance. What would he not have given for a few minutes' private consultation with his Co., with his Clerk, or even with his Porter!

A dozen of times he was on the point of rising, determined to plead a sudden headache, a bleeding at the nose, or a forgotten engagement; and certainly erelong he would have said or done something desperate if the eccentric lady had not, of her own accord, put a period to his suspense by saying abruptly, —

"But we have gossiped enough, Mr. Booby, and I must now introduce you to my Camberwell Beauty."

The crisis was come! The important interview was at hand! Mr. Booby sprang to his feet, twitched his collar, plucked his cuffs, set up his hair, clapped his bran-new hat under his left arm, and smelling and smiling at his bouquet walked jauntily on his tiptoes, at the invitation of the lady, into a sort of boudoir.

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CHAPTER VII.

"And was the Beauty in the little room?"

Yes. There was also a couch in it, and a most luxurious library-chair. One side of the wall was covered with cases of stuffed birds of the smaller species, the opposite side was

occupied by cases of shells, and specimens of minerals, and metallic ores, and the third side was taken up with cases of beetles, moths, and butterflies.

"But the Beauty?"

On the sofa-table lay a Hortus Siccus for botanical specimens, and a Scrap-book, — both open.

"But the Beauty?"

In one corner of the room, on a kind of a pedestal, was a bust of Cuvier; in the opposite corner, on a similar stand, a head of Werner; in the third nook was that of Rossini; and in the fourth stood a handsome perch for a parrot, but the bird was dead or absent. Over the door —

"No, no — the Beauty?"

Over the door was a half-length of the lady herself, in a fancy dress; and from the centre of the ceiling hung a small Chinese lantern.

"The Beauty?"

In the recess of the solitary window, on a stand, stood a compound birdcage, *à la* Bechstein, enclosing a globe of gold-fish, and surmounted by a basket of flowers. The floor, — which was Turkey carpeted —

"The Beauty? the Beauty?"

The floor was littered with various articles, including a guitar, — a large porcelain jar, — and a little wicker-work kennel for a lapdog, — but the dog, like the parrot, was deficient.

"The Beauty? the Beauty? the Beauty?"

My dear madam, pray have a little patience, and read "Blue Beard;" how nearly his last wife was destroyed by her curiosity. My mystery is not yet ripe, and you have even less right to the key of my Romance than Fatima had to the key of the Bloody Chamber.

CHAPTER VIII.

Every person of common observation must have remarked the vast contrast between the carriage of a man going *up*, and the bearing of the same going *down* in the world!

In the first case how he trips, how he brightens, how he jokes, how he laughs, how he dances, how he sings, how he

whistles, how he admires, how he loves; in the second predicament — how he stumps, how he glumps, how he sneers, how he satirizes, how he grumbles, how he frowns, how he vilifies, how he hates — in short, how he behaves, with a difference, like Mr. Booby.

As he ascended Grove-Hill his step was brisk and elastic; he simpered complacently, held his bouquet mincingly in his lemon-colored glove, and had his new hat stuck jauntily a little on one side of his head.

As he descended the steep, his tread was heavy, sometimes amounting to a stamp, the flowers had been thrashed into a bundle of stalks, the delicate kid-glove was being gnawed into a mitten, and the bran-new beaver was sullenly thrust down over his eyebrows.

As he mounted, his eyes were cast upward towards the elm-tree tops, as if looking for birds'-nests.

As he descended, his eyes were turned to the gravel-path, as if in search of Brazilian pebbles.

As he went up, he hummed "La çi darem."

As he went down, he muttered curses between his teeth.

In going up, he had carefully picked his way, avoiding every dirty spot.

In going down, he tramped recklessly through the mud, and stepped into the very middle of the puddles.

"And had the Beauty slighted him?"

Why, those persons who saw him come out of the house-door, remarked as he stumbled down the steps, that his face was as red and hot as a fiery furnace: others who did not notice him till he had cleared the front garden-gate, observed that his complexion was as pale as ashes. And both reports were true, for like the Factions of the Red and White Roses, did Anger and Vexation alternately domineer and hoist their colors by turns in his countenance.

"But had the Beauty really behaved ill to him?"

Why, in going to the house he had conducted himself towards men, women, and children with a studied and almost affected courtesy; whereas in going from the premises he jostled the gentlemen, took the wall of ladies, punched each little boy who came within reach of his arm, and kicked every dog that ran within range of his foot.

"Then she *had* been scornful to him!"

Everybody in the street looked after him. Some thought that he was mad; some, that he was in liquor — others, that he was walking for a wager, and from his ill-temper, that he was losing it.

"Poor man!"

However, on he went, striding, frowning, muttering, and swearing, gnawing one kid-glove, and shaking the other like a muffin-bell. On he went — like an overdriven beast — on through Church Street, and away across the Green, kicking hoops, tops, and marbles; thumping little boys, and poking little girls, snubbing nursemaids, making faces at their babies, and grinning viciously at everything in nature that came within his scope. He was out of humor with heaven and earth. It pleased him to know, by a sudden yell in the road, that a cur was run over; and he was rather glad than otherwise to see a horse in the pound.

"Poor fellow! how cruelly he must have been treated!"

Well, on he went to the Red Cap, where an omnibus was just on the point of starting.

It was invitingly empty, so without asking whether it went to the East or West End, in jumped Mr. Booby, and threw himself on the centre seat at the further end of the vehicle. And now, for the first time, he had leisure to feel that he had been worked and walked, morally as well as physically into a violent heat. He let down all the windows that would go down, tugged out his handkerchief, wiped the dew from his face, and then fanned himself with his hat. The process somewhat cooled the outer man, but his temper remained as warm as ever, and at last found vent.

"Confound the old fool!" he exclaimed, with an angry stamp on the floor of the omnibus, — "Confound the old fool with her Camberwell Beauty! Why did n't she tell me it was a Butterfly!"

THE CONFESSIONS OF A PHŒNIX.

"How! dead!
How dead? Why, very dead indeed!"
KILLING NO MURDER.

CHAPTER I.

I WAS once dead.

"Eh! how! what!" interrupts the Courteous Reader, naturally startled by such a posthumous announcement.

"What! dead, dead, dead!" inquires a Criminal Judge, unconsciously using the legal formula.

"What! food for worms?" exclaims a great Tragedian.

"What! gone to another and a better world?" says a sentimental spinster.

"Or to a wus," snuffles a sanctified shoemaker.

"What, to that bourne," says a Bagman, "to which no traveller makes more than one journey?"

"What, — unriddled that great enigma!" cries a metaphysician, "of which we obtain no solution but by dissolution?"

"Or, in plain English, *Hic Jacet?*" puts in an Undertaker.

"What, hopped the twig? — kicked the bucket? — bowled out? — gone to pot? — mizzled? — ticked off? — struck off the roster? — slipped your cable? — lost the number of your mess?" ask as many professional querists.

"Oh! a case of suspended animation — hung and cut down!"

"Or a cut throat and sewed up?"

"Poisoned and pumped out?" hints a Medical Student.

"Drowned, and 'unsuffocated gratis'?" quotes a reader of "Don Juan."

"Or buried in a trance?" guesses a Transcendental Speculator.

"Poo, poo! he means dead-beat," cries a Sportsman.

"Or dead lame," prompts a Veterinarian.

"Or dead asleep," proposes a Mesmerizer

"Or dead drunk," mutters a Tea-totaller.

"Or only metaphorically," suggests a Poet.

But begging the pardon of the Poet, the Tea-totaller, the Mesmerizer, the Horse-Doctor, and the Student, I had no such meaning: but that I was departed, deceased, demised, defunct, or whatever term may denote the grand Terminus.

"What! as dead as a house — as a herring — as a door-nail — as dumps — as ditch-water — as mutton — "

Yes — or as Cheops, or Julius Cæsar, or Giles Scroggins, or Miss Bailey. In short, as declared before, I was once dead — a regular subject for the Necrologist — an entry for the Registrar — an item for the Obituary as thus: —

On the 3d instant, suddenly, Peregrine Phœnix, Esq., of Clapham Rise.

CHAPTER II.

"To be sure," murmurs Memory, applying her right forefinger to her forehead, and pressing on her own organ, "to be sure there have been many persons who, though seemingly dead, and even interred, have afterwards returned to life. For example: the wife of Reichmuth Adolch, the Councillor of Cologne, who died of the plague, and was buried with a diamond ring on her finger, and was revived by the violence of the thievish sexton in wrenching off the ornament. Then there was Monsieur François de Civille, thrice coffined and thrice restored; not to forget the romantic tale of the lady of Nicholas Chassenemi, who was rescued from the grave by her old lover Cariscendi. Also, the Honorable Mrs. Godfrey, Mistress of the Robes to Queen Anne, and sister of the great Duke of Marlborough, who lay in a trance for a week. Then there was Isabella Wilson, who, after eleven days of rigid insensibility, would have been entombed but for the interference of the Doctor, who felt some warmth about the heart; and Mr. Cowherd of Cartmell, Lancashire, who revived after

being laid out; and Isaac Rooke, who revived after a coroner had been summoned; and Walter Wynkbourne, executed on the gallows at Leicester in 1350 — but jolted to life in a cart. Above all, there was Anne Green, who, after being hung and pulled by the legs, and struck on the chest by the but-end of a musket, yet recovered, and married and bore three children."

"Hout aye," chimes in a Scottish Mnemosyne. "And there was yon Ill-hangit Maggie, as they ca'd her."

"Yaw, yaw," adds a Teutonic Remembrancer. "Also dere vas de Yarman, Martin Grab, who comed to himself quite lively, after he was a copse."

And so he did. And thereby hangs a tale of the DEAD-ALIVE, which will serve for a fresh chapter.

CHAPTER III.

IN the Free City of Frankfort-on-the-Maine, the bodies of the dead are not kept for several days, as with us, in the house of mourning, but are promptly removed to a public cemetery. In order to guard, however, against premature interment, the remains are always retained above ground till certain signs of decomposition are apparent; and besides this precaution, in case of suspended animation, the fingers of the corpse are fastened to a bell-rope, communicating with an alarum, so that on the slightest movement the body rings for the help which it requires for its resuscitation — a watcher and a medical attendant being constantly at hand.

Now the duty of answering the Life-bell had devolved on one Peter Klopp — no very onerous service, considering that for thirty years since he had been the official "Death Watch," the metallic tongue of the alarum had never sounded a single note. The defunct Frankforters committed to his charge had remained, one and all, man, woman, and child, as stiff, as still, and as silent, as so many stocks and stones. Not that in every case the vital principle was necessarily extinct: in some bodies out of so many thousands it doubtless lingered, like a spark amongst the ashes — but disinclined by the national phlegm to any active assertion of its existence.

For a German, indeed, there is a charm in a certain vaporous dreamy state, between life and death, between sleeping

and waking, which a Transcendental Spirit would not willingly dissolve. Be that as it might, the deceased Frankforters all lay in their turns in the Corpse-Chamber, as passive as statues in marble. Not a limb stirred — not a muscle twitched — not a finger contracted, and consequently not a note sounded to startle the ear or try the nerves of Peter Klopp.

In fine, he became a confirmed sceptic as to such resuscitations. The bell had never rung, and he felt certain that it never would ring — unless from the vibrations of an earthquake. No, no — Death and the Doctors did their work too surely for their patients to relapse into life in any such manner. And truly, it is curious to observe that in proportion to the multiplication of Physicians, and the progress of Medical science, the number of Revivals has decreased. The Exanimate no longer rally as they used to do some centuries since — when Aloys Schneider was restored by the jolting of his own coffin, and Margaret Schöning, leaving her death-bed, walked down to supper in her last linen.

So reasoned Peter Klopp, who, long past the first tremors and fancies of his novitiate, had come, by dint of custom, to look at the bodies in his care but as so many logs or bales of goods committed to the temporary custody of a Plutonian warehouseman, or Lethean wharfinger. But he was doomed to be signally undeceived.

In the month of September, just after the autumnal Frankfort Fair, Martin Grab, a middle-aged man, of plethoric habit, after dining heartily on soup, sour-krout, veal-cutlets with bullace sauce, carp in wine-jelly, blood sausage, wild boar brawn, herring salad, sweet pudding, Leipsic larks, sour cream with cinnamon, and a bowlful of plums, by way of dessert — suddenly dropped down insensible. As he was pronounced to be dead by the Doctor, the body was conveyed, as usual, within twelve hours, to the public cemetery, where being deposited in the Corpse-Chamber, the rest was left to the care and vigilance of the Death-Watch, Peter Klopp.

Accordingly, having taken a last look at his old acquaintance, he carefully twisted the rope of the Life-Bell round the dead man's fingers, and then retiring into his own sanctorum, lighted his pipe, and was soon in that foggy Paradise, which a true German would not exchange for all the odor of Araby the Blessed, and the society of the Houris.

"And did the fat man come to life again?"

Patience, my dear madam, patience, and you shall hear.

It was past midnight, and in the Corpse-Chamber, hung with dismal black, the lifeless body of Martin Grab was lying in its shroud as still as a marble statue. At his head, the solitary funeral lamp burned without a flicker — there was no breath of air to disturb the flame, or to curve the long spider-lines that hung perpendicularly from the ceiling. The silence was intense. You might have heard the ghost of a whisper or the whisper of a ghost, if there had been one present to utter it — but the very air seemed dead and stagnant — not elastic enough for a sigh even from a spirit.

In the adjoining room reposed the Death-Watch, Peter Klopp. He had thrown himself, in his clothes, on his little bed, with his pipe still between his lips. Here, too, all was silent and still. Not a cricket chirped — nor a mouse stirred — nor a draught of air. The light smoke of the pipe mounted directly upward, and mingled with its cloud-like shadows on the ceiling. The eye would have detected the flitting of a mote, the ear would have caught the rustling of a straw, but all was quiet as the grave, still as its steadfast tombs — when suddenly the shrill hurried peal of the alarm-bell — the very same sound which for fifteen long years he had nightly listened for — the very same sound that for as many long years he had utterly ceased to expect — abruptly startled the slumbering senses of Peter Klopp!

In an instant he was out of bed and on his feet, but without the power of further progress. His terror was extreme. To be waked suddenly in a fright is sufficiently dreadful; but to be roused in the dead of the night by so awful a summons — by a call, as it were, from beyond the grave, to help the invisible spirit — perhaps a Demon's — to reanimate a cold, clammy Corpse, — what wonder that the poor wretch stood shuddering, choking, gasping for breath, with his hair standing upright on his head, his eyes starting out of their orbits, his teeth chattering, his hands clutched, his limbs paralyzed, and a cold sweat oozing out from every pore of his body! In the first spasm of horror his jaws had collapsed with such force, that he had bitten through the stem of his pipe, the bowl and stalk falling to the floor, whilst the mouth-piece passed into his throat, and agitated him with new convulsions. In the

very crisis of this struggle, a loud crash resounded from the Corpse-Chamber — then came a rattling noise, as of loose boards, followed by a stifled cry — then a strange, unearthly shout, which the Death-Watch answered with as unnatural a shriek, and instantly fell headlong, on his face, to the stone-floor!

"Poor fellow! Why, it was enough to kill him!"

It did, madam. The noise alarmed the resident doctor and the military patrole, who rushed into the building, and lo! a strange and horrid sight! There lay on the ground the unfortunate Death-Watch, stiff and insensible; whilst the late Corpse, in its grave-clothes, bent over him, eagerly administering the stimulants, and applying the restoratives that had been prepared against its own revival. But all human help was in vain. Peter Klopp was no more — whereas Martin Grab was alive, and actually stepping into the dead man's shoes, became, and is at this day, the official Death-Watch at Frankfort-on-the-Maine.

CHAPTER IV.

"And do you really mean to say, sir," exclaims a vulgar-looking personage, in a black rusty suit, with black-silk gloves, black-cotton stockings, and a hat of two colors, black and sleek at bottom, and brown and shabby at top; a figure, a good deal like a decayed apothecary of the old school, — "do you really mean to say, sir, that you hactually obiited and resurgam'd like the apoplectic German gemman as ate such a wery hearty last meal?"

Well, and what then?

"Why, then, sir, it's the beer, that's all."

The bier?

"Yes, the double X. You see, sir, the truth is, I've laid myself three quarterns of rum to a pot of ale, as how it was not a regular requiescat, not a boney fide Celo quies, but only a weekly dispatch."

A *Weekly Dispatch?*

"Yes, or a Morning Post Mortum. Not a natural hexit, you know. Not a true Bill of Mortality, — but that you was only killed by the perodical press, like Lord Brougham!"

Humph! That such a rusty raven should pluck out the

heart of my mystery! That such a walking shadow should throw a light on my enigma! But the fellow's guess is correct. I died only in print. The great Composer had no hand in it: my everlasting rest was set up by a compositor of the *Morning Herald!*

"*On the 3d instant, suddenly, Peregrine Phœnix, Esq., of Clapham Rise.*"

CHAPTER V.

What a strange sensation it caused, the reading of that mortal paragraph! A feeling only to be understood by those who have been put out of the world by the Globe, had their days ended by the Sun, been posted to eternity by the Post, or sent on their last journey by the Evening Mail!

The newspaper that morning came late; and when the fatal sentence met my glance, I was, like Hamlet's father, "full of bread." I had already finished my morning's repast, but by an instinctive impulse, I took another egg, and began breakfasting over again. A sort of practical assertion of the animal functions — and I never enjoyed a meal so much in my life. What a zest it had! Each separate morsel by its peculiar substance, flavor, or aroma, giving the lie, backed by the three senses of Touch, Taste, and Smell, to that abominable announcement! The noble Athelstane, when he escaped in his grave-clothes from the funeral-vault of St. Edmond's Abbey, did not attack the venison-pasty and the wine-bottle with more relish! There was a certain pleasure even in a crumb's going the wrong way!

"What!" exclaims Civic Apoplexy, his face as crimson as the wattles of an enraged turkey-cock, his tongue struggling for utterance, and his eyes protruding, like pupils about to be expelled by the head-master, "a comfort in choking!"

Yes, my dear Alderman, as an evidence of active existence. Unlike the race-horse, every cough is in your favor.

For my own part, O how vividly I delighted in the grating in the throat, the soreness of the lungs, the watering of the eyes, which told, how instead of being dead, I had merely lost my breath! How deliciously I enjoyed every symptom, otherwise disagreeable, of vitality! The imputed absence of my

life made me intensely sensible of its presence. I felt, methought, the warm blood coursing through my veins and arteries, and tingling in the very nails of my fingers and toes. Every movement of the machine, beforetime withdrawn from notice, had become decidedly perceptible. I had a distinct notion of the peristaltic motion, and seemed absolutely conscious of the growth of my hair!

"What, without Macassar! Impossible!"

Perhaps so, Mr. Rowland, but it seemed probable. And then how delightedly I strutted about, and boxed with Nobody, and fenced with my own shadow, and spouted like a 'Bartlemy Tragedian. No, no — I was not dead. A gentleman who eats two breakfasts

> "And lightly draws his breath,
> And feels his life in every limb,
> What should he know of Death?"

My next act was to ring for my servant, who entered, and found me grimacing before the looking-glass — dead men don't make faces.

"John, where was I, and what did I do on Friday last, the 3d instant?"

"Let me see — you rowed on the river, sir, in the wherry."

"What, with Charon?"

"No, sir, with Mr. Emery."

"Very good, that will do, John."

And joyous as a blackbird in Spring, I began to whistle Dibdin's air of "Jack's Alive." By an association of ideas, Dibdin's verses put me in mind of Sterne, and darting off at a tangent to my library I pulled down the first volume of Tristram Shandy, and began to read aloud the extempore lecture of Corporal Trim on the text of "Are we not here now, and are we not gone in a moment?" with his cocked hat illustration of sudden death. "But I am alive," said the foolish, fat scullion.

O, how I admired that fat scullion! I could have hugged her in spite of her grease — our feelings, our sympathies were in such perfect unison! Trim's Funeral Sermon had been to her the same in effect as my obituary paragraph in the *Herald.*

In the mean time, the ten o'clock Clapham omnibus called

for me as usual; I put on my hat and gloves, took my walking-stick (the dead don't walk with sticks), got into the vehicle, seated myself, and remarked with a smile all round, —

"Well, this is better than a hearse."

A speech natural and significant enough under my peculiar circumstances, but to the rest of the company, who wanted the key, a mere impertinent truism.

One gentleman in particular seemed personally disgusted and offended by the observation, and on glancing at his beaver, I perceived he wore a hat-band. Somebody dead of course — but it was not Peregrine Phœnix, Esquire, of Clapham Rise, a reflection which made that vivacious personage as merry as the music after a soldier's funeral.

The confinement of the omnibus, and the reserve of its passengers, erelong became intolerable; the first cramped the physical activity, and the last checked the flow of animal spirits of a man more alive than common. So taking a hearty tug at the conductor's dreadnought, I was set down, and walked off at the rate of four miles an hour and humming,

"Life let us cherish."

along the London road. But I was soon arrested by a spectacle of uncommon interest — an undertaker's shop, with all the grim and glittering emblems of the craft in the window. I had passed them a hundred times before without notice, but now the establishment had for me all the interest of an exhibition.

I examined every painted scutcheon, as if for an æsthetic critique — scrutinized the mottoes and inscriptions as for an archæological essay — examined each crest and blazonry with heraldic relish, and inspected the shining coffin-plates and handles with the zest of an antiquary poring over rusty pieces of antique armor. A device of a flying cherub was gazed at like a design of Raffaele's, and the notification of "Funerals Performed" was read over and over again like a love posy. But above all, I was smitten with an emblem which had formerly seemed rather a repulsive one — a Death's head and cross-bones — especially the dreary skull with its vacant eyelet holes, and that sardonic grin — whereas now, a laughing eye within the dark cavity seemed to tip me a knowing wink, and the ghastly grin was become a smile so contagious, that I felt myself smiling from ear to ear.

All this time the hammer had sounded merrily — yes, *merrily* from the interior of the shop, and looking in at the door, I saw the master, with his journeyman, busied in the last decoration of a handsome black coffin, lined with white satin — to some, perhaps, a dismal object, but to me a poetical one, like

"A sable cloud
That turns its silver lining on the night."

I read the name engraved on the silver plate thrice over, and with a novel but pleasant curiosity, informed myself minutely of all the particulars of the age, business, and circumstances of the deceased.

"And when, pray, did the poor gentleman die?"

"On the 3d instant, sir, rather suddenly."

The very day that *I* did not! — O, the electric thrill of life that ran through every fibre of my frame at that coincidence of dates! The vivid revelation of a stirring, vital principle, that glowed from head to heel! I am convinced that for a man to know, to feel, to enjoy his existence, to be properly conscious of his being, he must be put into the Obituary! Till then, he is like the flounders that did n't flounder.

"But the fish are dead," objected the Cook.

"Not them," said the Fishwoman, tossing the last flounder into the blue and white dish. "Just see how they'll kick when they comes to the hot lard. Why, bless ye, they're as alive as you are, only they don't know it till they are put in the pan."

CHAPTER VI.

"Then after all," says Mrs. Grundy, a lively, loquacious old lady, familiarly known to a very wide circle of friends and acquaintance, "it is not so very disagreeable to be killed by the press?"

By no means, madam — rather reviving than otherwise — as good as a sniff of hartshorn, sal volatile, or aromatic vinegar, and much more agreeable than burnt-feathers — a bunch of black ostrich-plumes always excepted.

"Well, I should have thought that such a broad hint in

black and white would be a memento mori, — a sort of 'Philip, remember thou art mortal.'"

Quite the reverse, ma'am. A memento vitæ — a fillip to the animal spirits — a "remember thou art alive." Dead men, you know, don't read their own obituaries.

"True. Nevertheless, the sudden shock of such a frigid announcement — "

Like the shock of a shower-bath, ma'am. Cold, but bracing; and for a phlegmatic temperament, the finest and safest stimulus in the world! Gives a glow to the skin — a healthy tone to the nerves — improves the appetite, corrects the spleen, and tickles the cockles of the heart and the risible muscles. You have heard, ma'am, of a lightening before death?

"Yes — Romeo alludes to it."

Well, it's nothing to the lightening after it! I mean in print. Talk of Parr's Life Pills, or the Elixir Vitæ! — a kill by the press is the Grand Catholicon — a specific for ennui or tedium vitæ, a sovereign remedy for Hypochondriasis, and infallible for Suicidal Monomania! Only let a newspaper hint that you are a corpse, and it makes you *quite another thing* — a Harlequin, a Rope-dancer, a Tumbler, a Dancing Fakir, a Springheeled Jack. But not to advertise a remedy without a case, — there was Lord Cowdenknows, who was killed by the *Times*.

"Ah, by an upset of his carriage."

Yes — with one horse's hoof on his sternum, another on his os-frontis, a wheel on his epagastrium, and the broken axletree through his abdomen. No mortal was ever *pressed* to death more completely — and what is the result? Why, an intense consciousness of his existence, and the continual assertion of his vitality by a vivacious volubility and volatility amounting almost to a nuisance. He reminds us that Lord Cowdenknows is alive with a vengeance! — his enemies by astounding pats on the head and confounding slaps on the back; and his friends by disconcerting digs in the ribs, or staggering punches in the stomach. No practical joker in the exuberance of his animal spirits ever played more pranks. On one head he pours melted butter, on a second cold water, on a third vinegar, smears a fourth with honey, a fifth with cantharides, a sixth with treacle, a seventh with tar, an eighth with bear's-grease, a ninth with mustard, a tenth with cold

cream, an eleventh with paste, a twelfth with cowage, and then daubs an unlucky Quaker with ink. One he trips up, and astonishes another with a *coup de pied*. In short, he is all alive and kicking — 'all manner of ways.'"

CHAPTER VII.

"Now I think of it," says Mnemosyne, again pressing the organ of memory with her right forefinger, and gently smiling as if some pleasant image rose up before the mental eye, "there was Squire Foxall, a martyr to that melancholy humor called Hypochondriasis, and who was cured by the Press. Many a serio-comic scene there was between the master and his man Roger, a confidential servant of the old school, shrewd, trusty, and as blunt as a spade."

"Well, Roger," the master would say, after a very long and solemn shaking of his head, "I am going at last."

"Glad on it — to Swaffham, in course?"

"No, Roger, no — to another world."

"What, to Amerikey?"

"No, to another and a better one, Roger — to the world of spirits."

"Ah, that's along o' missing your brandy — you be low, you be."

"Not so low as I shall be, Roger. I'm at death's door — I have double knocked, and am scraping my shoes, and it will soon be, walk in. Now, Roger, remember when I'm gone that Mr. Bewlay — "

"Yes, yes — I know. He have got the last o' your last wills. Your nevy will come into the land, and your niece is to have your personal bulk."

"No, Roger — that was the will before. I've made another since then — but no matter. I've done with money and land. All I require now is a little turf."

"Well — there's a whole stack on it i' the rickyard, and when you 've burnt out that — "

"Never, Roger, never! I'm burnt out myself — quite down in the socket, and shall go off like a snuff. I am ready, Roger, for the garner."

"Yes, yes, and corn for the sickle, and grass for the scythe,

and a ripe plum for the basket, and a brown leaf for hopping the twig. I know all that by heart."

"I 'm a dying man, Roger, and you know it. I have n't twelve hours to live — no, not six, before I pay the debt of nature."

"Dang the debt o' nature! I wish you had none to settle but hern. But it arn't do yet it arn't."

"Due, and overdue, Roger. The receipt 's made out, and before to-morrow you will have another master."

"No, I shan't. I harn't had no warnin."

"But *I* have, Roger. Here, feel my pulse. It stopped just now for two minutes and a half. The circulation is at a stand-still — the heart cannot perform its functions."

"All moonshine, master. It 's performing its funkings at this minit. It 's going as regular as the eight-day clock — I can a' most hear un tick."

"No, no, Roger — that 's impossible."

"Is it? Then why do Dr. Darby try to hear it with his telescope?"

"Stethoscope, Roger — ste-thos-cope. There may be hypertrophy for all that. But you know I can't argue with you. My lungs are quite gone — quite!"

"No wonder — you 've been blowin 'em up this ten year."

"They 're destroyed, Roger. Pulmonary consumption has set in —"

"Yes, yes, I know — and they 're full of tuber-roses."

"Tubercles, man — and my liver is in no better state."

"No — they 're schismatic. And you 've got an absence in your inside —"

"An abscess."

"Well, an abscess in your stomach, and can't digest properly for want of gas-water."

"A deficiency of the gastric juice. It is all too true, Roger. Every organ I have is out of order."

"Then I would n't play on 'em. Well, what next? Why, you 've got a gatherin in your lumbering progresses."

"Lumbar processes —"

"Which in course affects the head, and so you 've got a confusion of water on the brain. Then you 've had an eclectic fit, and three parallel strokes — and there 's your stertian ague, and the intermediate fever —"

"Intermitting."

"Then, there's the inflammation of your mucus members — "

"Membrane, membrane."

"Well, membrane. Next there's your vertical headach — "

"Vertigo."

"And lord knows what in your intestates and viceruses. Then there's your legs with their various veins — "

"Varicose."

"And as to your feet, what with hoppin gout in them — and flying gout in your stomach — and swimming gout in your head — you're gout all over."

"Yes, Roger, yes — it has got hold of my whole system, sure enough. But it's apoplexy I'm afraid of — apoplexy, Roger. I have giddiness, tinnitus, congestion, lethargy — every symptom in the book!"

"Dang the books — it's them has done it! There's Doctor Imray's Family Physicker, you've giv yourself over ever since you brought it home. And then there's Doctor Winslow's book, and Doctor Frankum's, as made you believe between 'em, that you'd got a turned head and a pendulum belly — "

"Pendulous, Roger, pendulous."

"Well, it's all one. And then their plaguy formulus for making up your own prescriptions. You'll proscribe yourself into heaven, you will some day, with your blue pills and hydrangea powders — "

"Hydrarge powders."

"It can't be good for nobody to swallow so much calumny. And then your dabblin with them deadly pisons, though you know as well as I do, that three Prussian Acidulated Drops would kill a horse."

"You mean Prussic acid. But in some affections, Roger, it is of great service."

"Yes, like Oxonian acid, for boot-tops. Then, there's the newspapers. I do believe there an't a quack medicine advertised, but you've tried 'em all, from Cockle's Antibiling pills, and the Febrifudges, to Sarcy Barilla. Lord! lord! the heaps of nasty messes you have swallowed sure-ly! Not to forget the Horse Physic you took arter readin in Doctor Elliotson

that the human two-legged specious could ketch the glanders!"

"And was the poor man cured of his Hypochondriasis?"

Yes, by the *County Chronicle*, into which some wag introduced an announcement of his sudden demise, "*after a complication of disorders borne for a long series of years with unexampled cheerfulness and resignation.*" The effect on the patient was miraculous! Instead of damping his spirits or shocking his nerves, it set up his lumbagoed back, roused his sluggish spleen, stimulated his torpid liver, stirred his lethargic lights, warmed his congested blood till it boiled a-gallop, and turned his flagging heart to a *cœur de lion*. He declared loudly that the paragraph originated in a political spite — swore that it was intended as a hint for his assassination, and vowed that he would horsewhip the Editor of the diabolical newspaper in his own infernal office.

And he was as good as his word — for which practical sincerity he had to pay a hundred pounds for damages, and as much more in costs. The cure, however, was complete. His old affections vanished as if by magic; and now his only complaints in the world are of the impudence of counsel, the partiality of judges, the stupidity of juries, the uncertainty of the law, the murderous propensities of the Whigs, the rascality of venal Editors, and the intolerable licentiousness of the Press.

CHAPTER VIII.

"And don't you think, sir," asked Self-Preservation, in a close ball-proof silk corslet, under his figured waistcoat, — "don't you think that the fellow who takes another man's life, though only in a newspaper, ought to be shut up forever, if not hung — as a Homicidal Monomaniac?"

By no means — nor will you either, my dear Number One, when your feelings, which temporary excitement has raised from Blood Heat to the Fever Pitch, have subsided to their natural temperature. For my own part, I blush for my countrymen. There is something of cowardice as well as cruelty in the present irrational outcry for chains, cells, straight-jackets, and — fie on it! — even halters for the lunatic. A

return to the barbarous system of our ancestors, when insanity was treated as a crime, and punished with a severity beyond the severest prison discipline of the present day.

"No matter," says Number One, "I stick by the first law of Nature — so Protection! Protection! Protection!"

"Protection! Protection!" shrieks Fear, with her hand before her eyes.

"Protection, Pro—tection," shouts Folly, out of wantonness, — and the Spirit of Imitation, like Echo, repeats the cry.

Protection! Protection!" bawl a million of voices, while with better reason, Conscious Guilt — the poor man's Oppressor — the Robber of the Widow and the Orphan — the Heart-Breaker, and the Brain-Breaker, vociferously swells the clamor, aware in his felon soul how richly he has earned the stab or the shot from the weapon of frenzy!

For my own part, my fears look the other way, and my cry would be for better defence against the Sane. Not the half-witted, but the sharp-witted — not the crazy, but the clear-headed — not the noncompos, but the homicidal lucid fellows who do not babble of Covenants, or Chambers's Journal, or the Customs, who neither brandish knives, nor draw triggers, nor even "throw about fire" — and yet deliberately take our lives, for they do "take the means by which we live." Against such, O Law and Justice! defend *me*. Only protect me from the sane Foxes, and I will take my chance about the March Hares!

Still Society, with her numberless throats, roars "Protection!"

Heavens! what are a few bewildered creatures roaming the earth, though furnished with sticks, staves, swords, and guns, to the legion of sound Destructives who go at large, armed with "a little brief authority," and a billy-roller or a forge-hammer! When did Homicidal Monomania, with all her mischievous malignity, and all her weapons, when did she cripple a child per day, or poke out thirty pairs of eyes during one short court mourning?

But still the Hydra shouts, with all its mouths in chorus, for "Protection!"

Such popular outcries against a class are always perilous, and apt to lead to cruelty and injustice. So, perhaps, some

centuries ago originated a prejudice and persecution against a description of human beings quite as forlorn and desolate, only the Homicidal Monomaniacs of those times were called Wizards and Witches.

It is fit and proper, no doubt, for the security of society, that dangerous Lunatics should be so confined as to prevent their carrying any murderous design into effect — but to judge by the popular ferment, and the vehemence of the outcry for more Protection, I fear Society would hardly be satisfied with anything short of the incarceration of every individual who happened to go ungartered, or to button his doublet awry; and above all, the establishment of a Cordon Sanitaire between South and North Britain, with positive orders to shoot every Scotchman who crossed the Tweed with a bee in his bonnet. For, be it noted, that Scotland comparatively swarms with what she calls, in her own dialect, "daft, or dementit bodies" — every city, every town, nay, every pelting petty village has its crazy or imbecile Goose Gibbie, or Davie Gellatly. Nevertheless, even the Provosts and the Bailies sleep in whole skins, and would be intensely surprised if they could not get their lives insured at as low rates as their neighbors.

The truth is, the English public was always haunted — as Goldsmith points out in his Essays — by some popular Bugbear; and he instances an epidemic terror of Mad Dogs. There is something of this national characteristic in the present panic, which really amounts to a general monomania about monomaniacs. Every day some person or other denounces his or her homicidal lunatic; and as human heads cannot be rung like bells or glasses, or sounded like sovereigns on wooden-counters or stone-steps, to ascertain if they are cracked, the magistrates are sorely puzzled, and half-crazed themselves by a question on which Lawyers with Physicians, and even Doctors with Doctors, are at issue. The dispute between the two learned Professions promises, indeed, to become "a very pretty quarrel."

"And pray, sir, how do you think it will end?"

Heaven only knows, madam. But, between ourselves, I do not despair of a very Rabelaisian termination — namely, the Big Wigs proving that the Gold-Headed Canes know nothing about Mental Disease; and the Gold-Headed Canes proving that the Big Wigs know nothing about Jurisprudence.

CHAPTER IX.

"HARK!" cries Alarm, holding up a warning finger, listening and looking as if she saw something.

"Eh! — what! — where?" inquires bewildered Surdity, dancing with excitement, and looking hastily North — Nor-Nor-East, — Nor-East, — East-Nor-East — East, and so all round the compass.

"A Comet of the first magnitude," says Rumor, bedecked in her old robe, all over tongues, and breathless with running down "all sorts of streets."

"A what?" asks Surdity, eagerly poking his acoustical mainpipe into his best ear, and trying to lay on the report. "A new Comedian?"

"No — a great new Comic that has appeared in the Hare," bawls officious Ignorance into the bell of the flexible Voice-Conductor. "A voluminous body, with an inflammatory tail, as reaches, they say, from Sir William Herschel in England, to Mr. Cooper in Italy."

"Three hundred and sixty degrees in length," puts in Popular Exaggeration.

"Why then we shall have a fiery belt all round us," exclaims a female voice from Prospect House — "like the Planet Satan."

"An awful Phenomenon!" says Mrs. Aspenall, trembling like a leaf.

"A Fiery Dragon!" mutters Superstition: "with a sul*furious* tail of burning brimstone, from the bottomless pit."

"We shall all be burnt alive!" roars Vulgar Error, running into the back-yard, and plumping up to his chin in the water-butt.

"There will be another Deluge!" cries a Whistonian Theorist, determined at any price to purchase a life-boat and a cork-jacket; having proved in print, that Noah's Flood was certainly caused by a Comet.

"It will approximate into physical collision with our terrestrial globe," says the Schoolmaster, abroad, "and obliterate our sublunary planet into infinitesimal fractions!"

"We shall have changes and revolutions," murmurs a Continental Monarch with pale lips.

"War! Pestilence! and Famine!" bellows a Modern Astrologer!

"And Earthquakes," croaks an unskaken believer in the shocking predictions of the old Monk of Dree and Doctor Dee.

"It will blow up our Powder-Works," groans a resident near Waltham Abbey.*

"And dry up our Water-Works," moans a Chelsea Director, turning to all the colors of a *Dolphin* out of its element.

"It's played the dickens already with the Consternations," says Ignorance. "They do say as how it's singed the Ram, set fire to the Wirgin, roasted the Bull whole, scorched up the Man with the Watering-pot, and fried all the heavenly Fishes!"

"So much the better!" ejaculates the Lord Mayor.

"So much the better!" exclaims his Worship of Bow Street.

"So much the better!" cries his Worship of Marlborough Street.

"So much the better!" observes his Worship of Hatton Garden.

"So much the better!" remarks his Worship of Marylebone.

"So much the better!" echoes his Worship of Queen Square.

"So much the better!" says his Worship of Worship Street, briskly rubbing his hands together, and drawing a long, deep sigh of satisfaction from somewhere about the solar plexus, — "so much the better! The public panic will now perhaps take another direction, and instead of the daily monomaniac, and the everlasting question, "*How's his head?*" it will be, "*Where's its tail?*"

* As good a prophecy as any of Zadkiel's: for the Waltham Powder-Works actually blew up, about a fortnight after the hint in print.

CHAPTER X.

But Mr. Hatband —

The Undertaker was so delighted with the interest I had taken in his work, and the decoration of the coffin, that on parting, he presented to me his card, which he gave me with a pleasure only inferior to mine on receiving it, but derived from a very different source — he supposing that I had some funeral order in store for him, and I exulting that there had been no occasion, on my own behalf for his services — in reality, feeling very much like a man who has just escaped, untouched, from meeting with a dead shot.

The sun was shining brilliantly, and the morning was delicious; one of those Spring mornings when we seem to walk on spring-boards; but never on elastic wood, or turf, did man tread so lightly as Peregrine Phœnix, Esq., on the broad, flat flagstones, pleasantly contemplating, now and then, the active shadow, which proved that he was not a shade. It was the most agreeable promenade I ever enjoyed — that solitary walk to the West End — making a dozen satisfactory purchases by the way; for example, a stick of red sealing-wax, simply because it was not black — a piece of Holland linen for shirting, which "was warranted to wear well," and two pair of trousers that were ticketed "Everlastings." The next shop but one to the draper's was a Circulating Library, a rather petty repository; but there was a placard of the terms in the window, and although the act cost me a guinea, I could not resist going in and subscribing *for a year.*

A Statuary's, a few yards further on, supplied me, like the Undertaker's, with some very comfortable cogitation. For the first time since my birth, I found a charm in potbellied monumental Urns — in stone-blind Cherubs with wigs *à la mode* and alabaster — and in petrified Angels, with wings of good solid masonry, blowing dumb coach-horns. They were finer to me, in my peculiar frame of mind, than Phidian sculptures. And then those polished snow-like marble slabs and tablets, how cheerfully they shone in the bright sunshine! It was indeed my lucky day, *marked with white stones!* Yes, lucky, although in turning away from the statuary's, I was run against, full butt, by a workman with a package of laths un-

der his arm, that came in uncomfortable contact with my body, a little below the chest. But the poor fellow begged my pardon so humbly, that it was impossible for a Christian, and especially under my circumstances, to refuse it.

"Well, well, pick up my hat. That poke in the stomach has given me a strong conviction, at any rate, of my corporeal vitality."

"I'm sorry to hear it, sir," replied the workman, "I am indeed, and I hope it's a feeling as will soon wear off."

But my greatest triumphs awaited me at my Club. O, the indescribable look of the porter, when he saw my Ghost thrust open the glazed door! — the unutterable astonishment of the waiter when my Apparition orderd a biscuit and a glass of sherry — the profound mystification of my friend B. when my Spirit carelessly asked him the current price of Long Annuities. The other members present were equally amazed. Some started up — most of them ejaculated — all stared — one choked — and a tumbler of Bass's Pale Ale dropped with a crash on the floor. Had I walked into the room *à la* Phœnix, in a pair of incombustible asbestos trousers, blazing with burning spirits of wine, there could not have been a greater sensation. However, the excitement subsided at last, and gave place to boisterous congratulations. The news of my sudden demise had circulated amongst my club intimates and acquaintance, and to do them justice they hailed my resurrection from my ashes as cordially as if they had conjointly underwritten my life.

A House Dinner was proposed to celebrate my revival; and fixed for seven precisely. The interval I employed chiefly in the pleasant task of composing a public contradiction of the paragraph in the *Herald*, and writing bulletins of my perfect health to all my friends and acquaintances, and some few others, including a tradesman or two, and the actuary of the Eagle Assurance. And when the missives were done and delivered to the house-steward for the post, with what gusto I added, "Mind, not the Dead Letter Office!" — while the steward stared by turns at the enormous *red* seal, and the staring P. PHŒNIX, in the corner of each envelope, intended to *break my life* to my correspondents.

"And did the dinner go off well, Mr. Phœnix?"

Excellently, madam. The best I ever ate. Every delicacy

of the season — the most delicious fruits I ever tasted — the most exquisite wines I ever drank. Then everybody was in capital spirits, and myself above all (good reason why) — joking, punning, telling my best stories (dead men tell no tales), and laughing, like one of the Immortals. Then after the cloth was drawn, the toasts that were drunk — not in solemn silence — but vociferously, with all the honors, "The Arabian Bird," — "Never say Die," — "Many Happy Returns of the Day," and the songs that were sung, and the speeches that were made, including my own, in which I assured the company, with unusual sincerity, that upon my life (a phrase since become habitual with me) it was the happiest day of my life — one to be remembered to my last hour — but which, in spite of somebody putting on my clock, like the grim Covenanter in "Old Mortality," had not yet arrived.

"Hear, hear, hear!" shouted my auditors, and to tell the truth, I joined lustily in their cheering, out of sheer self-congratulation. If ever a human biped enjoyed the ninefold vitality of the feline quadruped, it was mine at that moment. I was full, brimming, overflowing with life; there was enough in me, had I been chopped up like a polypus, to animate a dozen Phœnixes!

It was nearly dawn ere we broke up, when between two companions, who — these are Confessions — looked sometimes like four, I set out to walk home, not walking as a mechanic plods to his work, or as an invalid ambulates for exercise, but with occasional skips and curvetings, or a little run, in one of which courses my head came in collision with a lamp-post, and gratified me with occular demonstration of my existence in a shower of vital sparks. Nor yet did we proceed quite so mum-chance as quakers, or boarding-school misses, but whistling, warbling trios, and occasionally shouting in chorus, when just at the bottom of Waterloo Place, or it might be the top of the Haymarket — by some mystery not to be explained — through some *Casus Belli* never clearly defined — for it was in the days of Tom and Jerryism, when war was seldom formally declared — all at once I found myself engaged in battle royal, or rather republican — it was so free and independent — with an unknown number of opponents. My new life, probably, was in danger, for I fought

for it like a tiger, wrestling, hugging, tugging, kicking, pushing, striking right and left, and being kicked, pushed, and belabored in return. One unlucky punch, I suspect, punched out my centre of gravity, from my difficulty afterwards in keeping my legs. Sometimes I was on my feet, sometimes on my head, now on my back, then on my front, then on my side, and then on my seat — bounding, scrambling, rolling, up again, posturing, squaring, warding, and down again — at first dry, next wet, then tattered and torn, but still fighting, encouraged by shouts of "Go it, Lively!" though purblind, giddy, bleeding, and almost out of that precious article, my breath. Still the battle raged with various success; my spirit, or spirits, for I seemed to have several within me, yet unsubdued, when just in the middle of a furious rally, in the very crisis of victory, I was caught up horizontally, and before tongue could cry rescue, Peregrine Phœnix, Esq., the Dead Man of the *Morning Herald*, was borne off kicking and shouting at the top of his voice "Hurrah for Life — Hurrah for Life — Hurrah for Life — Life — Life in London!"

DOGBERRY.

MRS. BURRAGE.

A TEMPERANCE ROMANCE.

"Water, water everywhere." — COLERIDGE.

"There 's nothing like grog." — DIBDIN.

"For the water swells a man." — FALSTAFF.

"Come, come, wine is a good familiar creature if it be well used — exclaim no man against it." — IAGO.

"Give it me without water; so, my friend, so." — RABELAIS.

"'I believe, an' please your Honor,' quoth the Corporal, 'that if it had not been for the quantity of brandy we set fire to every night, and the claret and cinnamon with which I plied your Honor off — '

"'And the Geneva, Trim,' added my Uncle Toby, 'which did us more good than all.'" — TRISTRAM SHANDY.

CHAPTER I.

TEMPERANCE is a Virtue.

"No doubt of it," cries a little fat, plethoric gentleman, with a sanguine complexion, and a very short neck — too short to be long in this world.

"It 's the summit of human Virtue," exclaims a tall, long, vinegar-faced female, holding up a Teatotal Tract.

"A Virtue that will preserve itself in any climate," shouts an advertiser of quack nostrums.

"And a Virtue that costs nothing," adds a Templar of Pump Court.

"It is virtuous for de outside of a man, and for de inside of a man," says a foreign water-curate.

"It 's a Cardinal Virtue," cries a Romish Priest, not hopeless, perhaps, of arriving by water at a Red Hat.

"And a primitive Virtue," puts in a friend in drab. "It was practised by our first parents."

"A Virtue that is its own reward," exclaims a scholastic copyholder.

Then what need, say I, of a Temperance Medal.

CHAPTER II.

Heavens! what a hubbub!

What an uproar from Teatotal Presidents, Vice-Presidents, Grand Masters, and Grand Mistresses! What an awful flourishing of white staves, and red hands, and brown cudgels! I shall have my eye punched out by a total abstinence fist, or my nose broken by Sobriety's flagstaff, or my skull fractured by a temperate shillelagh! Yes; I shall be brained by yonder red-headed hod-carrier, with the muddy knees, — who, for all his uproarious support of the element, would as soon be choked as drink Boyne Water! No matter: I must speak my mind.

"You shall do no such thing," screams a she-Rechabite, "unless you speak your mind on our side."

"Tell the brass band to play up, and drown his voice!" roars a brother-bite.

"He 's a publican and sinner," squeaks a little old woman, the very model for a Water Witch. "Pump on him! Duck him! Drown him!" cries an admirer of aquatic sports.

"Make him take the pledge!" bellows Waterman No. 1.

"And kneel to the 'Postle!" bawls Waterman No. 2.

"And force him to be blest!" bellows Waterman No. 3.

"And to buy a medal!" suggests a Hebrew member of the Numismatic Society. Which brings us round again to the old question, as to the need of a temperance medal at all.

There are no such honorary badges for the other virtues — for example, Honesty, Charity, Veracity — then why a medal for Temperance?

"Vy!" exclaims the Wandering Jew. "Vy, becos if ve melts up all the metal for medals, there von't be no pewter left to make quart and pint pots."

Bravo, Moses! Thou hast extemporized the most reasonable reason yet advanced in favor of the ridiculous decoration! A sort of *Water*-loo medal, precociously worn before the moral battle is even fought — much less won!

CHAPTER III.

"And do you really think, sir," asks a little woman, in an Eau du Nil colored bonnet, with watered ribbons, — "do you really think that there is any harm in wearing such an ornament?"

"No wickedness, ma'am, but great weakness. Something of that contemptible vanity which induces certain people to decorate themselves with the ribbon or insignia of foreign orders, conferred on themselves by themselves."

"Ah — you 're agin the cause!"

"Far from it, madam. On the contrary, I was for many months a strict teatotaller. Nay, I not only abstained from wine, beer, and spirits, for my own good; but, from the same exalted motive, drank daily, almost hourly, the most nasty, filthy, nauseous, abominable, disgusting draughts, to smell and taste, that my doctor and apothecary could invent. But did I, therefore, bedeck myself with rewards of merit, or was I treated with any public honors? Who gave me a medal for swallowing, for my health's sake, vile tincture of bark? Who invested me with a Blue Ribbon, for improving my appetite by chamomile tea? Who waved a green banner over me, for drinking infusion of senna? Or ground even a hurdy-gurdy before me, for taking castor-oil? Faugh! my gorge rises at the remembrance! And your teatotaller, forsooth, is to be decorated, like a Knight of the Bath, for only quaffing, for soul and body's sake, nice, pure, sweet, delicious water! the Nectar of the Naiads!"

"Then of course, sir, with such sentiments, you would not kneel down, and be blessed by the Apostle of Temperance?"

"Certainly not, madam. When I kneel to mortal, it will be to my lady-love, or her Majesty the Queen; but to man, never!"

"Ah! because the father is a popish priest."

"Not at all. But because the posture, however common amongst the Neales and O'Neils, is not an English one. In the time of the 'Spectator,' indeed, it was usual for a dutiful son to kneel down to his parents for a blessing. But Father Mathew is not my father, nor, although an Irishman, is he my mother, to entitle him to such a filial genuflection. I can

respect the man and honor the cause; but, as to dropping on my knees, like some of his proselytes, whenever I found myself in Theobald's Road — "

"Well, for my part, sir, I don't mind saying, I did kneel to him at the great Marrowbone meeting — I should say Mary-le-bone."

"As you please, madam; but the hinges of my legs are not so pliant. Besides, consider the monstrous inconvenience that would result; for, after kneeling to Father Mathew, I should feel bound, on temperance principles, to drop on my pans to some thousand or so of other meritorious individuals — beginning with my friend Martin the Painter."

"A painter?"

"Yes — for his Plan for Supplying the Metropolis with Spring Water."

"Are you serious, sir?"

"Quite, madam. I decidedly think that every Protestant man, woman, or child, who has knelt to Father Mathew, is bound, in common consistency, to fall on his or her knees, shine or shade, wet or dry, dust or mud, rough or smooth, easy or greasy, not only to Mr. Martin, but to Mr. Pedley, Mr. Robins, Mr. Schweppe, Captain Pidding, and the Directors of the Chelsea Water-Works, the East London Water-Works, the New River Company, the East India Company, the Master Wardens and Members of the Grocers' Company, Captain Claridge, Mr. Braidwood, the Parish Turncocks; in short, every notable patron of tea and water in the kingdom."

"Mercy on us!"

"Nay, more, ma'am; I venture to say, that if any person ever kissed Father Mathew, he or she is bound by the movement to kiss every one of the personages I have just enumerated, — and Mr. Mackay into the bargain, — for so strongly recommending the Thames and its Tributaries."

CHAPTER IV.

"Now really, really," says the fat, red-faced gentleman with the short neck, — "really now, you are really — too bad! To turn such a cause into ridicule!"

"Who, I, my dear sir? Heaven forbid! It is its own

watery-headed pumpkins of followers — temperate perhaps in body, but certainly not sober-minded — who render it ridiculous. A great authority has compared public meetings to farces; but what with its processions and its brass bands, its banners and crosses, its green scarfs and blue sashes, — its foppery and its poppery — its stepfathers, Roman monks, and bearded pilgrims — its terrific combats between the Wapping bullies and the pot-valiants — and its teatotal chorusses, from its six foolish virgins in white, — a Mathewite meeting bade fair to become — "

"What, sir — what?"

"A Grand Melodramatic Pantomime with Real Water!!!"

"Very well, sir — very well, indeed! I see you are not for the promotion of temperance amongst the lower classes!"

"On the contrary. But, my dear Moses, just cease for a moment the jingling of your medals — my dear female Rechabite, have the goodness to take your wet tract out of my eye, — and my dear little printseller, be off with your portraits of the apostle. If the poor man must lay out his pence or shilling in a picture, let him have a cheap print, at cost price, of Hogarth's Gin Lane."

"Humph! Why then, sir, you do approve of temperance in the lower orders?"

"Yes; certainly. But I have some misgivings, when I see a flock of bleating human animals plunging, helter-skelter, follow-my-leader, into the fresh water — as Dingdong's sheep rushed into the herring-pond — not from principle, but gregarious impulse. I should like to know how many of the converted have already broken their rash pledges — how many are at this hour writhing, like poor Mr. Brunel, with their temperance medals sticking in their throats."

"Why, then, you are against the Movement after all?"

"Nay. I would move still further — for I would water not only the bodies of the poor and ignorant, but their minds — open to them not merely the parish pump, but the springs of knowledge. In plain words, I would educate them, — furnish schools for them, and, as in the schools abroad, 'la morale' should form a distinct and prominent item in the prospectus. They should be taught that temperance involves something more than a mere abstinence from strong drinks — that it for-

bids man to be 'drunk with pride' — to be 'intoxicated with vanity' — to be overcome with anger — to be far gone in hatred; and, above all, that he must renounce bloodthirstiness, as well as his thirst for mountain-dew or Cream of the Valley.

"Then we shall see the humble bricklayer and his laborer become such builders as Young describes, — men who

> 'On reason build resolve,
> That column of true majesty in man!'

Then will the artisan kneel down to God — his true father — and regard as his best temperance pledges those little living ones that prattle around him. Then he will walk steadily and soberly, without a white wand, — eschew blue-ruin without a blue scarf, — drink his glass of water without a medal for it, — and sip his cup of Bohea without a teatotal hullabaloo from six young women in white."

"Well, for all your skits, sir," says the florid, bull-necked gentleman, "I must and will say I admire a Mathewite meeting."

"And so do I," cries the little woman, in the Eau du Nil colored bonnet, with the watered ribbons. "It's such a beautiful sight!"

"It's such a powerful moral engine," says the stout florid gentleman.

"Then I wish," mutters a simple Fire-Brigade man, "we had had it at the fire at Topping's wharf."

CHAPTER V.

"But Mrs. Burrage!"

Patience, dear Reader, patience. She was not quite in a fit state to be introduced to you: I was obliged to enter into that little preliminary discussion on temperance to allow her time to get tipsy.

But now — lo! there she sits, that little plump woman, with her moist blue eye, with a drop in it, like a violet wet with dew — her nose nubbly and red as a rose-bud — her cheeks blushing like the full-blown damask flower — and her mouth half open, like a street-door left ajar — according to the Arabian superstition — for the Evil Spirits to drop in. The

forefinger of her right hand is crooked round the stem of an empty wine-glass, and with her other hand she gives a twitch at her cap and the row of brown curls under it, which having gone a little a-jee on one side, she tugs as far awry on the other.

Yes, there she sits — in melancholy contrast to the scene around her; for Mr. Burrage, a strict teatotaller, has fitted up his parlor to match his principles. Nothing, you see, but the most chaste and cool colors; — none but the most temperate images. The curtains are of a pale sky-blue, — the carpet is of sober drab and browns — the paper of a cream-color ground, with a meandering pattern of aquatic weeds, and white water-lilies, interwoven with that vegetable emblem of sobriety, the Pitcher Plant — and in each curve of the pattern a little fish. On the mantle-shelf — in the middle — stands one of those Fountain Clocks, that eternally pour forth a limpid stream, clear as glass, and spirally twisted like a stick of barley-sugar. On each side of the clock is a large marine shell, and at either end of the shelf, a biscuit-ware River God, with his urn under his arm. Over the fireplace hangs a large framed print of Rebecca at the well, and on the opposite wall, an engraving of Moses smiting the Rock. On the right of the door is an original drawing in water-colors of the New River Head, — and on the left, on a bracket, and under a bell-glass, a cork model of Aldgate Pump. From the centre of the ceiling, in lieu of chandelier, hangs a huge pumpkin, — and on the little table near the window, is an alabaster vase, with a cluster of little doves on the brim, sipping the imaginary pool, with one bird, which should be looking heavenward, as if in gratitude for the draught, but that Female Intemperance, in too rudely washing it, had wrung off its little head. What else? Why, if you could look into that corner cupboard, you would see a splendid Silver Tea Pot, presented by Mr. B. to his helpmate, in the vain hope of attaching her to the Chinese beverage.

"No, no," mutters Mrs. Burrage with a nod and a wink and a smile at nobody, "He won't get *me* to be a te— a to—, a to-tittler!"

CHAPTER VI.

Now, exactly as Mrs. Burrage mispronounced the last word of her soliloquy, the Teatotaller entered the room, and catching the jumbled syllables, guessed immediately at the cause.

"Ellen! — you have been drinking again!"

"Only the least drop, John — only the least modicus — nothing but a drain of rum."

"*Nothing* but ardent spirits! — *Only* fermented liquor; only liquid fire! — *You* had better drink poison at once!"

"Perhaps — I had!"

"I say, woman, you might as well swallow arsenic or oxalic acid!"

"Yes, or corrosive sub—sublimity," stammered the Bacchanal, for she had got into her old cups, the hiccups. "Well, perhaps I shall!"

"Ellen, Ellen, you will break my heart! You will drive me mad!" — and the afflicted man, throwing himself into a chair, leaned his arms and head on the round table. His face was hidden; but his wife could hear his sobs, and see the heaving of his shoulders, — and a change came over her countenance. The vacant stare, and the idiotic simper, gave place to a sober gravity; and, hastily rising from her seat, she staggered towards her husband and threw her arms round his neck.

"John — dear John — I will take tea — or water — whatever you like."

"O that you would only drink water!" groaned John, getting up on his legs, and mechanically stretching forth his right arm like an orator; for, on temperance themes, that greatest of all water-drinkers, the whale, was not more of a spouter, — "O that you would but drink water! The beverage of our first parents before they knew sin! The pure fluid of the founting! The dimond of the dessert! (he meant desert.) O that you would take to water, hard or soft, river or pump, plain or mineral, callybeat, or sulfurious."

"Or fly-water — or lau—lau—laurel water," muttered his perverse helpmate.

The Teatotaller dropped into his chair again as if he had been shot.

"I will, I WILL poison myself!" screamed the repentant woman, running and throwing herself at full length on the sofa, in a passion of grief, which at last subsided into a heavy sleep. But even in her slumbers, she continued to murmur of poison, arsenic, laudanum, oxalic acid, and "corrosive sublimity."

"And she will, too!" exclaimed the disconsolate husband, with a violent gesture of his right arm, as if he were dashing to the ground some bottle of deadly fluid, — "she will, too, in some of her low fits!"

For, as happens to all persons with the same unhappy failing, the physical excitement was succeeded by exhaustion and depression, — a "flow of spirits" by a flood of tears. Her most volatile flights always ended in a plunge in the Slough of Despond. What more likely than that, under the weight of bodily discomfort and mental anguish, from dejection and remorse, she would fulfil the dreadful threat?

"And she will, too!" repeated the poor Teatotaller, as he carefully searched the table-drawer and the cupboard, anxiously sniffing at every vial, and tasting every powder. But he only found a little Sal Volatile, some pounded rotten-stone, and a paper of common salt.

And nothing else?

Yes — a black bottle half full of some liquid which by the smell and taste he ascertained, at some risk to his pledge, to be very fine Pine-apple Rum.

"The horrid creature!" exclaims our She Rechabite, — whose nose, by the way, is of a deeper crimson than becomes her sober professions, though she may be an aquatic bird notwithstanding, as even the Water Hen has sometimes a very red beak, — "the horrid creature! such Silenuses are a disgrace to our sex!"

CHAPTER VII.

POOR Mr. Burrage! what a night he passed, — or rather what a night passed him, — for, could he have given it the go-by, most assuredly it would have been at a quicker pace.

The moment he closed his eyes in sleep, the image of his wife stood before him, with a large packet marked "Poison"

in one hand, and a great bottle labelled "Laudanum" in the other. He tried to snatch them from her; but from a stroke of that universal paralysis, so common in dreams, he was utterly powerless — helpless — speechless. A passive spectator, he could only look on at the dreadful tragedy enacted before him, in a succession of rash acts. For slowly, slowly, the wretched woman unfolded the packet and uncorked the vial, — then, deliberately, so deliberately that the operation seemed to occupy an age, she licked up the fatal powder, and next drank the deadly dose, taking after it an enormous white lump of what he understood by intuition to be sugar of lead. A strange imitation of the ordinary process of taking medicine — but dreams are often mere *parodies* of the realities of life.

All this while the Teatotaller made frantic efforts to arrest the suicidal deed — and if desperate *willing it* could have sufficed, according to the theory of the Magnetizers, he would certainly have mesmerized the visionary arms and hands of his partner into some stiff and safe attitude — but alas! the most intense volition would not even lift his own finger. No man ever intended more energetically to bawl out, but he could not even accomplish the squeak of a mouse; never was the Spirit of Determination so swaddled up in the Mummy of Imbecility!

In the mean time the features of the poisoned woman exhibited the most awful changes. Her face — at first of a cadaverous white, except the mouth, which was of an unnatural red — a face of dough with lips of sealing-wax — suddenly became flushed with crimson, that deepened into purple, and thence almost to black. Her eyes, one moment closed as if under the influence of the narcotic, at the next started wide open, and began protruding from her head like those of a snail — anon turning inwards, they disclosed nothing but the whites — and finally, mocking a catastrophe not uncommon to wax-dolls, dropped bodily into her head. As for her cheeks, they had attained to a frightful puffness; but, instead of being white or crimson, they were now discolored with dreadful blotches, blue, yellow, or green, and at last turning to large spots of a livid color with red edges, — like rounds of ship-beef.

It was a dismal sight! but how more so, when, suddenly falling on the floor, she became spasmodically convulsed, and

threw herself into more postures and contortions than any tumbler on the stage. But at last these ceased; and her body swelled prodigiously, — her head thrice the natural size. The death-rattle was heard in her throat — but with supernatural loudness — a white foam, afterwards bloody, oozed from her black lips; the eyes, returning to their sockets, rolled horribly — most horribly! and, after a long, deep-drawn sigh, she puffed into his face, as he bent over her, the last parting breath — smelling powerfully of pine-apple rum!

She was gone! — but no — she was not — for the shock to his nerves awoke the Teatotaller, — and turning on his pillow he saw his wife by his side — she was alive and breathing, and her face was of its natural complexion, — but her lips were moving, and, approaching his ear, he distinctly heard her murmur — "Yes — I will — I will take it."

"And did she, sir?"

My dear, curious Reader, — *she did.*

CHAPTER VIII.

The next morning the Teatotaller arose, and went to his occupation abroad, as usual, for he was the Co. of a small linen-drapery establishment in the City; but he was sadly unfit for business; as who could be otherwise, with his heart as heavy as a slack-baked loaf, his head as confused as mixed pins, his nerves as unstrung as the harp of Tara's halls, and altogether as unhinged as the Gates of Somnauth. In fact, he entered the shop with such a melancholy face, — as if he had forsworn even animal spirits, — that his partner inquired anxiously after his health.

"Why, middling, had a bad night;" but he did not add that he was having almost as bad a day from his waking dreams; nor that, from the perturbation of the optic nerves, the pink sprigs on the printed cotton before him seemed to be wriggling about like clusters of worms. There was a half-mourning chintz, too, with round black spots on it that rolled about, distressingly like *her* eyeballs.

"And how was Mrs. B.?" inquired the partner.

"Why, pretty well, thankee," as indeed she might be for all he knew; but alas! for all he knew, she might be, at that

very moment, as he had seen her in his vision, namely, with her whole frame drawn into an arch, only resting on the heels and the back of the head. She was, perhaps, even then swelling to that portentous bulk, with a head huge as three, and a face changing from pink to purple, like the shot silk in the window. He even seemed to smell — it might be the odor of the dye, from the stuffs and bombazines; but in his nostrils it was the smell of a narcotic associated with sleep everlasting.

In vain he tried to get rid of the gloomy impression; it clung to him like a wet garment, chilling him to his very soul. At sight you would have set him down, not a Teatotaller, but a confirmed drunkard; his hand shook so, he never snipped the linen with the scissors at the right nick; his eyes dazzled so, he offered puce-ribbons to match with snuff-color, and declared blue satin to be the best raven black. As for the bills, he could neither make them out nor sum them up correctly; he was too busy with the Bills of Mortality; and he invariably gave the wrong change. In short, to use a common phrase, his mind was poisoned, and, as a natural consequence, his thoughts were corroded, his fancies discolored and distorted, and Reason in a high delirium. As usual in such cases, his brain swarmed with horrible images; whilst the most trifling realities assumed a prophetic significance.

"What a frightful pattern!" exclaimed a maid-servant, as she turned over some remarkably cheap ginghams.

The Teatotaller glanced at the piece she pointed at, and thought so too, for it was sprinkled over with spots of *a livid color with red edges.*

"And that is not much better," said the girl, tossing aside a remnant of a *flesh-colored* ground, *blotched with yellow, green, and purple.*

"And that's wus," said the female, rejecting a third sample. "I don't see nothing I like;" and she proceeded to deposit her small purchases of pins and tape, and half a yard of flannel, in her basket, out of which she first took an article that either occupied too much room or would have endangered the rest — a bottle of some deleterious mixture for the flies, and marked "Poison," in large letters. The linen-draper shuddered at the sight, but attempted a grim pleasantry.

"Are you going to drink that, my dear?"

"No; it's for Missus."

"Good God!" ejaculated the Teatotaller, but under his breath, and hastily pushing three shillings and two penny pieces towards his customer, as the change out of her half crown, for he was almost crazy at the omnious coincidence: "It's meant, yes, it's meant for a warning." And snatching up his hat, without more notice or ceremony than if he had absconded with the till or the cash-box, he bolted out of the Emporium, and ran home, if it was a home, and to his wife, if he had a wife. Of which he had quite as many doubts as one could tie up in a yard of black crape.

CHAPTER IX.

Rap — rap — rap! — No one came to the door.

Ring — ding — ding! — Nobody answered the bell.

"My worst fears then are realized!" — but the conclusion was premature, for the door suddenly opened, whilst his hand again convulsively grasped the knocker, and pulled him into the passage. With trembling nerves, and a palpitating heart, he instantly rushed into the parlor; she was not there! Nor yet in the drawing-room! But her bonnet and shawl lay on the round table. His wife had been out! Perhaps to lay in a fresh stock of pine-apple rum, for he had made way with the bottle in the cupboard. Perhaps, dreadful thought! to purchase some or all of the deadly drugs she had threatened to swallow. With renewed alarm he hurried up stairs to the bedchamber, and threw open the door. Yes, thank Heaven! there she was, and alive, and without a blotch on her face. But he had yet his minor misgiving.

"Ellen, you have been out."

"Well, I know I have."

"To the King's Head."

"No, John, no; but no matter. You'll be troubled no more with my drinking."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean what I say, John," replied the wife, looking very serious, and speaking very solemnly and deliberately, with a strong emphasis on every word. "You — will — be — troubled — no — more — with — my — drinking — I HAVE TOOK IT AT LAST."

"I knew it!" exclaimed the wretched husband, desperately tossing his arms aloft, as when all is lost. "I knew it!" — and, leaving one coat flap in the hands of his wife, who vainly attempted to detain him, he rushed from the room, — sprang down the stairs, both flights, by two and three stairs at a time — ran along the passage, and without his hat or gloves, or stick, dashed out at the street-door, sweeping from the step two ragged little girls, a quartern loaf, a bason of treacle, and a baby. But he never stopped to ask if the children were hurt, or even to see whether the infant dripped with gore or molasses. Away he ran, like a rabid dog, straight forward, down the Borough, heedless alike of porter's load, baker's basket, and butcher's tray.

"I say," muttered the errand-boy as he staggered from the collision.

"Do that agin," growled the placard man, as he recovered the pole and board which had been knocked from his shoulder.

"Mind where you 're goin'," bawled a hawker, as he picked up his scattered wares; whilst a dandy, suddenly thrust into the kennel, launched after the runner one of those verbal missiles which are said to return, like the boomerang, to those who launch them.

But on, on, on scampered the Teatotaller, heedless of all impediments — on he scoured, like a he Camilla, to the shop, number 240, with the red, blue, and green bottles in the window, — the Chemist and Druggist's, into which he darted, and up to the little bald man at the desk, with barely breath enough left to gasp out "My wife!" "Poison!" and "Pump!"

"Vegetable or mineral?" inquired the Surgeon-Apothecary, with professional coolness.

"Both — all sorts — ladnum — assnick — oxalic acid — corrosive sublimity," — and the Teatotaller was about to add pine-apple rum, amongst the poisons, when the Doctor stopped him.

"Is she sick?"

"No," but remembering the symptoms overnight, the Teatotaller ventured to say, on the strength of his dream, that she was turning all manner of colors, like a rainbow, and swelling as big as a house.

"Then there is not a moment to lose," said the Esculapius,

and accordingly clapping on his hat, and arming himself with the necessary apparatus — a sort of elephantine syringe with a very long trunk — he set off at a trot, guided by the Teatotaller, to unpoison the rash and ill-fated bacchanalian, Mrs. Burrage.

"And did he save her?"

"My dear madam, be content to let that issue remain a little, and accumulate interest, like a sum in the Saving Bank.

CHAPTER X.

Now, when the Teatotaller, with the medical man at his heels, arrived at his own house, Mrs. Burrage was still in her bedroom; which was a great convenience, for before she could account for the intrusion of the stranger, nay, even without exactly knowing how it was done, she suddenly found herself seated — more zealously than tenderly or ceremoniously — in the easy-chair; and when she attempted to expostulate, she felt herself choking with a tube of something, which was certainly neither macaroni, nor stick-licorice, nor yet pipe-peppermint.

To account for this precipitancy, the exaggerated representations of her husband must be borne in mind; and if his wife did not exhibit all the dying dolphin-like colors that he had described, — if she was not yet quite so blue, green, yellow, or black as he had painted her, the apothecary made sure that she soon would be, and consequently went to work without delay, where delays were so dangerous.

Mrs. Burrage, however, was not a woman to submit quietly to a disagreeable operation, against her own consent; so with a vigorous kick and a push, at the same time, she contrived to rid herself at once of the doctor and his instrument, and indignantly demanded to know the meaning of the assault upon her.

"It 's to save your life — your precious life, Ellen," said the Teatotaller, very solemnly.

"It 's to empty the stomach, ma'am," said the doctor.

"Empty a fiddle," retorted Mrs. B., who would have added "stick," but the doctor, watching his opportunity, had dexter-

ously popped the tube again into her open mouth: not without a fresh scuffle from the patient.

"For the Lord's sake, Ellen," entreated the Teatotaller, confining her hand, "do, do, pray do sit quiet."

"Pob—wob—wobble," said Ellen. "Hub—bub—bub—bubble," attempting to speak with another pipe in her throat besides the windpipe.

"Have the goodness, ma'am, to be composed," implored the doctor.

"I won't," shouted Mrs. Burrage, having again released herself from the instrument by a desperate struggle. "What am I to be pumped out for?"

"O Ellen, Ellen," said the Teatotaller, "you know what you have taken."

"Corrosive salts and narcotics," put in the doctor.

"Assnic and corrosive sublimity," said the Teatotaller.

"Oxalic acid and tincture of opium," added the doctor.

"Fly-water and laurel-water," said Mr. Burrage.

"Vitriol, prussic acid, and aqua fortis," continued the druggist.

"I 've took no such thing," said the refractory patient.

"O Ellen, you know what you said."

"Well, what?"

"Why, that your drinking should never trouble me any more."

"And no more it shall!" screamed the wilful woman, falling, as she spoke, into convulsive paroxysms of the wildest laughter. "No more it shall, for I 've took —"

"What, ma'am; pray what?"

"In the name of Heaven! What?"

"Why then — I 've took the PLEDGE!"

MRS. PECK'S PUDDING.

A CHRISTMAS ROMANCE.

"THE disappointment will be dreadful," said Mrs. Peck, speaking to herself, and looking from the dingy floor, up the bare wall, at the blank ceiling. "But how to get one, Heaven only knows!"

It was the afternoon of the 24th of December. Christmas Day was at hand, and for the first time in her existence Mrs. Peck was without a plum-pudding. For years past she had been reduced in life; but never so reduced as that! She was in despair. Not that she particularly doted on the composition; but it was a sort of superstition with her that, if she failed to taste the dish in question on that festival, she should never again enjoy luck in this world, or perhaps in the next. It was a foolish notion: but many enlightened Christians cling religiously to similar opinions; for example, as to pancakes on Shrove Tuesday, or hot cross buns on a Good Friday. So with Mrs. Peck a plum-pudding on Christmas Day was an article of her faith.

Yes — she must have one, though it should prove but a dumpling of larger growth. But how? Buying was out of the question; she had not half a farthing in the house — a widow without a mite! — and stealing was not to be thought of — she must borrow or beg. Once arrived at this conclusion, she acted on it without delay. There were plenty of little emissaries at hand, in the shape of her own children, for the necessary errands — namely, Careful Susan, Dirty Polly, Greedy Charley, Whistling Dick, Little Jack, and Ragged Peter, so called from a fragment of linen that usually dangled behind him, like a ship's ensign from its stern.

"Children!" said Mrs. Peck, "I am going to have a Christmas plum-pudding."

At such an unexpected announcement, the children shouted, jumped about and clapped their skinny hands. But their mirth was of brief duration. Second thoughts, for once none of the best, soon reminded them that the cupboard was as bare as Mother Hubbard's; while the maternal pocket was equally empty. How the thing was to happen, therefore, they knew not — unless by some such fairy feat as sent black puddings tumbling down the chimney; or some such scriptural miracle as showered quails and manna in the Wilderness; or that one, which Greedy Charley remembered to have seen depicted in blue and white on a Dutch tile, of horned cattle and sheep coming down from heaven to St. Peter, in a monster bundle. But having vainly watched the hearths, the walls, and the ceiling, for a minute or so, they gave up all such extravagant expectations. The hopes of Ragged Peter were, like his nether garments, in tatters; and the dingy face of Dirty Polly looked darker than ever. There was a dead silence, at last broken by Little Jack.

"But, mammy, you have got no plums."

"And no flour," said Careful Susan.

"And no suet," said Dirty Polly.

"Nor no sugar," said Ragged Peter.

"And no almonds and orange-peel," said Greedy Charley.

"No eggs," said Careful Susan.

"And never a sarcepan," said Whistling Dick.

"As to almonds and orange-peel," said Mrs. Peck, "we must do without. Our pudding will be a very plain one. That is to say, if we get it at all, for there is not one ingredient in the house. We must borrow and beg; so get ready, all of you, to run on my errands."

"Let me go for the plums, mother," said Greedy Charley; but knowing his failing, she assigned to him to plead to Mr. Crop, the butcher, for a morsel of suet. Dirty Polly was to extract a few currants and raisins and some sugar, if she could, out of Mr. Perry, the grocer; Little Jack was to wheedle a trifle of flour from Mr. Stone, the baker; and Careful Susan was to get three eggs of Mrs. Saukins, who did mangling in her parlor and kept fowls in her cellar. Whistling Dick undertook to borrow a saucepan; and as Ragged

Peter insisted also on a commission, he was sent to hunt about the streets, and pick up a little orange-peel — candied, if possible.

As the children had no promenade dresses to put on, they were soon ready. Susan merely reduced the angles of her bonnet front to something of a semicircle; and Dirty Polly, with a single tug, made her short, scanty garment look a little more like a frock, and less like a kilt. She might, indeed, have washed her face, as Ragged Peter might have tucked in some dingy linen, with personal advantage; but as they were not going to a juvenile party, they waived the ceremony. Little Jack clapped on his crownless hat; Greedy Charley took his jew's-harp, the gift of a generous charity-boy; Whistling Dick set up his natural pipe; and away they went, in search of a pudding by instalments.

As soon as they were gone, Mrs. Peck, having made up the fire, washed her hands and arms very clean, and then seating herself at the round deal-table, with her elbows on the board, and her chin between her palms, began to calculate her chances of success. The flour, provided Mr. Stone, and not his wife, was in the shop, she made sure of. The fruit was certain — the suet was very possible — the eggs probable — the saucepan as good as in her own hand — in short, being of a sanguine temperament, she dreamed till she saw before her a smoking hot plum-pudding, of respectable size, and dappled with dark spots, big and little, like a Dalmatian dog.

In the mean time, Charley, twanging all the way on his jew's-harp, arrived at the butcher's, who was standing before the shop with his back to the road, admiring, as only butchers can admire, the rows of fat carcasses and prime joints on the tenter-hooks before him. Could that meat have known his sentiments concerning it, what proud flesh it would have been! Hearing a step behind him, and anticipating a customer, he turned round with the usual "What d'ye buy?"

"I have n't got no money to buy with," said Charley, "or else" — and looking round for the desired object, he pointed to it with his finger — "I 'd buy that ere lump of suet."

"And what do you want with suet?" asked the butcher.

"If you please, sir," replied Charley, "it 's for our pudding. But mother is out of money; so if you don't let her have that bit of suet, either on credit or for charity —"

"Well, what then?" said the butcher.

"Why then," said Charley, "it will be the first time in our lives that we 've gone without plum-pudding on this blessed festival."

The butcher was a big florid man, bloated and reddened, as persons of his trade are said to be, by constantly imbibing invisible beef-tea and mutton-broth, or as it is called, the smell of the meat. But, although thus appropriating by minute particles the flesh and fat of sheep, oxen, and pigs, he was far from becoming a brute. He cast a kindly glance at the poor boy, who looked sickly and ill-fed, and then a triumphant one at his halves and quarters, glorious with nature's red and white, and gay with sprigs of holly, suggesting the opportune reflection that Christmas comes but once a year.

"There — take it, boy — you 're welcome to it, gratis, by way of a Christmas-box — and my compliments of the season to your mother."

"So saying, he tossed the suet to Charley, who, forgetting in his joy to thank his benefactor, ran straight home with the treasure, as delighted as if he had just won the Prize Ox in a Beef-Union Lottery.

The success of Dirty Polly was less decisive. Before entering the grocer's shop, she took a long, longing look through the window, unconsciously nibbling at her own fingers, instead of those delicious Jordan almonds, and that crisp candied citron and orange-peel — and sucking in imagination at those beautiful Smyrna figs, and Damascus dates, and French plums, so temptingly displayed in round drums and fancy boxes, with frills of tinted paper round each compartment. And there, too, were the very articles she wanted — new currants from Zante — rich Malaga raisins, or of the sun, or sultanas — with samples of sugar of every shade and quality, from a fine light sand to a coarse dark gravel; but alas! all ticketed at impracticable rates, in obtrusive figures! The owner had marked a price on everything except the long twisted sticks of sugar-candy and the canes of cinnamon that leaned against the China figure. "Will he give anything away for nothing," she asked herself, "if I beg ever so?" The China mandarin nodded his head, and she stepped in.

The grocer himself was in the shop, in his snow-white apron, busily dusting, with a clean cloth, some imaginary impurities

from the polished counter. He was not a harsh man, but a particular one, scrupulously neat in his apparel, and cleanly in his person. The slovenly frock and grubby flesh of dirty Polly did not therefore prepossess him in her favor. He hastily took down a pair of dazzling bright scales and asked her what she wanted. But Polly was silent. She was haunted by those large black numerals, no figures of fun, but formidable to penniless poverty as giants with clubs. The grocer again inquired what she wanted.

"Why then, if you please, sir," said Polly, "it 's raisins, and currants, and brown sugar."

"How much of each?"

"As much, sir," replied Polly, dropping a low courtesy, "as you 'll please to give us."

"Pshaw!" said the grocer.

"It 's for a Christmas pudding," said Polly, beginning to whimper; "and if you don't take pity on us, we shall have none at all."

The grocer was silent, and turned away from her towards his shelves and canisters.

"Do, sir — pray do," said Polly, wringing her hands and beginning to cry, not much to the advantage of her looks, as the tears washed away the dirt in stripes; and still less when she wiped her cheeks and eyes with the skirt of a frock that was draggled with mud. Luckily the grocer's back was still turned, so that he did not see the grimy drops which fell on his bright mahogany.

"Pray, pray, pray — only a few plums and currants, and a little, a very little sugar," said Polly, between her sobs.

"There," said the grocer, turning suddenly round, and thrusting a square paper of something into her hand. "Take that, and tell your mother to make a good use of it."

In the eagerness of her joy, for the thing felt like a money-box, Dirty Polly hurried out of the shop, and sure in the absence of sugar and plums of the means of buying them, she ran home to her mother with the speed of a young heifer.

The next subject for experiment was Mr. Stone, the baker; but unfortunately Mr. Stone was from home, and his help-mate was at the desk in the shop, in charge of the pecks, quarterns, and half quarterns, the fancy twist, and the French

rolls. She was a little pale woman, with quick gray eyes, and a sharp-pointed nose, so sharp and pointed that she might have drilled with it the holes in the butter-biscuits. A glance at little Jack and the receptacle he carried informed her at once of his errand.

"Flour, eh? And in that odd thing!"

"Yes, ma'am," said little Jack. "When poor daddy was alive it was one of his double nightcaps; but mammy has turned it into a flour-bag by cutting off one end."

"A quartern, I suppose," said Mrs. Stone, going towards the large tin scale.

"If you please, ma'am," said Jack, "and be as good as not to let it be seconds or middlins, but the best flour."

"There then, child," said Mrs. Stone, holding out one hand with the full bag, and the other for the money.

"There 's no money, ma'am," said little Jack. "Mammy 's not got any. The flour is n't to be paid for."

"No, no — that won't do," said Mrs. Stone; "I'm not going to book it."

"We don't want you to," said Little Jack.

"You don't?" exclaimed Mrs. Stone.

"No, ma'am," said little Jack. "I'm begging, ma'am, — it 's for charity."

"In that case," said Mrs. Stone, deliberately returning the flour into the great tin scale, "charity begins at home." So saying, she tossed the empty nightcap into the blank face of the urchin, who, beginning to cry, and having nothing else to wipe his eyes with, made use of the flour-bag, which soon converted his woe into dough.

"It 's for our Christmas pud—pud—pudding," he blubbered. "We only had a very tiddy one last year, and now there won't be none at all."

"A Christmas fiddlestick!" exclaimed Mrs. Stone. "Here, come hither, you little wretch, and I will give you something worth all the creature comforts in the world."

"Is it good to eat?" asked little Jack.

"To eat!" cried Mrs Stone, with upraised hands and eyes. "O, belly gods! belly gods! belly gods!" — a singular exclamation enough for a woman who sold fancy bread and took in bakings. "When will the poor leave off hankering after the flesh-pots of Egypt?"

"I don't know," said little Jack.

"No, but your mother might!" retorted Mrs. Stone. "A quartern of flour indeed! When will she ask for heavenly manna?"

"Perhaps she will," said Jack, "arter she's finished her pudding."

"There again!" exclaimed Mrs. Stone, "nothing but gluttony. But come this way;" — and she led little Jack into the parlor, behind the shop, where she first unlocked her bureau, and then opened a private drawer. "There!" she said, thrusting a paper parcel into his tiny hand — "there's spiritual food — go home, and tell your mother to feed you well with it."

Little Jack took the gift with the best bow he could make. To be sure it was not flour, but the packet might contain Embden grotts, which was better than nothing, and he was fond of gruel; so he made the best of his way home, not quite so well pleased as Greedy Charley, or Dirty Polly, but better satisfied than Careful Susan.

She had picked her way through the dirt to Mrs. Saukins's, before whose door a spangled bantam, with a magnificent red comb and wattles, was strutting about, cocksure of possessing the handsomest feather-trousers in the whole parish; and responding at intervals with a screeching chuckle to a more distant cackle in the cellar. Accepting the hint of this bird of good omen, Susan at once ascended the steps, and walking into the mangling parlor, explained her wants to the proprietor.

"By all means," said Mrs. Saukins. "Three eggs — yes, certainly — I'll fetch 'em directly — warranted new-laid — hark! there's Polly Phemus."

"Polly who?" said Susan.

"Polly Phemus. I give female names to all my hens; and know every one by her voice. Yes, that's her — black with a white tuft — a Polish everlasting layer — she's in her nest, in the old candle-box up in the dark corner. Well — three eggs — I think you said three? — Yes, certainly — you shall have them warm, as I may say, from the hen."

"Thankee, ma'am," said Susan. "Mother can't pay for them now, but she will out of her very first money."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Saukins. "That alters the

case. I'm very sorry to deny — but eggs is eggs now, and the new-laid uns fetches tuppence apiece. Besides, it's not the season, and my poultry don't lay."

"*Kuk-kuk-kuk-a-larcock!*" cried the hen in the cellar.

"*Larcock!*" echoed the spangled bantam.

"No, they don't lay!" said the unblushing Mrs. Saukins. "And if they did, my fowls pay ready money for their barley, and can't afford to give credit."

"Then you won't let us have them?" said Susan.

"It's unpossible," said Mrs. Saukins. "My poultry has suffered such bad debts already. If they once knew I booked, they'd turn pale in the combs, and leave off laying directly. They've done it afore — yes — often and often. I'm very sorry, I'm sure — and if it was anything else — for example, a little mangling —"

"You're very kind," said Susan, "but we've got no linen. So you won't oblige us with the eggs?"

"Dear me, no — I said no," replied Mrs. Saukins. "My poultry is my partner, and would dissolve directly. Their terms for new-laid is tuppence apiece, cash down, or three for sixpence. That's the lowest; but to a friend I'd venture to go so far as to give one in — that one there, in the little moss basket in the window. To be sure the flies has spotted it a little, till it looks more like a thrush's, but it's a hen's — and as fresh a one as ever was broke in a basin."

"But I haven't got sixpence," said Susan.

"The more's the pity," said Mrs. Saukins, "for my hens is imperative. My mangle sometimes accommodates with credit, but my poultry won't. Birds is so cunning, and my fowls in particular. I do really believe they would know a bad shilling from a good one."

"But mother promises faithfully to pay," said Susan.

"No, no," said Mrs. Saukins. "My poultry won't take promises. They know pence from piecrust — you might offer them a bushel of promises, and promissory notes besides, without getting an egg out of them — but only show them the money, and they go off to their nests and lay like lambs."

"There goes our pudding, then!" said Susan, in a tone of deep dejection.

"Do you mean a Christmas pudding — a plum one?" inquired Mrs. Saukins.

"I do," replied Susan. "It will be the first time that we have missed having one, and mother will feel it dreadfully. It 's quite a religious point with her."

"Well, that 's lucky!" exclaimed Mrs. Saukins; "for if I can't oblige with the eggs for a pudding, I can favor with a receipt for making one — rich, yet economical."

"I would rather have the eggs," thought Susan; but as the pudding promised to be anything but a rich one, and the recipe professed to be a cheap one, she thought it prudent to take advantage of the offer. Accordingly, the document having been transcribed, she put the copy in her pocket, and returned home; the least satisfied of all the foraging party with the result of her expedition.

Ragged Peter, it is true, had failed equally in his search for orange-peel. Whether some elderly lady or gentleman had stepped on a piece, at the cost of a compound fracture, and so had sharpened *pro tempore* the vigilance of the police, or whether it had become the fashion to eat the rind with the fruit, there was not a morsel of it to be picked up, candied or uncandied. But to make amends for this disappointment, in passing along a street at the West End, the ragged boy had the good luck to be espied by a personage who had before time noticed him, on account of some fancied resemblance to a deceased nephew. Peter's eyes twinkled with joy as he recognized his old acquaintance in his splendid livery; and the more from remembering that at their last meeting he had been presented with some of the requisites for a plum-pudding. He crossed the road, therefore, with alacrity, in compliance with the friendly signal from the powdered gentleman at the open street door.

The porter was a very tall and very portly man, with a very convex chest, and a very stiff frill projecting from it, from top to bottom, like a palisade to keep off all intruders on his heart or bosom. Nor was there anything very promising to poor boys in general in his livery, blue turned up with red, and trimmed with gold lace, making him look merely a free translation of a parish beadle. Nevertheless the porter was a good-natured fellow; and his glance was genial, and his voice was kindly, as he accosted the ragged child.

"Well, young un! Where now? — Do you remember me?"

"Yes, sir," said Peter, with a cheerful smile. "You give me once a pocket full of almonds and reasons."

"Ah, that was after our dinner-party," said the porter. "I've none to-day."

Peter sighed, and was turning away from the steps, — a movement that exhibited the dilapidations in his rear, — when he was recalled by the same friendly voice. Peter stopped.

"Stay here till I come back." And the gentle giant went inwards, whence he presently returned with a bundle, which he placed in Peter's arms. "There, take that — it's good stuff — and tell your mother to do her best with it."

"We shall have a pudding, anyhow," thought Peter, not doubting that the bundle of good stuff had been made up by contributions from the cook and housekeeper; wherefore, spluttering some broken thanks to the porter, he ran home, with his rags fluttering in the wind, as fast as he could scamper.

The last of the adventurers was Whistling Dick. To the tune of "O where, and O where," he had successively visited the whole of his mother's friends and acquaintance — no great number in all, as often happens to a widow with a limited income — but from nobody could he obtain a loan of the indispensable culinary utensil. One had lent her saucepan already; another had burnt a hole in it; a third had it on the fire with the family dinner; a fourth had pawned it, but his mother was welcome to take it out; and a fifth, an Irishwoman, had never had any saucepan at all except the frying-pan.

"I do believe," said Dick, "if there is such things as saucepans in kitchens, they have all asked for a holiday, like the servants, and gone out for a day's pleasure."

At last he gave up the search in despair, and was walking slowly homewards, when his attention was attracted by a tapping at a parlor-window. He looked up, and recognized over the Venetian blind the three faces of the young Masters Britton, who had once called him into the house to whistle to them.

"Who knows," thought Dick, "if I am invited in again, but I may make friends with the cook, and so get the lend of a saucepan?"

But the hope was fallacious. He was indeed asked in; but the moment he mentioned the object of his expedition, and

confessed his design on the kitchen, the youngsters, one and all, declared that the thing was impossible. Their mamma was out, and the cook was such a termagant, and, that morning particularly, in so fierce a temper, that he might as well confront a fiery dragon. But what did he want with a saucepan?

"To bile our puddin in," said Dick. "It's Christmas time, you know; and we don't like to miss keepin it."

At the mention of Christmas and keeping it, the young Brittons withdrew into a corner, and held a whispered consultation, which seemed a long one, before they broke up, and clustered again round their *protégé*.

"Do you ever play at a round game?" inquired Master John.

"Sometimes," answered Dick. "Only I harn't got a hoop."

The young Brittons looked in some perplexity at each other.

"You know what counters are, don't you?" asked Master William.

"Yes," replied Dick; "they nail bad ha'pence to them."

The young Brittons were again disconcerted by this answer.

"He don't understand us," observed Master William.

"Give it him at once," said Master Benjamin.

Thus instructed, Master John advanced close up to Dick, and poked something into his hand, which the receiver thoroughly looked at, and then in turn at each of the young gentlemen.

"It's to play with," said Master John.

"You'll find it very amusing," said Master William.

"But you must whistle us a tune for it," said Master Benjamin.

Dick immediately complied, and struck up "Sich a gettin up Stairs," but rather dolefully: he would have preferred a good-sized, well-tinned saucepan to the thing in his hand, or all the toys in the world. However, a trifle is better than nothing; so, thrusting it into his pocket, he took leave of the young gentlemen, and returned home, whither we will follow him.

The Widow Peck has been described as a woman of san-

guine disposition. We left her sitting with her elbows on the table, and her chin between her hands, with a dreamy steamy plum-pudding in all its glory before her — a vision not at all dispelled by the arrival of Greedy Charley with a real substantial lump of suet. He was closely followed by Dirty Polly, but, alas! without those conical paper bags associated with sugar and spice, and all that is nice, in grocery.

"What! no raisins — no currants — no sugar — no nothing!"

"Yes, — that!" said Dirty Polly, throwing her packet on the table; "and you 're to make a good use of it."

The mother caught up the packet, and impatiently tearing off the envelope, in a faint voice proclaimed the contents.

"A square of yellow soap!"

"A square of yellow soap!" repeated both of the children.

"I should like to know of Heaven," said the widow, holding up the article towards the ceiling, "how I am to use *that* in a pudding!" But Heaven made no answer.

"It 's for washing my face with!" cried Dirty Polly, very indignantly. "I saw him stare at me!"

"Well, there can't be a plum-pudding without plums," said the widow, looking the very picture of despair. But her lamentations were cut short by the entrance of Little Jack: he had brought the flour, of course.

"No, mammy," said Jack, "I've got no flour at all; but there 's grits.'

"Grits!" exclaimed the widow. "Who wants grits?" But the case, when opened, appeared even worse. "Grits indeed! It 's a parcel of religious tracks!"

"It a'n't my fault," said little Jack, blubbering, and again having recourse to the old nightcap for want of a handkerchief. "It was Mrs. Stone's. She said it was for spiritous food, and I thought she meant gruel, with rum in it."

"Well, well," said the widow, forgetting, mother-like, her own troubles in the grief of her little one. "Don't cry. We shall, perhaps, have a pudding yet — who knows? Susan, maybe, will have better luck."

As she spoke, Susan stepped into the room, and walking gravely up to the table, began to search under her frock.

"Why, in Mercy's name!" exclaimed the alarmed widow,

"what is the girl fumbling at! You surely have not brought the eggs in your pocket?"

"I have n't brought the eggs in anything," said Susan, still groping among her petticoats.

"No! Then what *have* you brought?"

"A receipt for a plum-pudding."

"A receipt!" screamed the excited widow, — "a receipt! Why it 's the only thing I don't want! I can write a receipt myself. Take a pound of suet, a pound of currants, a pound of plums — but how am I to take 'em? Where 's my materials!"

"Here they are, mother," shouted the well-known voice of ragged Peter, as he bounded into the room and threw a good-looking bundle on the table. "There 's the materials!"

"Then we 're in luck after all!" said the widow, nervously tugging at the knots of the old handkerchief, which suddenly gave way and allowed the materials to unfold themselves.

"O Lord! O cri! O criminy!" ejaculated Peter and Charley and little Jack, the girls using similar interjections of their own.

"Hold me!" cried the widow, "lay hold of me or I shall run away. I 'm going off my head — I 'm half crazy — take 'em out of my sight! — A pair of old red plushes!"

"I thought," whined Peter, "they was things from the pantry. But that comes of turning my back to the porter and exposing my rags. I wish, I do, that I was all front!"

"There 's Dick," exclaimed Susan; "I hear his whistle in the distance. I wonder if he has got the saucepan!"

"O, of course we shall have that," said the widow with great bitterness: repeated disappointments had brought her to the mood for what she called arranging Providence. "Yes, we shall have the saucepan, no doubt, just because we 've nothing to put in it." She was wrong. In another minute Dick was standing amongst his brothers and sisters, but empty-handed.

"Why, bless the boy! He has n't brought the saucepan after all!"

"No," said Dick, — "nor even a tin-pot. But I 've brought this," and he chucked his present on the table.

"As I live!" cried the widow, — "it 's an ivory totum!"

"Yes," said Dick. "It was given me by the young Brittons. They seemed to think as we had no pudding, we should like to divert our hungers."

"Divert a fool's head!" cried the poor widow, throwing herself back in her chair, and laughing hysterically. "The world's gone mad! — the world's gone mad, and everybody is crazy! The more one wants anything, the more they give one something else — and the more one don't want anything, the more they force it upon you! Here am I, going to make a plum-pudding — or rather wanting to make one — and what have I got towards it?"

"A lump of suet!" muttered Charley.

"Yes, that's something," said the widow. "But what else — tell me, what else have I got towards my pudding? Why, a square of yellow soap — a bundle of tracks — a written receipt — a pair of red plushes, — and a tetotum!"

The circle of children, down-hearted as they were, could not forbear a titter at the idea of the comical pudding to be made of such ingredients; but their mirth was speedily damped by the tears of their mother.

"It's all over," she said, "and Christmas must go by without its pudding! What will come of it, Lord knows! Once break through a religious rule, and who knows the consequence? There was your poor father and me: every wedding-day in our lives, as sure as it came round, we made a point to have pickled streaky pork and pea-pudding, the same as at our nuptials; but one year somehow or another we missed — and in less than a week after he was called away."

"And why, mammy," asked little Jack, "why did n't you die too, then?"

The widow, doubtless, would have answered this artless question; but unfortunately she was seized with such a violent fit of coughing as almost took away her breath. At last she recovered, rather suddenly, and assumed the attitude of a listener.

"Hush! there 's somebody tapping at the door."

The children immediately rushed to the latch, and let in a tall thin man, in black clothes and green spectacles, with an umbrella in one hand, and a red book in the other. A glance at the breast of his coat confirmed the widow's worst fears;

an inkhorn with a pen in it was dangling from one of the buttonholes.

"If it 's rates or taxes," she said, "you must seize at once — for I have n't a farthing."

The man in black made no answer, but kept prying through his green glasses at the circle of young faces, and at length fixed upon Dick.

"Did n't I see you, my lad, looking in at the window of a cookshop?"

"Yes," answered Dick, "and you asked me about the family, and if we was n't in distress."

"Very good," said the man in black. "And you replied that you were in very deep distress indeed."

"Yes, for a sarcepan," said Dick.

"It was to boil our Christmas pudding," said the widow. "But we have n't got one, sir, nor no hopes of one."

"Very good," said the man in black. "I am a Perambulating Member of the District Benevolent Visitation Society, and am come to relieve your wants."

"You are very good, I 'm sure," said the widow, quite flustered by such moral plunges from hot to cold, and then to hot again. "As you say, sir, I have seen better days," — though how or when the gentleman said so was known only to herself. "Yes, for twenty years I have been a householder, and up to this time have never missed celebrating my Christmas in a respectable way. And I do own it would go nigh to break my heart."

"Very good, very good," said the man in black, busily writing in the red book, from which he eventually tore out a leaf, that he folded up and presented to the widow.

"There 's an order, ma'am, for what you want."

"The Lord in heaven bless you!" cried the widow, starting up from her chair, with a first impulse to throw herself on the good man's neck; and a second one, to go down on her knees to him; but which she checked just as the genuflection arrived at the proper point for a very profound courtsey.

"O, sir! — but I 'm too full to speak. Yet, if the prayers of a widow and six fatherless children — "

"Very good, very good, very good," said the man in black, waving off the six ragged dirty, grateful fatherless children,

who wanted to hug and kiss him — and shuffling as fast as he could to the door, through which he bolted more like a detected swindler than a professed Samaritan.

"Well, that comes of trusting to Providence," said the widow, quite forgetting a recent lapse, the least in the world, towards atheism. "Come, children, sing 'O be joyful,' for we have got our pudding at last."

The children needed no further hint; but at once joined hands, and began dancing round the table, as if the grand object of their hopes had been already smoking in the middle — Dick whistling "Merrily danced the Quaker's wife," as loud and fast as he could rattle it, whilst the mother ecstatically beat time with her head and foot. At last they were all out of breath.

"There, that will do," said the widow. "Now then, some of you put on your hats and bonnets to fetch the things; for, of course, it 's an order on the baker and the grocer."

"It 's an order," said Careful Susan, reading very deliberately the paper which she had taken from her mother's passive hand, — "an order for six yards of flannel."

"Flannin!"

"Yes, flannel."

The widow snatched the paper; glanced at it; threw it from her; and dropped into her chair; not as if for a temporary rest, but as though she would fain have sunk through the bottom of it, and right through the floor, and down through the foundation of the house, and six foot of earth beneath, for a quiet grave.

In a moment she had six comforters at her neck; not woollen ones, but quite as warm and more affectionate, though their loving assiduities were repelled.

"Don't hang on me — don't! And don't tell me to hope, for I won't! I can't be consoled! So don't come nigh me — no, not even if you see me fainting away — for I 'm grown desperate, like an over driv beast, and don't know what I may commit!"

The panic-stricken children instinctively backed into a distant semicircle, and fixing their eyes on their parent, as if she had really been the enraged animal she had described, awaited in awful silence her next words. At last they came in a fierce, harsh voice.

"Wipe Jackey's nose."

A brother and sister on either hand of the little one immediately performed the desired office; and then trembling waited the next command.

"Tear up that devilish paper!"

Susan immediately picked up the unfortunate order, but as she hesitated, with her usual prudence, to destroy what was equivalent to six yards of flannel, Dirty Polly snatched the paper from her, and tore it up as small as she could mince it.

"I have hoped as long as I could," cried the widow, suddenly starting to her feet, "but now I give up! When bad luck sets in that way, blow upon blow, it 's for good. We shall never prosper again — never, never, never! We 're a ruined family, root and branch — and if it was not for the sin, I 'd wish nothing better at this blessed moment than to have you all six tied round my waist, enjoying a Serpentine death!"

At this horrible picture, which the speaker dramatized by frantically throwing up her arms, as at the fatal plunge, and then letting herself sink gradually, by a sort of courtsey, as if subsiding into the mud, the poor devoted children set up a general howl; and then broke into a series of sobbings and ejaculations, only checked by the opening of the door and the entrance of another stranger.

If the former visitor resembled a tax-gatherer, his successor hardly made a more favorable impression on the widow, from whom, had he asked the same question as the Baronet in the Poor Gentleman, "Do I look like a bailiff?" he would probably have received the same answer — "I don't know but you do." He had no red book in his hand, and no inkhorn at his buttonhole; but he carried a very formidable bludgeon, and wore a very odd wig, and a very broad-brimmed hat, as much on one side as a yacht in a squall. Altogether there was such an air of disguise about him, that if not a bailiff, he was certainly, as the next best guess, a policeman in plain clothes.

"I believe, ma'am," said the stranger, "you have just had a visit from an agent of a Benevolent Society?"

"Yes, and be hanged to him!" thought the widow; "and perhaps you 're another!" but she held her tongue. The

stranger, therefore, repeated his question to Susan, as the eldest of the children, and was answered in the affirmative.

"I knew it," said the stranger. "And he asked if you were not in distress; and you said that you were, and he told you he was come to relieve it."

"Yes, with six yards —" burst from several voices.

"Hush — hold your little tongues! I know it all — with an order for six yards of flannel — was n't it so? Six yards of flannel for a Christmas pudding — ha! ha! ha!"

The children would have laughed too, but they were afraid. The stranger had suddenly turned into a conjurer, who knew their thoughts and wishes.

"You are right indeed, sir," said the widow. "He called himself by some hard name."

"Yes, an ambulating member," said the stranger, "of the District Visitation. I know them well. Six yards of flannel — just like them. That 's their way. There was poor Biddy Hourigan, an Irish Catholic, ma'am — they visited her, too, and found her in deep distress, not about a pudding though, but because she had not a farthing in the world to get her husband out of purgatory. And how do you think, ma'am, they relieved a poor soul in purgatory? Why, with a bushel of coals!"

"Is it possible?" exclaimed the widow; adding, in the simplicity of her heart, "that perhaps it was in the winter?"

"No, ma'am, there 's no winter *there*," said the stranger. "But to business. You have seen better days."

The poor widow cast a piteous glance at the bare walls and rickety furniture of her humble dwelling.

"You have been a housekeeper many years in this parish," continued the stranger, "and have been accustomed all your days to a plum-pudding at Christmas; and you cannot bear to go without it — hush! not a word! — I know it all by sympathy. I like myself to keep up old customs — better, most of them, than the new ones."

"They are, indeed," said the widow, shaking her head. "But if it is not a liberty, may I ask, sir, if you belong to any Society yourself?"

"Why, yes, ma'am," said the stranger. "In one sense, I do — namely, the Universal Society of Human Nature. But if you mean such as the District Visitation, I do not. I tread

in their steps, it is true, but it is to do what they leave undone. Their ambulators serve me for pointers to find my birds."

"And a noble sort of sporting, if ever there was one!" exclaimed the widow, with enthusiasm. "It's a thousand pities more rich people don't take out licenses, and follow the same game."

"It is, indeed, a thousand pities, ma'am," said the stranger; "and a thousand shames to boot. In this motley world of ours, some people have their happiness cut thick, and buttered on both sides; and some have it thin, and no butter at all. As one of the former class, it's my duty to bestow some of my greasy superfluity on my poorer fellow-creatnres. But what are all those heterogeneous articles on the table, neither eatables nor drinkables — have you been visited, ma'am, by half a dozen Societies?"

The widow, with the help of her family, related their adventures in search of a pudding, at the end of which the stranger laughed so long and immoderately, and choked, and got so black in the face, that the children shrieked in chorus for fear he should go to heaven before his time. But ready-made angel as he was, heaven spared him a little longer by letting him come to; at which, however, instead of seeming overjoyed, he looked very grave, and shook his head, till the widow feared he had "bust a vessel."

"Too bad," he said at last, "too bad of me to laugh at such distress. I must make amends on the spot — and the best way will be to make you all, if I can, as merry as myself. There, ma'am" — and he placed in the widow's hand a purse, through the green meshes of which she perceived the glitter of sovereigns, like gold-fish among weeds. "Properly laid out, that money will purchase all the requisites for a Christmas plum-pudding, and some odd comforts and clothing besides. Hush — no words, I guess them all by sympathy! Only a shake of the hand all round, and a kiss from the little one. There! Be good boys and girls! God bless you all! Good by!"

The children watched the exit of the generous stranger till the last bit of him had disappeared, and then, as if "drowned in a dream," still continued gazing on the door.

"He was a real gentleman!" cried Dick.

"A saint! a saint!" exclaimed Mrs. Peck, "a real saint

upon earth — and I took him for a bailiff! but no matter. He don't know it, that 's one comfort; and if he did, such an angelical being would forgive it. But come, children, what are you all staring at? Why don't you huzza now, as you did afore, and whistle, and take hands, and dance round the table? Vent yourselves how you like — only don't quite pull the house down — for we 've got a Christmas Pudding at last!"

THE MASONIC SECRET.

AN EXTRAVAGANZA.

CHAPTER I.

It shall all out!

"If it does, I 'll be chiselled!" cries a burly Mason, flourishing the very tool that gave rise to the verb."

"Stop his mouth with mortar!" shouts a fellow of the association, called Free, perhaps from being associated with freestone.

"Sew it up like a ferret's," squeaks a Cross-Legged Knight, — in common parlance a Tailor.

"Pitch into him, like bricks," roars an Apprentice, of the ancient Babylonian order of Builders.

"Give him a clod with your hod," bellows an Irish Laborer in the Lodge of Harmony.

"Pitch him off the Mysterious Ladder!" puts in a member of the same masonry, renowned for making wooden tombstones.

"Throw the lime in his eyes!"

"Brain him with the mallet!"

"Stab him with the compasses!"

"Square at him!"

"Level him!"

"Dig into him with the trowel!"

"Lay a first stone on him," suggests a noble Grand Master, who has officiated at such a ceremony, and is as proud by the way of laying the stone — as if he had hatched the building.

"Split him!" ejaculates a Grand Warden — of course a repeal one.

"Bite him!" growls a Purple Badger.

"Worry him!" snarls a Blue ditto.

"Let 's strangle him with our apron-strings —"

"Or give him the sledge-hammer!" puts in a Master Tyler, a descendant, of course, of the famous Wat.

"Over the bridge with him —" cries a Grand Arch.

"Into my barge!" shouts a Master of the Craft.

"Hit him in the Temple!" says a Brother in Solomon's spectacles.

"Hang him!" screams one of the "Mystic Tie."

"Peek out his eyes — and reep up his sanguinary poitrine!" mutters a foreign member of the Eagle and Pelican.

"Whip him with the Rod of Moses!" recommends a Jewish convertite.

"Na, na; wi' the Triple *Taws!*" whispers a masonic Scotchman.

"Stone him! stone him!" shrieks a member of the Lodge of St. Stephen.

"Pitch him down the 'Winding Staircase' —"

"And out of the House of Humanity beyond its Porch and Pillars!"

"Beyond the Pales of Society."

"And its 'Geometrical Gate,'" says the masonic keeper of that Lodge, commonly called the Porter's."

"Kick him! Stick him! Bother him! Smother him! Hit him! Split him! Throttle him! Bottle him! Pound him! Confound him! Drat him! Go at him! Floor him! Score him! Scrag him! Gag him! Thrash him! Smash him! Walk into him! Run him through!" That 's plain English, at any rate.

"Gouge him! Tar and feather him! Lynch him! Bark him! Mark him! Chaw him up! Be worse than a bear to him, and lick him into no shape at all!" — That 's American!

"Boke his bipe down his windbipe!" — That 's German.

"Break him on one wheel! Blow his head off at one blow! A la lanterne!" — That 's French. "Let him look through the little window of Saint Guillotine."

"Knout him!" — That 's Russian.

"Cow-hide him; and let the flies blow his wounds!" — That 's Brazilian.

"Shackle him; tackle him; barrel him up, and overboard with him!" — That 's Portuguese.

"Rack him! Thumb-screw him!" — That 's Spanish.

"Put him into the iron boots." — That 's Scotch.

"Poison him by instalments!" — That 's Italian.

"Kill him entirely; and twice over!" — That 's Irish, of course.

"Cut off his eyelids — boil him in oil — broil him on a gridiron — crucify him head downwards — drench him with melted lead — blow him away from a gun — starve him — roll him in a hogshead of cutlery — flay him alive — roast him at a slow fire — tear him in pieces by wild horses — give him a bed of steel — impale him — scalp him — bastinado him — cold press him — flog him — picket him — put him into solitary confinement — send him to the tread-mill — tie a tight-rope round his forehead — bake him in a brazen bull — throw him into a vault with adders and scorpions — cast him into the lion's den — bury him alive — keelhaul him — make him walk the plank!"

[Merciful Heaven! How many personal inconveniences and bodily discomforts have human creatures invented for each other? What bitter draughts and cruel operations, as a set-off against the charitable prescriptions and benevolent inflictions of medicine and surgery!]

"Choke him! Break his jaw! Tear his tongue out with pincers! Silence him with the poker! Stop his mouth with the tablecloth! Gag him with a red-hot respirator!"

"Build him up in a wall!" — That should be the voice of a Mason, at any rate.

But no matter; the Bag is my own, if the Cat is n't. I was never sworn to secrecy; and so out it shall come, whoever gets clawed for it!

CHAPTER II.

"Mercy on us!" ejaculates Fear, his lank locks stiffening into a hairbrush, or more like a hearth-broom, his knees knocking together, his jaws clattering like castanets, and shattering every word into broken English. "Would you really dare to disclose the Free-Mason's secret? Consider what an

ancient body they are — as old as Adam and Eve — at least, when they wore aprons. And then such architects! some say they built the Pyramids, and Stonehenge, let alone Solomon's Temple."

"Yes, as much as Mr. Pecksniff did!"

"Hush! pray hush; walls have ears, you know. For my part, if there 's any men I 'm afraid of, it 's the Free-Masons. They certainly do know more than other people. For instance, there 's the toad in a hole —"

"What, the batter-pudding?"

"No; but a toad in the very middle of a block of stone or marble, where he has been for a thousand years, and as brisk as ever. How he got there, or lived so long without food, nobody knows, unless it 's the Masons. Some think it 's their Secret."

"Then I should like to know it, for it 's the cheapest style of boarding and lodging in the world."

"Hush! don't joke. There 's perhaps a Brother listening. Who knows? They 're very mysterious. Let 's whisper. Did you ever read of the Secret Assassins and the Vehme Gericht?"

"Yes, in 'Anne of Gierstein.'"

"Humph! then you know what I mean. Come closer; still closer. There *was* a man, I 've heard — an American — who blabbed the Secret, and was never seen or heard of afterwards. Never!"

"But that story was denied."

"Well, it may have been, but I believe it. At any rate, if they don't take one's life, they can save or spare it. There was a story in the last 'Freemason's Quarterly Review' — stop, here it is: —

"Many have probably heard of the French officer in the battle of Waterloo, who was so badly wounded that he was unable to keep up with his regiment; and in that situation was discovered by a Scotch Highlander of the British army; who, with his blood-stained weapon drawn, his teeth clenched, and his eyes flashing fire, put spurs to his horse, and galloped up to despatch him; but just as he was on the point of striking the fatal blow, the officer gave a Masonic sign of distress — it was well understood by the Scotsman, whose giant arm was immediately unnerved, love and sympathy were depicted in his countenance; and, as he turned his horse to ride off, was heard to say, 'The Lord bless and protect thee, my Brother!'"

"There, what do you think of it?"

"Why, I think there was something very inconsistent in the affair; that the two professions are quite incompatible with each other. A Mason-Soldier is as great an anomaly as a Fighting Quaker; nay, of the two, the 'brain-spattering, windpipe-slitting art' must become a Brother even less than a Friend. And, besides, it is too like 'Exclusive Dealing.' As a lover of fair play, I cannot admire the bestowing the mercy and benediction on one head, and the curse and the sabre on another; for, of course, the next poor Frenchman who could not give the sign was carved into Scotch collops."

"Hush — hush — pray speak lower. I'm all of a tremble."

"Pshaw! let the whole world hear me. I say, a Mason ought not to be in such a scene at all. I think I see him with his teeth clenched — his eyes flashing fire — hewing — slashing — stabbing — running a poor fellow Christian clean through the body with a 'There! Take that, from a Brother of the Lodge of Benevolence!'"

"Pray — pray — not so loud."

"Nonsense! let me finish my picture. Down goes the Frenchman, of course — a victim to Universal Philanthropy. But he is not quite dead — he breathes — he moves — he groans, kicks, and writhes in agony, making a hundred natural signs of distress, if not the masonic one — when fortunately he is perceived by one of an order devoted to works of mercy — a Sister of Charity — who hastens to his relief — but no — by Jove! she finishes him!"

"What! kills him!"

"Yes — and why not? Where a Brother of Benevolence thrusts his sword, a Sister of Charity may surely poke her scissors."

CHAPTER III.

But the Secret!

"The Secret — the Secret!" cry a thousand daughters of Eve, not degenerated from their great first parent in the article of curiosity.

"The Secret!" shout five hundred Paul Prys, quite as in-

quisitive as if they wore petticoats, and went mystery-hunting in bonnets and pattens.

"The Secret — the Secret — the Secret!" scream ten thousand of both sexes, who as boys and girls in their provincial towns have trotted till dog-tired after the masonic processions — not more delighted with the music, the banners, the scarves, and aprons, and the glittering emblems of the craft, than astounded by the stupendous dignity of Mr. Gubbins, and the supernatural solemnity of young Griggs. Well do I remember wearing out a pair of my own little shoes with tagging after the Stoke Pogis Lodge of Ancient Druids, every man of them looking at the least a conjurer, and the Grand Master like a very King Solomon! No wonder Widow Drury called on him the very next morning to beg him to unbewitch her red cow — and to find out, by his Bible and compasses who had stolen her black pig! "Ize warrant," said she, "he knows more secrets than one!"

"Yes, yes, the Secret — the Secret!" bellows out the whole herd of the curious — "that 's what we want!"

No doubt. And so did Mrs. Stringer when she drove her husband, by her curiosity, into the other world. In vain the poor man pleaded his oath to his lodge, that he dared not divulge the mysterious formula under the most awful penalties, that he might drop stone-dead at her feet, or at the least be struck deaf and dumb; that he should be burked, kidnapped, poisoned. In vain he told her a hundred stories, true or invented, of blabbing Masons who had been stabbed, shot, drowned, or whisked away from the face of the earth, as if by evil spirits. The perverse inquisitiveness of the woman pertinaciously insisted on the revelation; sometimes by coaxing, sometimes by threats, and, above all, by interminable curtain lectures on mutual confidence in the married state. She even helped him to get into his cups, in the hope that he might babble out the mystery in his tipsy loquacity. Worst of all, she set all her she-gossips on him, all giving tongue to the same text — the abominableness of reserve towards the wife of his bosom. In short, the poor fellow became weary of his life; so weary, indeed, that one morning he was discovered hanging from a beam in the garret, with the following bitter billet pinned to his bosom: —

"Mrs. S. — I am gone to learn the GREAT SECRET; You shall know it when I come back.

"S. S."

"Ah! the Secret! the Secret!" That unlucky word has revived all the old hubbub; the female voices screaming high above the rest of the chorus. I verily believe that when Pandora pryed in the fatal Box she thought it contained the mystic paraphernalia of the craft; that when Fatima determined to inspect the forbidden Chamber, she fancied that it was a Masonic Lodge. Nay, I verily believe the fair creatures long to have a lodge or two of their own!

"And why not, sir?" exclaims a little brisk body, bustling up like an offended bantam, — "why not, sir? Why should n't there be she Masons as well as he ones, and particularly considering what masonry sets up for, namely, wisdom, strength, and beauty, in which last our sex has always been allowed to stand first? Sure am I we should look quite as well as the men do, in jewels, and sashes, and aprons, let alone personal charms. As to which I may say, without vanity, whether for face or figure, I 'm quite as fit for a public procession as that regular Guy, old Griffis, with his red nose, and pot-belly, and spindle-shanks. Then as to wisdom; to be sure that nincum, Mr. Boggles, is a fine model of it; — who knows his own mind one minute, and don't know it the next, any more than if it was a shabby acquaintance."

"And as regards strength, ma'am."

"Well, as regards strength, sir. There 's some women could knock down some men with a poker. There 's myself — supposing it was proper for females to be pugilistical — I should n't mind fisticuffing little Snitch the tailor, and he 's a Mason, in a roped ring. I did have a scuffle once with a man when I was the Bear, and I 've had two or three since I 've been the Dragon."

"A masonic sign, I presume, ma'am."

"No — a ninn. Talking of signs, I 've talked on my fingers by the hour together, to the deaf and dumb boy at our next door. So, if that 's masonry, I 'm fit for it already. But any one can make signs. Even the little blaggard boys that take sights, as they call it, just as if they was blowing a flageolet with their noses, and playing on it with their fingers, only they 've no flageolet."

"Little 'Sons of Harmony,' perhaps."

"No, sir; little sons of the parish. As to signs and signals, I'd back old Jack Duff, at the telegrafts, agin the best Mason as stands in shoe-leather. And what's more to the pint, when old Jack's laid up, his wife telegrafts for him — and as well as he can — let alone she once put up the high-water flag instead of the low one, and by which the Lovely Nancy struck the bar, and got knocked to pieces. The more fool she for striking first!"

"Very true, ma'am."

"Howsomever, as I said afore, why should n't women be Masons as well as the male sex, who, for all their fuss about Brotherhood and Benevolence, are not a bit fonder of mankind than we are?"

"That, ma'am, is undeniable."

"To be sure we may n't be quite such dabs at chiselling and levelling as the regular Operatives; but we could get through it allegollically as well as the best of them; for they do say, that, except laying a first stone now and then, it 's only playing at Bilding and Arketecter, after all, and their trowels have as little to do with mortering as my own fish-slice."

"Certainly, ma'am. But some of the Masonic orders are Military ones — the Knight Templars, for instance."

"Ah! them 's another thing. And to go fighting and skrimmaging abroad with Turks and Tartars is, to be sure, rather out of Woman's provinces. Not to name the Encampments, and which is hardly fit for females, except the gypsy ones that are accustomed to living in tents."

"Of course, ma'am. I will ask only one more question, and pray excuse it; but the fair are popularly supposed to be rather accessible to curiosity. Do you really think, then, that a lady could preserve the Masonic Secret?"

"The Secret! the Secret!" the old chorus strikes up, only with twice as strong a company as before; for all the young ladies' schools in London have chimed in; and there is no such Secret-monger in the world as your Miss in her teens. They must be pacified somehow.

"My dear ladies —"

"The Secret! the Secret!"

"My dear gentlemen —"

"The Secret!"

"My dear ladies and gentlemen, only one word. How do you know there is any Secret at all?"

CHAPTER IV.

Now I think of it, there was once a female who contrived to be present at a Masonic Meeting.

"To be sure there was!" exclaims the little bustling body of the Dragon, "for it was me myself!"

"You, ma'am?"

"Yes, me, sir. And the way were this. There was an execution put in at the White Horse, which, in consequence, could n't be convival; and as Masons likes to lay a good foundation, the warden applies to the Dragon, for hospitality, and engages my great club-room. There was to be grand doings, and especially initiating of new members; and thinks I, if I don't initiate myself at the same time, I 'm no woman. So I takes out the shelves in the club-room closet, which, by good luck, would just hold my low easy-cheer, in which I could sit comfortable, with my eye flush with the keyhole. First taking a glass of cordial to steady my nerves, having such a Mellow Drammer, as I may say, agoin to be acted afore me. For they do say there 's awful ceremonies at the binding of fresh Apprentices, and what with brandishing red-hot pokers, and flashing naked swords overhead, a Mason, after being 'nitiated. need n't fear nothin' for the rest of his life. Well, there I am all snug, but uncommon tedious, for the Grand Lodge of Fidelity was anything but true to their time. However, at long and at last in they come, Grand Masters, Deputy Grands, Past-Masters, Wardens, Tylers, and all the rest of them. Old Griffis, with his red nose and spindle-shanks at their head. I don't mind saying I felt a sort of misgiving come over me, and a wish to be settin anywhere else, partickly with the cramp in both legs, and not daring to call out; for in course I should have been murdered on the spot for prying into their mysteries. But it were too late to alter, so there I was with my two poor calves tying themselves up in double-knots; besides almost bustin with supprest hiccups. Not that I should have minded my sufferings a pin, provided I could have indulged my curiosity; but what with pain, and fright, and nervous noises, in my ears, I was as deaf as a post."

"Why, then, you heard nothing at all?"

"Not a syllable. Only a sort of mumbling, and a whiz,

whiz, whizzing like a mill full of spinning-jennies in my own head."

"But you could see, ma'am?"

"Yes, a bit of the back of a brown coat, for Brother Someody had plumped himself down right afore the keyhole — and that 's all as I know of the Fremason's Secret!"

CHAPTER V.

"The Secret! The Secret! The Secret!"

The uproar is greater than ever! That last disappointment — from the closet of the Dragon, has turned Curiosity and her vast brood into mere savages, fierce as Furies, ravenous as famished wolves, and so fearless, that were there a Tiger in the bag instead of a Cat, they would ask for it to be let out!

If I could only sell the thing in shares I should make my fortune. Already an official gentleman, who for obvious reasons must remain nameless, has bribed me, in a whisper, with the offer of a round sum of the public "Service Money," called Secret.

"The Secret! The Secret! The Se—se—secret!"

O, those dreadful gossips! those terrible School Girls. Hark to Prospect House! "Do tell us, do, do, do, do, do, there 's a love, there 's a duck, there 's a darling, there 's a dear creature; only the first syllable, only the first letter. Make a riddle of it, and let us guess it!"

What a strange yet fearful sight! A hundred thousand at the least of men and women, boys and girls, all agape, as if they were listening with their mouths; and five thousand deaf people, with their tubes, cornets, and trumpets, fighting, pushing, and elbowing like mad things to get in front.

And all this striving to hear a word, a single word, not so long by an inch as "Honorificabilitudinitatibus," a word, possibly, of only two syllables, perhaps only of one, and, maybe, not even that!

CHAPTER VI.

"And do you mean to say, sir," bellows a burly, pompous personage, with the very tone and manner of an oracle in his own circle — one of those human omnibuses that are invariably "All right" by their own proclamation, whether full or empty, fast or slow, going up the road, or breaking down in it — "do you really mean to say that the Freemasons have no Secret, sir — no private sign, sir — no symbolical rites, sir — no symbolical ceremonies, sir — of the highest significance?"

"By no means. On the contrary, I propose, according to my promise in the first chapter, to tell all I know on the subject; and to that end am about to detail what I personally witnessed last Christmas."

"Very good, sir," replies the Great Infallible, with that complacent air with which he bestows such patronage on a modest opinion when it coincides with his own, — "very good, sir — go on, sir."

"I shall premise, then, that the performance in question took place at a House about six miles from London,"

"Ah — a Provincial Lodge. Well, sir — and the ceremony was a mystery to you, of course?"

"Quite. A perfect riddle."

"No doubt — as it must be, sir, to the uninitated."

"O, completely. However, as I said before, the meeting took place in the country — in a large room, handsomely decorated, and profusely lighted up — "

"Stop, sir! Did you observe any Candlesticks?"

"Yes — several very massive ones, and apparently of silver."

"I thought so — very good. And some of the company wore purple scarves, and some had blue ones — and some were decorated with jewels?"

"Certainly — and feathers."

"No doubt, sir — and now for the ceremonies. What came first, sir?"

"A tall gentleman — in a cap and feathers, and a mantle; followed by several companions."

"Companions? — well, sir — what next?"

"The tall gentleman knelt down, very humbly, before an-

other gentleman, — I should say from his accent and physiognomy, a North Briton."

"Not a doubt of it. They 're reviving the Order of Chivalry in Edinborough. Pray how was he dressed, sir?"

"I hardly remember, except that he looked much like a gentleman going to a masquerade."

"Any sword, sir?"

"Yes, naked, in his right hand. He flourished it a great deal about the head of the kneeling gentleman, till I thought he was going to kill him, but, instead of decapitating him, he only gave him a smart blow with the flat of the blade on the shoulder."

"Precisely. I knew it."

"After that the tall gentleman got up, and one of his companions fixed a pair of riding spurs on his heels."

"I said so; — a Knight Templar."

"The tall gentleman in the cap and feathers and mantle then retired with his companions, escorting the gentleman with the drawn sword, with as great ceremony as if he had been a Prince of Blood Royal."

"And so some of them were in old times. Go on, sir."

"After a few minutes the Scotch gentleman came in again, but in a different costume — a robe more like a figured dressing-gown, with a fur cape over his shoulders, and a gold chain over the cape. The tall man walked before him with a long sword, but sheathed; and a shorter man walked behind, with something like a mace. There was a great deal of bowing and ceremony, and then the Scotch gentleman in the robes seated himself, like a judge, in a large elbow-chair. I suppose at least that he represented some kind of judge, for several persons were brought before him on some charge which, being rather deaf, I could not hear."

"For a breach of discipline, sir; something against the Rules of the Order."

"Perhaps so. However, by degrees, the whole party began to wrangle, and got to high words."

"What about, sir — what about?"

"Heaven knows! for they all talked together, and made such a noise, that at last, by order of the great man in the chair, whatever he was, the whole of the disputants were put under arrest and forced out of the presence."

"Yes! there has been some schism in the Chapters; but surely they would not expose themselves so before a stranger! Then you don't know, sir, what the quarrel was about, sir?"

"Not in the least. I only heard the gentleman in the robe, and fur tippet, and gold collar —"

"The Grand Master, sir."

"Well, I only heard him invite the rest of the gentlemen to some Banquet or Festival."

"Where, sir — where?"

"I presume at the *Provisional* Priory. And then the chairman departed, with the same state and ceremony as at his entrance."

"And that was the end, sir?"

"By no means. After a little while the Scotch gentleman —"

"The Knight, sir — the Knight Templar!"

"Well, the Knight Templar, or whatever he was, returned; but with a white cap on his head, and in a long white garment, like a night-gown."

"A surplice, sir — a surplice. First, a Knight and then a Priest, to represent the Church Militant."

"I do not know, sir, whether he was a clergyman or not. At least he did not preach: though he knelt down and seemed to say his prayers, after which he snuffed all the candles in the room, and then lay down on the floor, with only a cushion under his head, and apparently went to sleep."

"Like a Crusader in Palestine. — Good! capital! very symbolical, indeed! Very! — Well, sir, the Knight went to sleep?"

"Or, at least, made believe; and snored louder than any gentleman I ever heard. But he had hardly slumbered five minutes, when the door suddenly burst open, and in rushed a dozen men, dressed up like savages, and with their faces blacked, as if to represent devils."

"Moors, sir, Moors! — Excellent! — An irruption of the Saracens!"

"Why, they certainly looked more like Pagans than Christians; and more like wild Indians, or hobgoblins, than either. And then to see how they danced round the sleeping man; brandishing shovels, tongs, pokers, swords, guns, clubs, bows and arrows, and all sorts of strange weapons; whilst one of the figures straddled across the poor gentleman on the floor,

and finally sat down on his body, compressing his chest and stomach till he groaned again!"

"Beautiful! famous! And now, sir, having been present — lord knows how — at a Grand Conclave of the Knight Templars, will you presume, sir — to say, sir — that Free Masonry has no Secrets, sir — no significant rites, sir — no signs, sir — no symbols, no mystical word, sir?"

"Excuse me. All I mean to say is, that, in my decided opinion, the Ceremony just described was only — "

"What, sir; pray what?"

"An Acted Charade, sir; and that the Grand Secret, the mystical word, expressed by symbols, was simply *Knight-May'r!*"

THE DILEMMA.

"Read! it 's very easy to say read." — The Burgomaster.

"I have trusted to a reed." — Old Proverb.

"Hoy! — Cotch! — Co-ach! — Coachy! — Coachee! — hullo! — hulloo! — woh! — wo-hoay! — wough-hoaciouy!" — for the last cry was a waterman's, and went all through the vowels.

The Portsmouth Rocket pulled up, and a middle-aged, domestic-looking woman, just handsome enough for a plain cook at an ordinary, was deposited on the dickey; two trunks, three bandboxes, a bundle, and a hand-basket, were stowed in the hind boot. "This is where I 'm to go to," she said to the guard, putting into his hand a slip of paper. The guard took the paper, looked hard at it, right side upwards, then upside down, and then he looked at the back; he in the mean time seemed to examine the consistency of the fabric between his finger and thumb; he approached it to his nose as if to smell out its meaning; I even thought that he was going to try the sense of it by tasting, when, by a sudden jerk, he gave the label with its direction to the winds, and snatching up his key-bugle began to play "O where, and O where," with all his breath.

I defy the metaphysicians to explain by what vehicle I travelled to the conclusion that the guard could not read, but I felt as morally sure of it as if I had examined him in his a—b—ab. It was a prejudice not very liberal; but yet it clung to me, and fancy persisted in sticking a dunce's cap on his head. Shakespeare says that "he who runs may read," and I had seen him run a good shilling's worth after an umbrella that dropped from the coach; it was a presumptuous opinion therefore to form, but I formed it notwithstanding — that he was a perfect stranger to all those booking-offices where the clerks are schoolmasters. Morally speaking, I had no earthly right to clap an ideal Saracen's Head on his shoulders; but, for the life of me, I could not persuade myself that he had more to do with literature than the Blue Boar.

Women are naturally communicative: after a little while the female in the dickey brought up, as a military man would say, her reserve, and entered into recitative with the guard during the pauses of the key-bugle. She informed him in the course of conversation, or rather dickey gossip, that she was an invaluable servant, and, as such, had been bequeathed by a deceased master to the care of one of his relatives at Putney, to exert her vigilance as a housekeeper, and to overlook everything for fifty pounds a year. "Such places," she remarked, "is not to be found every day in the year."

The last sentence was prophetic!

"If it's Putney," said the guard, "it's the very place we're going through. Hold hard, Tom, the young woman wants to get down. Tom immediately pulled up; the young woman did get down, and her two trunks, three bandboxes, her bundle, and her hand-basket, were ranged round her. "I've had a very pleasant ride," she said, giving the fare with a smirk and a courtesy to the coachman, "and am very much obliged," — dropping a second courtesy to the guard, — "for other civilities. The boxes and things is quite correct, and won't give further trouble, Mr. Guard, except to be as good as pint out the house I'm going to." The guard thus appealed to, for a moment stood all aghast; but at last his wits came to his aid, and he gave the following lesson in geography.

"You're all right — ourn a'n't a short stage, and can't go round setting people down at their own doors; but you're

safe enough at Putney — don't be alarmed, my dear — you can't go out of it. It 's all Putney, from the bridge we 've just come over, to that windmill you almost can't see t' other side of the common."

"But, Mr. Guard, I 've never been in Putney before, and it seems a scrambling sort of a place. If the coach can't go round with me to the house, can't you stretch a pint and set me down in sight of it?"

"It 's impossible — that 's the sum total; this coach is timed to a minute, and can't do more for outsides if they was all Kings of England."

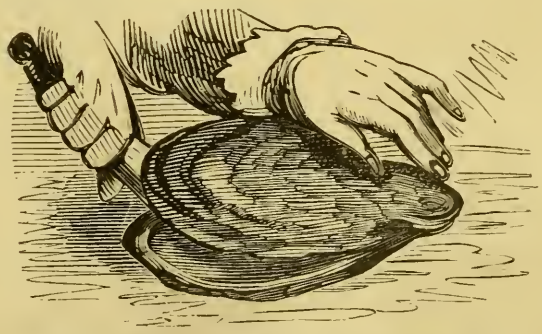
"I see how it is," said the female, bridling up, while the coachman, out of patience, prepared to do quite the reverse; "some people are very civil, while some people are setting beside 'em 'in dickies; but give me the paper again, and I 'll find my own ways."

"It 's chucked away," said the guard, as the coach got into motion; "but just ask the first man you meet — anybody will tell you."

"But I don't know who or where to ask for," screamed the lost woman after the flying Rocket; "I can't read; but it was all down in the paper as is chucked away."

A loud flourish of the bugle, to the tune of "My Lodging is on the Cold Ground," was the only reply; and as long as the road remained straight, I could see "the Bewildered Maid" standing in the midst of her baggage, as forlorn as Eve, when, according to Milton,

"The world was all before her, where to choose
Her *place* —"



THE OPENING OF MILTON'S PARADISE LOST.

THE DISCOVERY.

"It 's a nasty evening," said Mr. Dornton, the stockbroker, as he settled himself in the last inside place of the last Fulham coach, driven by our old friend Mat — an especial friend in need, be it remembered, to the fair sex.

"I would n't be outside," said Mr. Jones, another stockbroker, "for a trifle."

"Nor I, as a speculation in options," said Mr. Parsons, another frequenter of the Alley.

"I wonder what Mat is waiting for," said Mr. Tidwell, "for we are full, inside and out."

Mr. Tidwell's doubt was soon solved, — the coach-door opened, and Mat somewhat ostentatiously inquired, what indeed he very well knew — "I believe every place is took up inside?"

"We 're all here," answered Mr. Jones, on behalf of the usual complement of old stagers.

"I told you so, ma'am," said Mat, to a female who stood beside him, but still leaving the door open to an invitation from within. However, nobody spoke — on the contrary, I felt Mr. Hindmarsh, my next neighbor, dilating himself like the frog in the fable.

"I don't know what I shall do," exclaimed the woman; "I 've nowhere to go to, and it 's raining cats and dogs!"

"You 'd better not hang about, anyhow," said Mat, "for you may ketch your death, — and I 'm the last coach, — an't I, Mr. Jones?"

"To be sure you are," said Mr. Jones, rather impatiently; "shut the door."

"I told the lady the gentlemen could n't make room for her," answered Mat, in a tone of apology, — "I 'm very sorry, my dear" (turning towards the female), "you should have

my seat, if you could hold the ribbons — but such a pretty one as you ought to have a coach of her own."

He began slowly closing the door.

"Stop, Mat, stop!" cried Mr. Dornton, and the door quickly unclosed again; "I can't give up my place, for I 'm expected home to dinner; but if the lady would n't object to sit on my knees — "

"Not the least in the world," answered Mat, eagerly; "you won't object, will you, ma'am, for once in a way, with a married gentleman, and a wet night, and the last coach on the road?"

"If I thought I should n't uncommode," said the lady, precipitately furling her wet umbrella, which she handed in to one gentleman, whilst she favored another with her muddy pattens. She then followed herself, Mat shutting the door behind her, in such a manner as to help her in. "I 'm sure I 'm obliged for the favor," she said, looking round; "but which gentleman was so kind?"

"It was I who had the pleasure of proposing, madam," said Mr. Dornton; and before he pronounced the last word she was in his lap, with an assurance that she would sit as lightsome as she could. Both parties seemed very well pleased with the arrangement; but to judge according to the rules of Lavater, the rest of the company were but ill at ease. For my own part, I candidly confess I was equally out of humor with myself and the person who had set me such an example of gallantry. I, who had read the lays of the Troubadours — the awards of the old "Courts of Love," — the lives of the "preux Chevaliers" — the history of Sir Charles Grandison — to be outdone in courtesy to the sex by a married stockbroker! How I grudged him the honor she conferred upon him, — how I envied his feelings!

I did not stand alone, I suspect, in this unjustifiable jealousy; Messrs. Jones, Hindmarsh, Tidwell, and Parsons seemed equally disinclined to forgive the chivalrous act which had, as true knights, lowered all our crests and blotted our scutcheons, and cut off our spurs. Many an unfair jibe was launched at the champion of the fair, and when he attempted to enter into conversation with the lady, he was interrupted by incessant questions of "What is stirring in the Alley?" — "What is doing in Dutch?" — "How are the Rentes?"

To all these questions Mr. Dornton incontinently returned business-like answers, according to the last Stock Exchange quotations; and he was in the middle of an elaborate enumeration, that so and so was very firm, and so and so very low, and this rather brisk, and that getting up, and operations, and fluctuations, and so forth, when somebody inquired about Spanish Bonds.

"They are looking up, *my dear*," answered Mr. Dornton, somewhat abstractedly; and before the other stockbrokers had done tittering the stage stopped. A bell was rung, and whilst Mat stood beside the open coach-door, a staid female in a calash and clogs, with a lantern in her hand, came clattering pompously down a front garden.

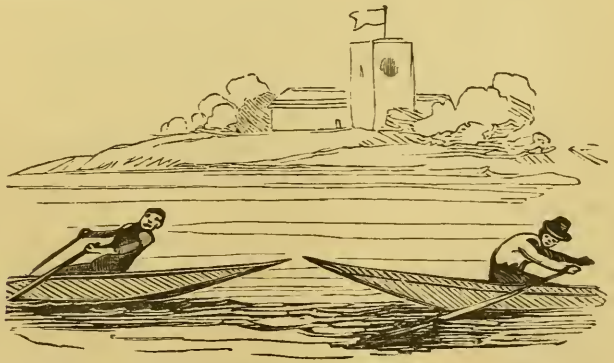
"Is Susan Pegge come?" inquired a shrill voice.

"Yes, I be," replied the lady who had been dry-nursed from town; "are you, ma'am, number ten, Grove Place?"

"This is Mr. Dornton's," said the dignified woman in the hood, advancing her lantern, — "and — mercy on us! you 're in master's lap!"

A shout of laughter from five of the inside passengers corroborated the assertion, and like a literal cat out of the bag, the ci-devant lady, forgetting her umbrella and her pattens, bolted out of the coach, and with feline celerity rushed up the garden, and down the area, of number ten.

"Renounce the woman!" said Mr. Dornton, as he scuttled out of the stage, "why the devil did n't she tell me she was the new cook?"



AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

THE ABSTRACTION.

"—— draws honey forth that drives men mad." — LALLA ROOKH.

THE speakers were close under the bow-window of the inn, and as the sash was open, Curiosity herself could not help overhearing their conversation. So I laid down Mrs. Opie's "Illustrations of Lying," — which I had found lying in the inn window, — and took a glance at the partners in the dialogue.

One of them was much older than the other, and much taller; he seemed to have grown like quick-set. The other was thick-set.

"I tell you, Thomas," said Quickset, "you are a flat. Before you 've been a day in London, they 'll have the teeth out of your very head. As for me, I 've been there twice, and know what 's what. Take my advice: never tell the truth on no account. Questions is only asked by way of pumping; and you ought always to put 'em on a wrong scent."

"But aunt is to send her man to meet me at the Old Bailey," said Thickset, "and to show me to her house. Now if a strange man says to me, 'Young man, are you Jacob Giles,' ain't I to tell him?"

"By no manner of means," answered Quickset; "say you are quite another man. No one but a flat would tell his name to a stranger about London. You see how I answered them last night about what was in the wagon. Brooms, says I, nothing else. A flat would have told them there was the honey-pots underneath; but I 've been to London before, and know a thing or two."

"London must be a desperate place," said Thickset.

"Mortal!" said Quickset: "fobs and pockets are nothing!

Your watch is hardly safe if you carried it in your inside, and as for money — "

"I 'm almost sorry I left Berkshire," said Thickset.

"Poo — poo," said Quickset, "don't be afeard. I 'll look after ye; cheat me, and they 've only one more to cheat. Only mind my advice. Don't say anything of your own head, and don't object to anything *I* say. If I say black 's white, don't contradict. Mark that. Say everything as I say."

"I understand what you mean," said Thickset; and with this lesson in his shock head, he began to busy himself about

A TEA GARDEN.

the wagon, while his comrade went to the stable for the horses. At last Old Ball emerged from the stable-door with the head of Old Dumpling resting on his crupper; when a yell rose from the rear of the wagon, that startled even Number 55, at the Bush Inn, at Staines, and brought the company running from the remotest box in its retired tea-garden.

"In the name of everything," said the landlord, "what's the matter?"

"It's gone — all gone, by goles!" cried Thickset, with a bewildered look at Quickset, as if doubtful whether he ought not to have said it was *not* gone.

"You don't mean to say the honey-pots!" said Quickset, with some alarm, and letting go the bridle of Old Ball, who very quietly led Old Dumpling back again into the stable; "you don't mean to say the honey-pots?"

"I *don't* mean to say the honey-pots," said Thickset, literally following the instructions he had received.

"What made you screech out, then?" said Quickset, appealing to Thickset.

"What made you screech out, then?" said Thickset, appealing to Quickset, and determined to say as he said.

"The fellow 's drunk," said the landlord; "the ale 's got into his head."

"Ale, — what ale has he had?" inquired Quickset, rather anxiously.

"Ale, — what ale have I had?" echoed Thickset, looking sober with all his might.

"He 's not drunk," shouted Quickset; "there 's something the matter."

"I 'm not drunk; there *is* something the matter," bellowed Thickset, and with his forefinger he pointed to the wagon.

"You don't mean to say the honey," said Quickset, his voice falling.

"I *don't* mean to say the honey," said Thickset, his caution rising.

The gesture of Thickset, however, had conveyed some vague notion of danger to his companion. With the agility of a cat he climbed on the wagon, and with the superhuman activity of a demon soon pitched down every bundle of besoms. There is a proverb that "new brooms sweep clean," and they certainly seemed to have swept every particle of honey clean out of the wagon.

Quickset was thunderstruck; he stood gazing at the empty vehicle in silence; while his hands wandered wildly through his hair, as if in search of the absent combs.

When he found words at last, they were no part of the Litany. Words, however, did not suffice to vent his passion; and

he began to stamp and dance about, till the mud of the stable-yard flew round like anything you like.

"A plague take him and his honey-pots, too," said the chambermaid, as she looked at a new pattern on her best gingham.

"It 's no matter," said Quickset, "I won't lose it. The house must stand the damage. Mr. Bush, I shall look to you for the money."

"He shall look to you for the money," da-capoed Thickset.

"You may look till doomsday," said the landlord. "It 's all your own fault; I thought nobody would steal brooms. If you had told me there was honey, I would have put the wagon under lock and key."

"Why, there *was* honey," said Quickset and Thickset.

"I don't know that," said Mr. Bush; "you said last night in the kitchen there was nothing but brooms."

"I heard him," said John Ostler; "I 'll take my oath to his very words!"

"And so will I," roared the chambermaid, glancing at her damaged gown.

"What of that?" said Quickset; "I know I said there was nothing but brooms."

"I know," said Thickset, "I 'm positive he said there was nothing but brooms."

"He confesses it himself," said the landlady.

"And his own man speaks agin him," said the chambermaid.

"I saw the wagon come in, and it did n't seem to have any honey in it," said the head waiter.

"May be the flies have eaten it," said the postilion.

"I 've seen two chaps the very moral of them two at the bar of the Old Bailey," said Boots.

"It 's a swindle, it is," said the landlady, "and Mr. Bush shan't pay a farthing."

"They deserve tossing in a blanket," said the chambermaid.

"Duck 'em in the horsepond," shouted John Ostler.

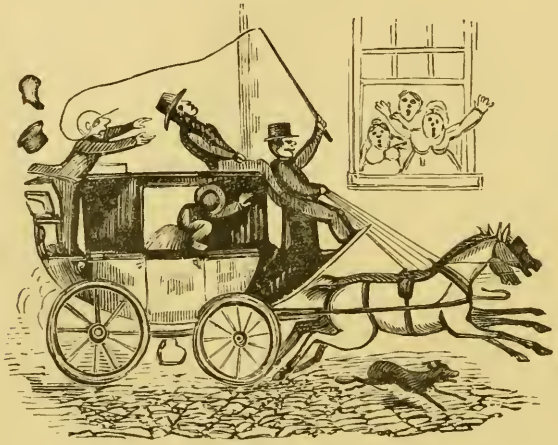
"I think," whispered Thickset, "they are making themselves up for mischief!"

There was no time to be lost. Quickset again lugged Old Ball and Old Dumpling from the stable, while his companion tossed the brooms into the wagon. As soon as possible they

drove out of the unlucky yard, and as they passed under the arch, I heard for the last time the voice of Thickset: —

"You 've been to London before, and to be sure know best; but somehow, to my mind, the telling the untruth don't seem to answer."

The only reply was a thwack, like the report of a pistol, on the crupper of each of the horses. The poor animals broke directly into something like a canter; and as the wagon turned a corner of the street, I shut down the sash, and resumed my "Illustrations of Lying."



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